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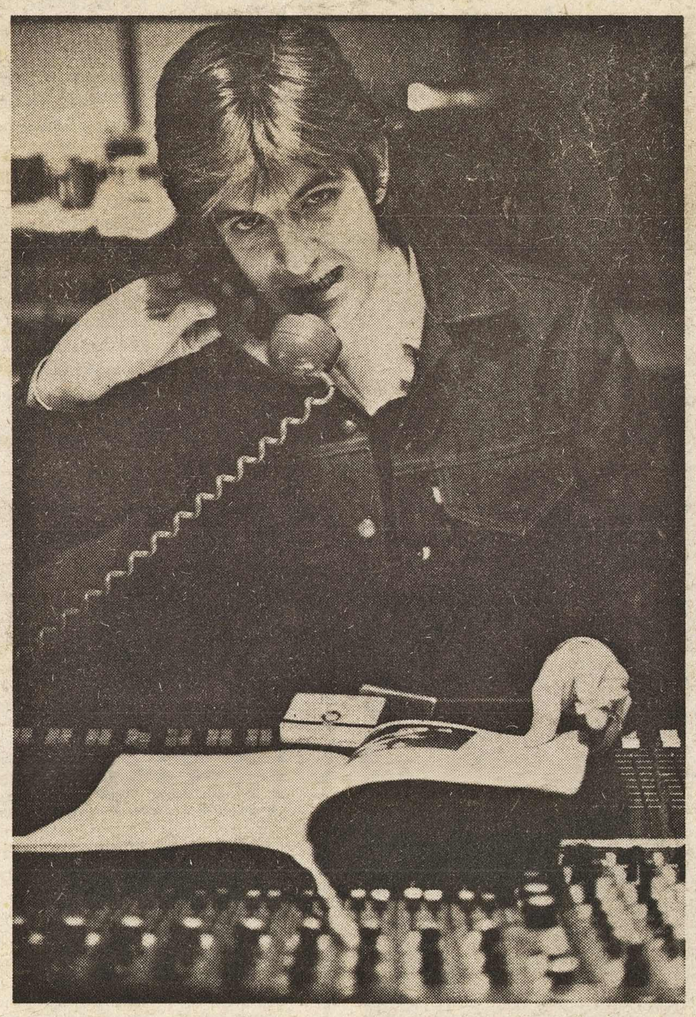

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NME CHARTS

Week ending December 8, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(23)	**Walking On The Moon**	Police (A & M)	2	1
2	(2)	**No More Tears**	D. Summer/B. Streisand (Casablanca/CBS)	3	1
3	(1)	**When You're In Love**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	8	1
4	(11)	**Confusion**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	4
5	(8)	**Complex**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2	5
6	(5)	**Crazy Little Thing Called Love**	Queen (EMI)	7	4
7	(4)	**Still**	Commodores (Motown)	5	3
8	(9)	**One Step Beyond**	Madness (Stiff)	4	8
9	(15)	**Que Sera Mi Vida**	Gibson Brothers (Island)	3	9
10	(3)	**Eton Rifles**	Jam (Polydor)	5	2
11	(—)	**Another Brick In The Wall**	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	1	11
12	(6)	**Ladies Night**	Kool & The Gang (Mercury)	6	6
13	(16)	**It's A Disco Night**	Isley Brothers (Epic)	4	13
14	(18)	**Diamond Smiles**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	3	14
15	(—)	**Rappers Delight**	Sugar Hill Gang (Sugar Hill)	1	15
16	(22)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	2	16
17	(19)	**Union City Blue**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	2	17
18	(17)	**Knocked It Off**	B A Robertson (Asylum)	4	7
19	(30)	**I Only Want To Be With You**	Tourists (Logo)	2	19
20	(21)	**Rockabilly Rebel**	Matchbox (Magnet)	3	20
21	(14)	**Gimme Gimme Gimme**	Abba (Epic)	7	2
22	(13)	**The Sparrow**	Ramblers (Decca)	6	12
23	(12)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert (A&M)	7	12
24	(28)	**Is It Love You're After**	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	2	24
25	(25)	**Monkey Chop**	Dan I (Island)	3	25
26	(10)	**One Day At A Time**	Lena Martell (Pye)	9	1
27	(—)	**My Simple Heart**	Three Degrees (Ariola)	1	27
28	(—)	**Don't Bring Harry**	The Strangers (UA)	1	28
29	(—)	**Knights In White Satin**	Moody Blues (Deram)	1	29
30	(17)	**Message To You Rudi**	Specials (Two Tone)	6	7

UP AND COMING:

It's My House — Diana Ross (Motown);
Living On An Island — Status Quo (Vertigo);
The Long Run — Eagles (Elektra);
She's Not There — U.K. Subs (RCA);
Reet Petite — Darts (Magnet);
Tears Of A Clown — The Beat (Two Tone).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 3, 1974

1 You're The First, The Last, My Everything — Barry White (20th Century)
2 You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet — Bachman-Turner Overdrive (Mercury)
3 Gonna Make You A Star — David Essex (CBS)
4 Juke Box Jive — The Rubettes (Polydor)
5 Tell Him — Hello (Bell)
6 Oh Yes! You're Beautiful — Gary Glitter (Bell)
7 My Boy — Elvis Presley (RCA)
8 Lonely This Christmas — Mud (Rak)
9 Get Dancing — Discotex & The Sex-O-Letes (Chelsea)
10 Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds — Elton John (DJM)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 10, 1969

1 Ruby Don't Take Your Love To Town — Kenny Rodgers & The First Edition (Reprise)
2 Yester-Me, Yester-You, Yesterday — Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
3 Sugar Sugar — Archies (RCA)
4 Two Little Boys — Rolf Harris (Columbia)
5 Melting Pot — Blue Mink (Philips)
6 Call Me (Number One) — Tremeloes (CBS)
7 Suspicious Minds — Elvis Presley
8 Winter World Of Love — Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
9 Something — Beatles (Apple)
10 The Onion Song — Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell (Tamla Motown)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 11, 1964

1 I Feel Fine — Beatles (Parlophone)
2 Little Red Rooster — Rolling Stones (Decca)
3 I'm Gonna Be Strong — Gene Pitney (Stateside)
4 Downtown — Petula Clark (Pye)
5 Walk Tall — Val Doonican (Decca)
6 Pretty Paper — Roy Orbison (London)
7 All Day And All Night — Kinks (Pye)
8 Baby Love — Supremes (Stateside)
9 I Understand — Freddie and the Dreamers (Columbia)
10 I Could Easily Fall — Cliff Richard (Columbia)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**Abba's Greatest Hits Vol 2**	Abba (Epic)	5	1
2	(3)	**Greatest Hits**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	4	1
3	(2)	**20 Golden Greats**	Diana Ross (Motown)	3	2
4	(11)	**Love Songs**	Elvis Presley (K-Tel)	2	4
5	(4)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A&M)	9	1
6	(9)	**Setting Sons**	Jam (Polydor)	3	6
7	(5)	**Rock 'n' Roller Disco**	Various (Ronco)	5	4
8	(10)	**Lena's Music Album**	Lena Martell (Pye)	8	4
9	(6)	**20 Golden Greats**	Mantovani (Warwick)	4	6
10	(25)	**Night Moves**	Various (K-Tel)	2	10
11	(—)	**ELO's Greatest Hits**	Electric Light Orchestra	1	11
12	(8)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	11	3
13	(14)	**Greatest Hits**	10cc (Mercury)	9	5
14	(19)	**Sometimes You Win**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	3	14
15	(7)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	7	2
16	(13)	**The Specials**	Specials (Two Tone)	6	8
17	(11)	**Out Of This World**	Moody Blues (K-Tel)	4	11
18	(17)	**Eat To The Beat**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	10	2
19	(24)	**String Of Hits**	Shadows (EMI)	13	4
20	(16)	**One Step Beyond**	Madness (Stiff)	5	16
21	(27)	**On The Radio Greatest Hits**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	4	20
22	(—)	**Echoes Of Gold**	Adrian Brett (Casablanca)	1	22
23	(20)	**Wet**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	3	20
24	(—)	**New Horizons**	Don Williams (K-Tel)	1	24
25	(23)	**The Long Run**	Eagles (Asylum)	10	2
26	(15)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	25	1
27	(22)	**Bee Gees' Greatest Hits**	(RSO)	4	16
28	(—)	**The Wall**	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	1	28
29	(—)	**Glory Boys**	Secret Affair (I Spy)	1	29
30	(29)	**Outlandos D'amour**	Police (A&M)	28	7

UP AND COMING:

Down On The Farm — Little Feat (Warner Bros).
Crepes And Drapes — Showaddywaddy (Arista).
Machine Gun Etiquette — Damned (Chiswick);
Dawn Of The Dickies — The Dickies (A&M).
Jack Rabbit Slim — Steve Forbert (Epic).
Live Rust — Neil Young (Reprise).

Not a trace of sexism as heart-throb to thousands (Mr & Mrs Rick and Elsie Thousands of Cheam) Sting poses proudly on the set of his latest film, 'Emmanuelle In Deep Throat'. The plot concerns a trio of rock'n'rollers who can't get a hit until their vocalist finds out that he has a cassette of Jon Anderson's inflections built, by a freak of nature, into his throat. After that he just can't get enough of the stuff into the charts. His downfall, however, comes when the major rock paper of the day digs up one of his old photos and nationally disgraces him (see Thrills). Pic: Adrian Boot.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**Babe**	Styx
2	(2)	**No More Tears**	Barbra Streisand & Donna Summer
3	(5)	**Please Don't Go**	KC & The Sunshine Band
4	(6)	**Escape**	Rupert Holmes
5	(3)	**Still**	Commodores
6	(8)	**Ladies' Night**	Kool & The Gang
7	(10)	**Send One Your Love**	Stevie Wonder
8	(9)	**You're Only Lonely**	J. D. Souther
9	(4)	**Heartache Tonight**	Eagles
10	(7)	**Dim All The Lights**	Donna Summer
11	(15)	**Jane**	Jefferson Starship
12	(16)	**We Don't Talk Anymore**	Cliff Richard
13	(11)	**Ships**	Barry Manilow
14	(12)	**Pop Muzik**	M
15	(26)	**Rock With You**	Michael Jackson
16	(18)	**Take The Long Way Home**	Supertramp
17	(14)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert
18	(23)	**Do That To Me One More Time**	The Captain & Tennille
19	(21)	**Half The Way**	Crystal Gayle
20	(20)	**Dreaming**	Blondie
21	(24)	**Cruisin'**	Smokey Robinson
22	(25)	**Cool Change**	Little River Band
23	(17)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac
24	(28)	**I Want You Tonight**	Pablo Cruise
25	(30)	**Head Games**	Foreigner
26	(—)	**Coward Of The County**	Kenny Rogers
27	(—)	**This Is It**	Kenny Loggins
28	(—)	**Better Love Next Time**	Dr Hook
29	(13)	**You Decorated My Life**	Kenny Rogers
30	(—)	**Don't Do Me Like That**	Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**The Long Run**	Eagles
2	(4)	**On The Radio Greatest Hits**	Donna Summer
3	(3)	**Cornerstone**	Styx
4	(2)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac
5	(7)	**Wet**	Barbra Streisand
6	(6)	**The Secret Life Of Plants**	Stevie Wonder
7	(5)	**In Through The Out Door**	Led Zeppelin
8	(8)	**Midnight Magic**	Commodores
9	(9)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
10	(11)	**Bee Gees' Greatest Hits**	Bee Gees
11	(10)	**One Voice**	Barry Manilow
12	(12)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert
13	(13)	**Kenny**	Kenny Rogers
14	(17)	**Damn The Torpedoes**	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
15	(15)	**Head Games**	Foreigner
16	(14)	**Ladies' Night**	Kool And The Gang
17	(20)	**Masterjam**	Rufus & Chaka
18	(19)	**Keep The Fire**	Kenny Loggins
19	(16)	**Eat To The Beat**	Blondie
20	(18)	**Dream Police**	Cheap Trick
21	(—)	**Freedom At Point Zero**	Jefferson Starship
22	(22)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
23	(—)	**Greatest Hits**	Rod Stewart
24	(24)	**Flirtin' With Disaster**	Molly Hatchet
25	(26)	**I'm The Man**	Joe Jackson
26	(29)	**Regatta De Blanc**	The Police
27	(—)	**Injoy**	The Bar-Kays
28	(21)	**Get The Knack**	The Knack
29	(30)	**Identify Yourself**	The O'Jays
30	(27)	**Evolution**	Journey

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

REGGAE

(1) **Power Struggle** — Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
(2) **Love Child** — Kiddus I (Shepherd)
(3) **Political Confusion** — Big Youth (Cash & Carry)
(4) **Your Man** — Dennis Brown (Gibbs)
(5) **Darkness** — Jah Skerta & Dreams (Wackies)
(6) **To Be With You** — Pauline Morrison (Happy Village)
(7) **Natty Dread She Want** — George Fullwood (Gorgon)
(8) **Medical History** — Prince Far I (Cry Tuff)
(9) **Can't Tek Wha Happen A West** — Big Youth (Negusa Negast)
(10) **Joy And Happiness** — Version Earl Moodie (Dion)

Chart supplied by Maroons Tunes, 19 Greek Street, London W1.

DISCO

*denotes import. All 12".

(1) **Mellow Mellow** — Lowrell (Pye)
(2) **Rappers Delight** — Sugar Hill Gang (Pye)
(3) **Is It Love You're After** — Rose Royce (WEA)
(4) **River Drive** — Jupiter Beyond (Pye)
(5) **We've Got The Funk** — Positive Force (Turbo)*
(6) **Que Sera Mi Vida** — Gibson Brothers (Island)
(7) **One Step Beyond** — Madness (Stiff)
(8) **Dancin' In Outer Space** — Atmosfear (MCA)
(9) **Do You Love What You Feel** — Rufus (MCA)
(10) **Second Time Around** — Shalamar (RCA)

Chart supplied by HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W1.

INDIES

(1) **I Just Can't Be Happy Today** — Damned (Chiswick)
(2) **Message To You Rudy** — Specials (Two Tone)
(3) **On My Radio** — Selecter (Two Tone)
(4) **Say Hello To Susie** — Teeth (Soho)
(5) **The Walk** — Inmates (Radar)
(6) **Complex** — Gary Numan (Beggar's Banquet)
(7) **Rockabilly Rebel** — Matchbox (Magnet)
(8) **Gabrielle** — Nips (Chiswick)
(9) **Brass In Pocket** — Pretenders (Real)
(10) **Tears Of A Clown** — The Beat (Two Tone)

Chart supplied by Rock On, 5 Kentish Town Road, London NW1.

NEWS

Blondie

DEBBIE AND MADAME X IN WRANGLE

The story so far . . .

Rodney Bingenheimer (now there's a name to conjure with), an old friend of Blondie's, asked if Debbie Harry and the band would play and sing backing vocals on a record he was making. And because he had helped them in the past, they agreed — with the blessing of their record company, Chrysalis.

At the session, Debbie suggested she should do a guide vocal for Rodney to sing along to, and to enable him to get the hang of the song. She was suffering from a heavy cold at the time, but this didn't deter her, because the guide vocal was intended to be erased once it had served its purpose.

Some weeks later, a single is released by London / Decca Records under the name of The New York Blondes — with Debbie's guide vocal as the lead voice.

This sequence of events has stung Chrysalis into action — they claim the record and its promotion give the impression of being genuine Blondie product. Decca have now agreed, through solicitors, to drop their campaign associating the record with Blondie — though Chrysalis are still considering whether to sue for damages. And they've already started proceedings against the makers of the record for breach of agreement.

A statement issued by Decca at the weekend confirms that they have now withdrawn the single, which was issued here on the London /Bomp label under the title of 'Little GTO' by New York Blondes featuring Madame X. They say they had originally received warranties from Bomp that Chrysalis had agreed to its release, and they did so as part of their licensing agreement with the American company.

Blondie themselves say they're in full agreement with the action taken by Chrysalis — and what's more, they're about to start their own litigation. They claim that the B-side of the controversial single is a piece penned by guitarist Chris Stein, for which he is receiving no credit or royalties.

POLYDOR NIX FITZGERALD

PATRIK FITZGERALD is alive and well — and full of ideas for 1980. He phoned NME at the weekend with the reassuring news, in case his many supporters were wondering if he had emigrated, died or sunk without trace. His lack of activity stems from the fact that Polydor Records have not renewed his contract, and consequently he's had no new product out for some time.

But Fitzgerald is now planning to record independently. He told NME: "I've managed to get my demos back from Polydor, and I'll be recording again soon — perhaps even starting my own label, if I can find a distributor." He added that he'll be going back on the road again after Christmas — gigs are already being lined up — as well as writing a new poetry book.

by Derek Johnson

Major tour for a new decade

THE CLASH launch into the new decade in style, by way of a major British tour starting early next month and taking in over 30 dates. They'll be supported throughout by top Jamaican act Toots & The Maytals, and there will also be an additional opening act. The first 25 dates were confirmed this week by promoters Straight Music, and they are:

Aylesbury Friars (January 5), Brighton Top Rank (8 and 9), Bath Pavilion (11), Taunton Odeon (12), Leicester De Montfort Hall (16), Dundee Caird Hall (18), Edinburgh Odeon (20 and 21), Blackburn King George's Hall (25), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (26), Sheffield Top Rank (27), Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (30), Bradford St George's Hall (31), Hanley Victoria Hall (February 1), Manchester Apollo (3 and 4), Birmingham Top Rank (5 and 6), Poole Wessex Hall (10), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (11), Southampton Top Rank (13), London Camden Electric Ballroom (15 and 16) and London Lewisham Odeon (18).

Remainder of the dates are currently being finalised, and will be announced next week — they're expected to include gigs in Blackpool, Bristol, Coventry, Glasgow, Leeds, Portsmouth, Purley and Newcastle. Admission prices will be £3, £2.50 and £2 at all seated venues, and £3 only at unseated venues — tickets will be on sale very shortly, and readers are advised to contact individual box-offices for further details.

● The Clash say they had hoped to play some dates before Christmas, but couldn't find suitable venues at such short notice — but they hope their supporters will be recompensed by this lengthy New Year schedule, which goes out under the banner of 'The 16 Tons Tour'. The opening acts are likely to be drawn from local bands in the areas being visited by the tour.

London superstar rock benefits

THE WHO are the first major act to confirm officially that they'll be one of the headline attractions in a series of superstar charity concerts, currently being finalised for London's Hammersmith Odeon right after Christmas. And it's believed that Wings and Queen are among the big names lined up for the other shows, all of which are to raise funds for the present Cambodian relief campaign.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith admitted this week that he is organising the concerts, which could run for up to a week if sufficient top attractions agree to participate — but he refused to give any further details until all arrangements are completed, probably in a week's time. Despite this, The Who's spokesman confirmed that they would be playing the December 28 show at Hammersmith — though obviously tickets are not available until Goldsmith announces the official details.

Paul McCartney has already said that Wings will be doing one of the other shows, though he wasn't sure of the precise date. Queen have also been mooted, and their spokesman agreed that this was on the cards.

But speculation that Cliff Richard and The Shadows may appear was unfounded at press-time. And it's understood that tentative plans for Elton John to headline on New Year's Eve were dropped, due to his fatigue after his heavy touring schedule.

It had been hoped that Blondie might join the line-up, but the only available dates in their UK tour schedule are December 29 and January 3 — which are supposed to be "rest days" while they're in Scotland and the North of England — and a London concert would cause innumerable travel problems.

Nevertheless, Goldsmith is confident of presenting best part of a week of star name attractions, and promises to reveal all next week. The series would raise thousands of pounds for Cambodia — which could be swelled still further if producer Michael Appleton decides to screen BBC-2's live New Year's Eve *Old Grey Whistle Test* from Hammersmith, instead of covering the Blondie concert at Glasgow Apollo.

Squeeze opening Feb. 10

SQUEEZE have now confirmed that their extensive UK tour in the New Year, plans for which were revealed by *NME* last week, will run from February 10 to March 8 inclusive — dates are currently being lined up and will be announced shortly. But they have postponed their visit to the U.S. and Canada, scheduled for this month — it seems they want to put some last-minute vocal touches to their new album, to ensure that it's ready for release to coincide with their UK dates. They now tour Australia for a month from January 3, and begin their delayed U.S. tour — now extended to six weeks — in mid-March.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS feature in a two-hour Radio 1 special on Boxing Day (6-8 pm), which will inclue some of their rare early recordings, never before broadcast. In the show, titled'The Year Of The Rats', Paul Gambaccini discusses the band's rise to stardom with Bob Geldof.

SECRET AFFAIR have added another date to their current tour — which, in fact, is the first of a monthly series of 'Mods Only' nights to be held at Hastings Pier Pavilion. Squire, who've been supporting throughout the tour, are also on the bill — plus two other bands, Seventeen and The Same. It's on Saturday, December 15, and admission is £2.50 (advance) and £3 (doors).

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON is back from his trip to the States, and has been booked at short notice to headline at London Victoria The Venue this Sunday (9). Admission is £3.

HUMAN LEAGUE GO DISCO

THE HUMAN LEAGUE — whose new "remotely controlled entertainment" was dropped from the current Talking Heads tour, as reported last week, because the promoters preferred a live support act — are pressing ahead with their experimental new concept, and have ambitious plans to expand it.

Manager Bob Lamb told NME: "It's cost a lot of money to set up. and now we have audio-visuals, tape memory banks — in fact, the whole gist of the show — just sitting in boxes and waiting to go. We plan to take it on the road in its own right, but we may have to wait until the New Year because the ideal venues — the colleges — are about to close down for the holidays."

Lamb revealed that, although the show "was designed to fit into the rock context", the League are now extending its potential. One idea already in hand is a disco version which, he says, has already attracted the attention of leading discos in New York and Paris. He added: "There are various other avenues to be explored. For example, I think it would be the ideal support for *Alien*, or a film of that nature."

Who 'shattered'

THE CINCINNATI tragedy on Monday night — when 11 people died in the stampede to gain access to The Who's concert at the Riverfront Coliseum — left the band shattered and distraught. Their London spokesman said at a press-time that they were in a state of "emotional turmoil", even though the disaster could in no way be attributed to them.

He added: "Of course, they can't be blamed for what took place outside the stadium — but even so, they're terribly upset. At the moment, it's touch and go whether they continue with their U.S. tour. I should think that, once the dust has settled, they'll go ahead with the Hammersmith show (see story above) *— but right now, they're totally bemused."*

The Who weren't told about the tragedy until after the show — the police decided it should go on, fearing a riot if it were cancelled. And the chaos evidently stemmed from the stadium's booking arrangements — most of the 18,000 seats were reserved in advance, but a limited number were retained for sale on a first-come first-served basis, and an estimated 6,000 people had been waiting for up to three hours in the hope of securing these tickets. Eventually just two of the venue's 50 doors were opened, the crowd charged, and the 11 victims were either trampled or smothered to death. Twenty more were treated in hospital, but later released.

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HUDSON HERE ON ONE-WAY TICKET

AL HUDSON, who recently reached No. 13 in the *NME* Chart with his MCA single 'You Can Do It,' arrives in Britain this week for an 11-date tour with his band The Soul Partners. He's promoting his new album 'Al Hudson's One Way' (issued this weekend) and current single 'Music.' The gigs are Hastings Pier Pavilion (this Saturday), Ilford Tiffany's (Sunday), Stoke Kings Hall (December 10), Whitehaven White House Hotel (11), Leeds Warehouse (12), London Hounslow Red Lion (13), London Southgate Royalty (14), Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel (15), Blackpool Tiffany's (16), Maidstone Greenways (17) and Southend Talk Of The South (18).

Christmas Day special

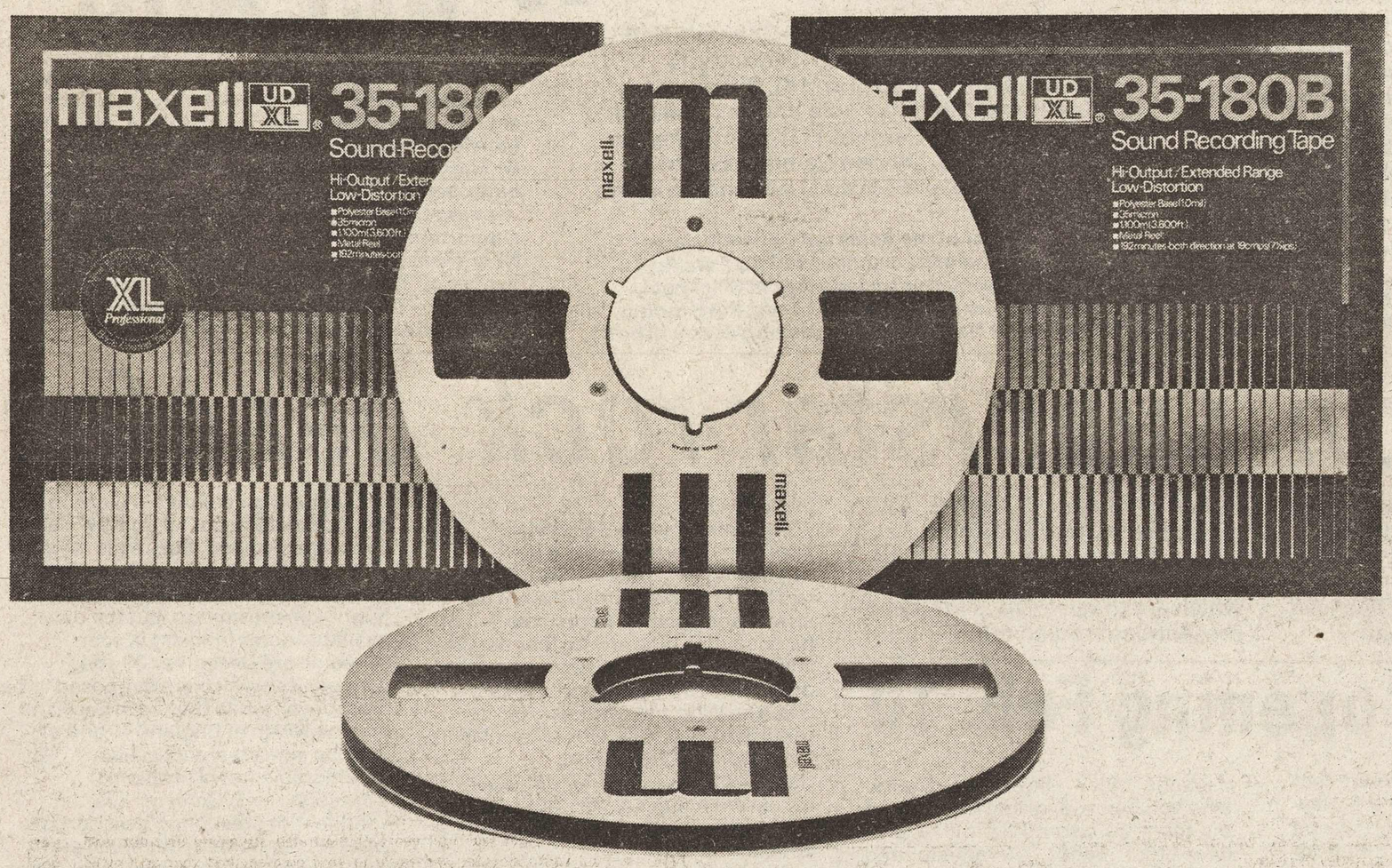
A SPECIAL charity show on behalf of London's orphans is to be staged in the West End on Christmas Day itself. It's being lined up by Jock McDonald, who promoted last year's Christmas Day concert at the Rainbow with Public Image Ltd. This year's show takes place at Studio 21 (21 Oxford Street, opposite Virgin's Megastore) starting at 4 pm. Tickets cost £20 each, they go on sale at noon on December 21 at the studio, and are limited to 200.

The event will largely take the form of a jam session, and McDonald says that those confirmed already are Steve Jones and Paul Cook (of the Pistols), Phil Lynott and Scott Gorham (of Thin Lizzy), Billy Idol and Tony James (of Generation X), Ricky Jobson (of The Skids), Steve Severin (of The Banshees) and members of The Psychedelic Furs. Others, including Mick Jones of The Clash, are still subject to confirmation. Support bands are Killing Joke and Jimmy Lydon's group "including members of the Lydon household".

MANFRED'S MAN NOW WITH HEEP

URIAH HEEP announced this week that their new drummer is Chris Slade, a founder member of Manfred Mann's Earth Band, whom he left only recently. He comes in to replace long-serving Lee Kerslake, who. as already reported, left the outfit last month after "a blazing row". Uriah have known Slade for some time — when he was with Manfred, they recorded for the same label, shared the same manager and toured America together — so they were well aware of his talents, and chose him immediately from over 30 applicants.

The band, complete with Slade and new vocalist John Sloman, are currently recording a new album in London — and, we're assured, it will show "a significant change" from their recent LPs. It's due for release by Bronze in February to tie in with their extensive UK concert tour, listed two weeks ago. So the new-look Uriah Heep now consists of (from left to right in the picture above) Ken Hensley, Chris Slade, Trevor Bolder, Mick Box and John Sloman.



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RECORD NEWS

Prayer from Dread

A SINGLE called 'A Child's Prayer' by **Jamie Kent** was released three years ago by Sonet Records, but failed to make any impact. But now, after a couple of unexpected airings by local radio stations, there's been a sudden demand for it — and Sonet have rushed it out again this week, believing that it could become a Christmas hit. The intriguing fact is that the name Jamie Kent hides the identity of none other than **Judge Dread,** who deliberately changed his name for this record, as it's so contrasting from his usual style.

● Release of the new single by **The Distractions,** titled 'Doesn't Bother Me', has been held over by Island until January 18. It was originally due out now, and was reviewed by NME last week.

● 'Freedom At Point Zero' is the new **Jefferson Starship** album, issued by RCA this weekend. It's their first without both Grace Slick and Marty Balin, and marks the debut of Micky Thomas as lead vocalist, and the introduction of drummer Aynsley Dunbar.

● **Ian North,** ex-leader of one of New York's first new-wave bands Milk'n Cookies, has his first solo album 'Neo' released by Aura Records this weekend. It was produced in this country, and he'll be returning here in the New Year for a major tour.

● North-East heavy metal band **Tygers Of Pan Tang** release a three-track single comprising 'Don't Touch Me There', 'Burning' Up' and 'Bad Times'. It's on the independent Neat Records label, available in most shops in that area. If in difficulty, phone Newcastle 624999.

● Edinburgh band **Another Pretty Face** — whose first single 'All The Boys Love Carrie' was on the independent New Pleasures label — have signed with Virgin. Their double A-sider 'Whatever Happened To The West'/'Goodbye 1970s' is due out in January.

● **Dangerous Girls'** live four-track EP 'Taaga' is now on release at £1 — available only at their gigs and through Rough Trade.

● **The Buzzcocks'** compilation album 'Singles Going Steady', already out in America, will be issued here by Liberty-United in January. As the title implies, it's a montage of previous singles releases, both A-sides and B-sides.

● Nervous Records have signed **Legendary Lonnie,** whose only previous release was on the Charly label. His new single out this weekend is called 'Constipation Shake', and we have it on the highest authority that it was recorded in his back garden toilet.

● The new **Child** single, issued this week by Ariola-Hansa, is a revival of the old Jonny Restivo hit 'The Shape I'm In'. At the same time, the label releases a seasonal offering by **Angelo Branduardi** titled 'Merry We Will Be', penned by Pete Sinfield.

● Rialto Records this week issue two debut albums — 'Goonhilly Down' by **The Planets** which sells initially at the budget price of £3.45, and 'Ravenna' by **Kim Beacon** who sang vocals on Tony Banks' recent solo set.

● A tribute to European soccer champions Nottingham Forest has been recorded by **The Fans,** titled 'Come On The Forest'. It's on Soccer Records — who are based in Grimsby! On sale in shops in the Nottingham area (where else?) or from the record company at 2 Garner Street, Grimsby.

● **Cardiac Arrest** are a four-piece band from Morecambe, who've put out their first single on their own Another Record Label. Titles are 'Runnin' In The Street'/'T.V. Friends', and distribution is being handled by Virgin and Rough Trade.

● Strike Records of 1 Long Acre, London WC2, are doing a special promotion on their new single 'Big Expense, Small Income' by **The Tigers.** Mail orders (£1) until December 31 will not only secure the single, but also a copy of the title track from the band's upcoming album 'Savage Music', plus stickers and badges.

● Phonogram have signed Deptford band **Japanese Toy,** already familiar to gig-goers on the London circuit. Their debut single 'Confusion' is out this week on the company's new Coma label.

● **Mataya Clifford,** who has previously had product out on both RCA and Virgin, is the latest signing to the Do It label. His single 'Living Wild' initially available only as a 12-inch, is out this week with distribution by Spartan.

● **Canned Rock** release their third self-financed album, produced by income gained from the sales of their second LP 'Kinetic Energy'. This new set is called 'Live', it sells at £3.99, and a nationwide distribution has been picked up by Pinnacle Records.

● A three-track single by rockabilly artist **Mac Curtis,** on which the main title is 'Hot Rock Boogie', is out this week on the new Hot Rock label. Distribution is through most One-Stop wholesalers.

● York new-wave trio **Sema 4** release their second EP 'Up, Down, Around' this week on their own Pollen Records label, distributed nationally by Red Rhino. Also available by post (£1.25 including p&p) from Dave Marston, 8 Oaken Grove, Haxby, York.

● **Morris & The Minors,** described as "a three-piece folk-rock orchestra", release their first EP 'State The Obvious' this week — comprising four tracks, poster and plastic cover for 99p. Distribution is by Rough Trade, Small Wonder and other indies, or direct from Round Records, 164 Greenbay Road, Charlton, London S.E.7.

● British reggae band **Dambala** featuring **Gus Anyia** have their single 'Babylon' issued by Radic (distributed by EMI) this weekend. It forms the theme music for a new six-part London Weekend TV series of the same title.

● The **Philip Rambow Band,** currently supporting Dr Feelgood on a major UK tour, have a new single issued by EMI on December 14. Titled 'Rebel Kind (Wild In The Streets)', it's taken from their debut album 'Shooting Gallery'.

● Step Forward Records this week issue an 18-minute EP by Reading band **Lemon Kittens.** It's called 'Spoonfed And Writhing'.

● East London band **The Playboys** have their first single issued this week on their own Smash Hit label — available by mail order (price £1 including p&p) from Smash Hit Records, 2 Lancaster Road, Finsbsury Park, London. It's a double A-sider comprising 'Night Bus' and 'I'm In A Movie.

● Liverpool band **The Accelerators** have a six-track 12-inch EP out this week, the first release on the new Spiv Records label and available through local indies. The company is also interested in recording other local bands — write to them at 11 Boswell Street, Liverpool 8.

● Currently available through Rough Trade is the debut single by four-piece outfit **The First Steps,** titled 'The Beat Is Back'. It's on their own English Rose label.

Cleese, Connolly, Cook have ball

FRIDAY, December 14, sees the release by Island of the album 'The Secret Policeman's Ball', which was recorded at this year's Amnesty International charity concert in London at the end of June. It features **John Cleese, Peter Cook, Billy Connolly, Michael Palin, Terry Jones, Eleanor Bron, John Fortune** and **Rowan Atkinson** — with cameo guest appearances from the likes of Anna Ford and Clive Jenkins. It costs £5.29 and runs 65 minutes. The film of the show has already been premiered at the London Film Festival, and is due to be screened by BBC-TV over the Christmas holidays.

MARLEY IN JUNE

BOB MARLEY and The Wailers will be headlining a full British tour next spring, *NME* learned from Jamaica this week. After playing isolated one-off dates here over the last two or three years, they feel the time has come to tour the UK extensively — and their visit will include dates in Scotland, where they have never previously played.

The exact timing of the tour has yet to be decided, but it's understood that June is the most likely month — though it could be earlier, if they come to Britain as the first leg of what's planned as a two-month European tour.

Jerry Lee tours UK in February

JERRY LEE LEWIS plays seven British dates in February, including a major London concert, as part of an extensive European tour. Jeffrey Kruger of Ember Concerts is bringing him over, and this week confirmed appearances at Sheffield Fiesta (February 9), Manchester Apollo (10), Newcastle Mayfair (13), Slough Fulcrum Theatre (14), Derby Talk Of The Midlands (15), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (16) and London Rainbow (17) — with the possibility of at least one more gig being slotted in.

Although details are still being finalised, Kruger said he's hopeful that J. D. Sumner & The Stamps — for some time Elvis Presley's backing unit — will accompany Lewis on the tour. After his UK dates, he travels on to the Continent for concerts in Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France and Switzerland.

● As a result of his British tour taking place earlier than expected, Jerry Lee has been withdrawn from the Country Music Festival at Wembley during Easter. As reported last week, he was scheduled to play there on Easter Monday (April 7), and presumably promoter Mervyn Conn will now be seeking a suitable replacement.

XTC, JUPP, PUNILUX, TOURISTS, MEMBERS

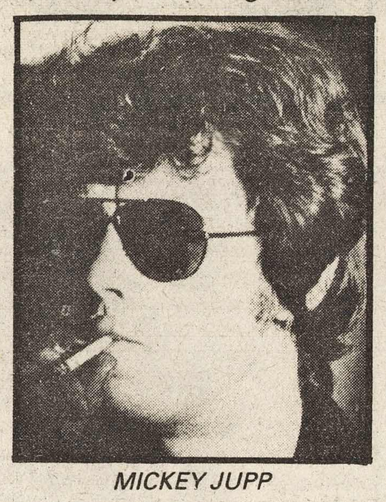
Stars line up for Nashville event

XTC, THE TOURISTS, 999, Punilux and The Members are among acts now confirmed for the special pre-Christmas 'More Front Row Festivities' festival at London Kensington Nashville, plans for which were revealed by *NME* five weeks ago. As reported at that time, it follows the pattern of last year's event by featuring artists who played the venue in their early days, and have since developed into big names.

The festival starts officially next Monday (December 10), with Joe Jackson headlining, followed by Rico (11). Other bookings are Mickey Jupp Band (13), The Members (14), 999 (15), Punishment Of Luxury (16), Doll By Doll (17), Yachts (19), The Inmates (20), XTC (21) and The Tourists (22). December 18 is not yet finalised, but it's understood that The Revillos are being negotiated.

Tickets are available now from the Nashville box-office, priced £2 each night — and they must be purchased in advance, as there will be no tickets sold on the doors. The Tourists' gig marks the end of the festival, but the next day (23) sees the Nashville debut of new Charly Records signings The Sex Beatles, about whom we wrote last week.

The star attraction at the Nashville on New Year's Eve will be Rocky Sharpe & The Replays, featuring The Toppliners (advance tickets on sale now, priced £2.50).



MICKEY JUPP

● Mickey Jupp will also be promoting his newly released Chrysalis album 'Long Distance Romancer' at Sheffield Limit Club (tomorrow, Friday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday) and Southend Shrimpers (Sunday). His current band features Pat Donaldson (bass), Dave Mattacks (drums), Ian Duck (guitar) and Frank Mead (tenor sax).

● The Enid are, for the third year running, the Christmas Eve attraction at London Marquee.

● Adam & The Ants top a New Year's Eve concert at London Camden Electric Ballroom.

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THE REST OF THE NEWS

CARAVAN, who recently completed a short British tour, will be undertaking a more extensive outing in the early spring — playing both the theatre and college circuits. It will follow the release of the band's new album and the first solo LP by their lead singer and writer Pye Hastings. The UK dates come at the end of a seven-week winter tour of Europe.

ALEX HARVEY has called off plans for a Christmas tour with his new band, culminating in his native Glasgow. This is mainly due to the unavailablity of suitable venues, which are all heavily booked for the holiday season. Instead, a tour is now being set up to start in early January, and details are expected in a week or two.

THE DICKIES have added another date to their current British tour — at Southport Floral Hall next Wednesday, December 12. And there's been a late venue switch for their gig tonight (Thursday) — they now play Aberdeen Ruffles instead of Carlisle Market Hall.

ANNETTE PEACOCK, of whom much was written in last week's NME, is the first 1980 attraction confirmed for London Victoria The Venue. She appears there on Wednesday and Thursday, January 9 and 10, backed by the same musicians who play on her new Aura Records album 'The Perfect Release'.

LINDISFARNE are to play yet another Christmas show at Newcastle City Hall, making eight concerts in all. This extra gig is a special free matinee for handicapped and underprivileged children on Saturday, December 22 at 3 pm. Free tickets are being offered to relevant organisations in the North-East, who should write to Lindisfarne Show, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE99 1LT. Tickets are not available to the general public for this performance.

RADIO 1 on New Year's Eve will devote 13 hours (6 am - 7 pm) to playing the 100 best-selling singles, plus tracks from the 100 top albums, of the past decade — these will be introduced by the regular weekday team of Dave Lee Travis, Simon Bates, Paul Burnett, Andy Peebles and Kid Jensen. At 7 pm, B. A. Robertson takes over with a three-hour show, and the disc-jockey seeing in the New Year (10 pm - 2 am) is Adrian Juste. On Sunday, December 30, you can hear the Top 40 singles of 1979 (5-7 pm).

JEFF LYNNE, leader of the Electric Light Orchestra, is writing the musical score for Olivia Newton-John's new film *Xanadu* — which also marks the movie comeback of veteran dancer Gene Kelly. The picture is described as "a typical glossy musical fantasy of the kind in which Hollywood used to specialise".

BIGGEST RECORD SALE IN THE WORLD takes place at London's Alexandra Palace on Saturday, December 15 — when over 150,000 records collected by Radio 1 over the past six months will be on sale, at 5p and 10p for singles and 25p for albums. It's in aid of The Year Of The Child, and there'll also be a special auction of rarer discs, including Gold Records and collectors' items. Most of the Radio 1 disc-jockeys will be in attendance — doors open at 9 am.

CLIMAX BLUES BAND also have a couple of shows this weekend — they're at Leicester Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday) and St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (Saturday).

MARK ANDREWS & The Gents, already building quite a reputation on the gig circuit, have more London dates at the College of Printing (tonight, Thursday), Mile End Queen Mary College (Friday), Victoria The Venue with The Shirts (December 10) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (15) — plus Kingston Polytechnic this Saturday. 1980 promises to be their breakthrough year, because they've just signed a long-term deal with A&M Records, and their first album is planned for February release.

THE JAGS are playing two dates this weekend, their last before Christmas. And their show on Saturday (8) at Loughborough University, where they're supported by The Deaf Aids, is to be broadcast live in Radio 1's *In Concert*. The Jags' other gig is at London Regents Park Bedford College tomorrow (Friday).

BLAST FURNACE returns to action this month with a new band called Blast Furnace's Revenge, though the line-up retains John Mackie (drums) and B.Bop (bass) from his previous outfit The Heatwaves — and they are now joined by guitarist Billy O'Neill, formerly with The Dark. Initial gigs are at London Camden Dingwalls (December 11) and London Islington Hope & Anchor (19) with more to follow.

DOLLY MIXTURE have dates at Huddersfield Coach House (this Sunday) and London Islington Hope & Anchor (December 11). They then support The Purple Hearts at Manchester Poly (13), Scarborough Penthouse (14) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (15).

TRADITION, the British reggae band whose latest album and single will be issued by RCA in the New Year, play London Hackney College (tomorrow, Friday), Aberdeen University (December 14), York House Hotel (15), Redcar Coatham Bowl (16), Derby College (20) and London Mount Royal Hotel (22).

URCHIN, now back to a four-piece having dispensed with keyboards, have gigs at London East Ham Ruskin Arms (tonight, Thursday), London Camden Brecknock (tomorrow, December 16 and 23), Oxford College of Further Education (Saturday), Halesowen Tiffany's (December 13), Abertillery Aryl St Club (15), Norwich Cromwells (18), Bicester Red Lion (21) and Oxford Corn Dolly (22 and 31). Also this month, they're recording an album and playing a series of Christmas shows in Holland.

MOTORHEAD'S XMAS PARTY

MOTORHEAD, who've already played two concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon as part of their autumn tour, return to the venue on Sunday, December 16, to headline a special Christmas party show. Saxon, who've been supporting them on the road, will again be on the bill — plus another un-named support and various "festive surprises".

● The dubious distinction of being the loudest band ever to play Southampton Gaumont now belongs to Motorhead, who recently registered 119 decibels there, beating AC/DC's previous record of 109!

Subs Xmas

UK SUBS, newly returned from a successful debut tour of the States, headline a special Christmas concert at London Strand Lyceum on Thursday, December 27 — and tickets are available now at only 99p.

Among Christmas attractions newly booked for the Music Machine in Camden Town are The Psychedelic Furs (Boxing Day) and Sore Throat (27).

Hillage Xmas dates

STEVE HILLAGE returns from foreign climes to play two Christmas gigs in London with his band. They're at the Music Machine in Camden Town on Monday and Tuesday, December 17 and 18. Admission is £2.50 (advance) and £3 (doors).

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War tour with Blood Sweat & Tears

ONE OF THE biggest double-header tours of 1980 is in the process of being lined up for the early spring. It will co-star two long-standing American favourites, War and Blood, Sweat & Tears — and because of their mutual stature, it's expected that they will alternate first-half and closing-act spots throughout the tour. They're being brought over by Ember Concert Division, and will be based in this country from March 25 to April 27 inclusive — though that period will include various incursions into Europe. They will, however, be playing a string of major dates in this country.

Ember also announce that they've signed Barry White for UK concert appearances next year. The exact period of his visit has still to be determined, but it will be late summer or early autumn, and he'll be supported by a 50-piece orchestra — comprising his own Love Unlimited Orchestra augmented by British musicians. Ember are also handling the Marvin Gaye tour next month, reported by *NME* two weeks ago.

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STANDING UP FOR THE SMALL MAN

A conversation with Randy Newman

THERE ARE hotels and there are hotels. And then there are hotels like Claridge's, an elegant art deco reminder of the pre-war age of luxury travel, where money doesn't scream, it whispers, and you can smell the polish on the desk clerk's shoes almost, but not quite, before he can smell the shit on yours.

Randy Newman seems to enjoy lowering the tone of a place like this. He strolls indifferently into the lobby wearing casual clothes — not the casual *chic* now all the rage of Marlboro Country — but really *casual*: check shirt, faded with square pockets and scuffed brown shoes, nearer Woolworths than Fifth Avenue. Flat feet, rectangular glasses and curly, unkempt hair add to the overall look of a scatterbrained college professor.

He explains that we won't be able to sit and talk in the lobby proper as neither of us are wearing ties, so we retire to a corner of the reception area where, obviously peeved at the petty mores of this upper-class bastion, he relates an episode from the first time he stayed here — a few months back when he came to England on vacation with his son.

In each of the rooms is an ink well — a *real* ink well, naturally, the kind that might tip over and spill its contents all over the splendidly polished desk. And that's exactly what happened, of course — all over the desk, and then, as Newman and his son tried to stem the indelible black tide, all over the deep pile carpet, and all over their hands, and from there to the walls, the bathroom towels, and then finally all over the telephone, which they used to call the maid.

"*Jeez* what a mess! The stuff was everywhere. The maid came and they were very polite about it, but my poor kid, he was *so* embarrassed . . . Anyway I think they're trying to get their own back on me. I sent them a letter with a few ink smudges on it to remind them, and they've put me in a room right next to the kitchen and it's so noisy I can't sleep at night."

As you might surmise from this silent comedy of manners going on between them — a Yankee at the court of the upper-crust — the decade's most accomplished song-writer has only recently become accustomed to being a habituee of such expensive hotels.

"I thought it was time," he says sardonically, "to reflect my improved status in the pop world."

NEWMAN is kidding, of course. Especially since his improved status in the pop world seems to have been short-lived. It lasted about as long as it took 'Short People', a freak hit of '77, to chart, taking the 'Little Criminals' album equally high in its sudden meteoric slipsteam. It was the proverbial cult artist breakout and in the long run, though it hasn't done him any harm, it hasn't done him that much good either.

" 'Short People' is so innocuous and harmless compared to other stuff I've written, but it sold two million records. That's ridiculous! This is the only English-speaking country in the whole world where it wasn't a hit . . . I'm proud of England for that, because in a lot of ways it hurt. That and 'Germany Before The War' were my favourites on that album — and it's somewhat typical of me . . ."

But it wasn't a hit because it was Randy Newman, it was hit because of its novelty and because it was a pretty song.

"Yeah! Yeah! It did *nothin'* for me . . ."

Newman laughs at the irony of what he's just said, and I tell him its success probably had more to do with The Eagles' harmony vocals, just to cheer him up. He never knew The Eagles, incidentally, until they approached his producer Lenny Waronker and asked if they could contribute to the album he was making at the time, 'Good Old Boys'.

"Singing with them I felt like . . . D'ya ever see on vacation a fat kid that's all sunburnt tryinr to swim around a pool?"

He puffs his cheek out like a bloated fish and starts splashing at imaginary water.

"That's how I felt trying to sing with them."

Randy Newman isn't fat, nor is he short, nor painfully shy, nor old and feeble, nor a backwoods Okie citizen, nor indeed much like any of the rich repertory of characters drawn so sharply in his songs: small, everyday people making whatever best small, everyday sense they can of the great big world.

Any one of his seven albums could introduce you personally to the dreams, fears, prejudices and foibles — in short the grey human reality — of small-minded Smalltown USA. All perfectly enunciated in a dry, cracked, nasal voice to the accompaniment of tunes picked out at the piano from the strains of Stephen Foster. Newman sketches an awsomely original American vista: poignant, bitter-sweet, funny and tragic. Only Ray Davies once came close to doing a similar thing for England, then he started feeling too sorry for himself. And for England too.

But Newman has never slipped to the maudlin or mourning or glibly sentimental. Unlike other songwriters enraptured with Americana, he isn't afraid to explore the ugly side of it, the peeling paintwork of the Dream.

But that isn't why he's just released a vicious satirical attack on some of the newer manifestations of the American psyche, observing and capturing once again that same old small-mindedness which I might add is by no means the exclusive property of Americans. No sir! Newman made 'Born Again' because he *enjoyed* it.

It's the first album he's made that he's been able to listen to comfortably afterwards, though it isn't exactly what you'd call comfortable listening. His confidence bolstered by the success of 'Short People', Newman had done with recording the small dreams of the dust bowl, eulogising fading American townships and lifting up oppressed minorities. He didn't want to write another 'Yellow Man' or 'Sail Away' or even play devil's advocate for the redneck South as he had done on 'Good Old Boys', an album based on T. Harry Williams' biography of Depression-era Louisiana governor Huey P. Long that has been justly praised for many things, but never for Newman's incredibly subtle use of synthesisers to create the perfect period Riverboat mood. (Which he will tackle again soon incidentally for the sound track of a film of E. L. Doctorow's novel *Ragtime.)*

SO INSTEAD of doing any of these things, he made 'Born Again'. Its cover showed Newman in hideous Kiss make-up, though dressed as a corporate executive, with dollar signs for eyes, and a photo of his family — "not my real family, they're even squarer" — with junior growing up to look just like his pa. Newman's presence on his record sleeves had hitherto always been self-effacing, and he would often disappear entirely in the songs, inventing a character and becoming the character's voice. He had taken the step of inventing a character for the sleeve too, and this character sang:

"used to worry about the poor/But I don't worry anymore. Used to worry about the black man/But now I don't worry about no black man. It's money that I love."

"I think that money is tremendously important in the world," says Newman. His speech is the dry colloquial drawl of his records; he seems to think aloud most of the time. "And more so than ever, money is making people mean. That's what I was writing about. I wasn't writing about myself *per se.* But I have played a few dates just for money, and they always turned out badly for some reason. But I am not, aah, indifferent to its charms, though I don't think it's of over-riding importance to me. A lot of people say that you don't know whether to believe them or not, and I don't know whether to believe myself!"

He explains that he was sending up himself as much as Kiss on the cover.

"Maybe I'd had some success and I'd been born again as this horrible money-grubbing kinda monstrous rock'n'roll person. The song 'Money' and the song 'Pants' were about the same kind of thing. 'Pants' is about these big heavy pretentious rock'n'roll acts like Kansas or Styx. I saw some big rock shows, in a baseball arena, which I'd never seen before, and I couldn't believe whatta impersonal thing it was The artist is way up here and the crowd, they're like sheep with arms!" He raises his arms, opens his mouth, and fawns blankly at the ceiling. Heads turn in the lobby.

"It was *nothin'.* This kind of false sexual innuendo, you know, 'I'm gonna take off my pants! — the whole thing was a drag, and really demeaning to the audience. Who wants to put these . . . these . . . *anybody* on a pedestal like that?"

He's been touring for the first time with a band, who play during the second half of the show, and though he isn't sure if he likes it, because he can't talk to the audience while they're on, he thinks he can see the attraction.

"There's somethin' to it," he admits. "You take a lot of dope or drink a lot and go and if it's The Beach Boys playing their greatest hits or Earth, Wind and Fire I like it myself, if I know all the songs, but *Jeez,* otherwise . . . I couldn't believe how bad it was. But I'm not an expert; I haven't been to that many of them, I never saw the Stones or Hendrix or anybody whom I might be able to empathise with . . . Supertramp! I'd like to see them. I kinda like some of their music."

You *do?* Your reporter is incredulous. He knows that Randy Newman has written a wry little song about ELO called 'Story Of A Rock'n'Roll Band', and he gets a big kick out of it, knowing how sardonic Newman can be. But he has heard some disquieting rumours about the song, and he can't stop himself blurting out the question: Do you *like* ELO too?

"Yeah," Newman answers, but warily, as though there were a bucket poised to fall on him if he answers incorrectly. "Aww, that song . . . what I like about it is that I got everything so wrong: mispronounced the name of the town, made up their names . . . And they do have these idiosyncracies about their music that are *funny.* It's maybe a kind of a joke, but I wouldn't have done it if I really hated them like I hate some people. No matter how successful they've been, it's too easy to take a shot at someone, and it's not a shot. I'd tell ya if it were."

The Beach Boys, Supertramp, ELO . . . what next?

"I like Devooh!" he exclaims. "Yeah, very much. And I like Ian Dury. I heard six things by him and I liked five of them. Amazing. I didn't like the last thing I heard by him ('Reasons To Be Cheerful') but some of the songs, whew! 'Wake Up And Make Love To Me', and some really foul stuff. I really liked it."

Was that the reason you liked it?

"No. There's some humanity to it, you know? There's something human about it. It doesn't take much. I mean, there isn't a hell of a lot that's human about The Eagles. Face it. I'm facing it. And Devo, you know, 'Mongoloid', wearing the hat and bringing home the bacon . . .

"Boom!" he exclaims again, slapping his thighs. "There's something to it. Devo and Ian Dury both have a sense of humour about themelves, and about people."

That's an unlikely parallel to draw. Devo seem to be much more concerned with mocking the plight of humanity.

"Yeah. You see, there is a bit of humanity in the world now, and in music, *Jeez,* there's never before been so much. But anyway, I think that 'Mongoloid' is very human, a little nasty maybe . . .

"Elvis Costello I understand is real nasty, too, but I can't make it out. I can't understand a word. I've sat in front of the speakers. They say this guy's a great lyric writer . . . well let me hear him, right? Put 'em down. I know they're not poetry. But not a word. 'Green Shirt' I understand, and it's very good . . . about a girl polishing up the buttons. I like that, because I can see it. I listen to what he does. I listen to him, I listen to Bob Seger, Dylan . . ."

Which prompts me to ask whether the title of 'Born Again' was a reference to the religious and quasi-religious revival going on in America at present.

"Yeah, sure. Kind of a nasty one. You know who Tex Watson is? He was one of the Manson killers. Well he's a born-again guy too . . .

"I don't think much of it. People are entitled to their transformation or their transubstantiation, but I don't know . . . It's not for me. I was just foolin'. I thought I'd get into trouble with that, but America's so apathetic, it's just the greatest! You can do anything . . . and they say so what?"

What does the boom market in Salvation tell you about the good ol' US of A?

"Well, first of all, I don't know how big a thing it is," he muses. "It tells me that people are looking for some kind of values. People are a little messed up. I've come over here before and heard Northern Europeans complaining about the state of the world and about America and that things were really going to pot, and I never believed it. But now things are

Interview by Paul Rambali

Photographs by Pennie Smith

getting a little tight. It's tough for me to go to Hamburg and see that they're richer than any town in the US. It's hard for Americans to get used to not being first.

"That's probably for the worst. People don't have those kind of dreams they used to have about . . ." He chews over his words a moment before continuing. "Yeah, I don't think any good's going to come of this. Some moral strength? I doubt it. People get married and they can't even dream of buying a house anymore. They don't even have the dream. It's gone. Things aren't getting better and better, they're getting so much worse."

If that's the case, isn't it a more realistic approach, a better way to deal with it?

"Yeah," he grudgingly agrees, "but we don't *wanna* be realistic. We're having to be, but we don't have to like it.

"I sympathise with our plight absolutely. Sure I do. We behaved badly in that part of the world for many years, but we don't deserve *this*. You behaved badly too. All the imperialist nations are getting shafted now . . . Like there was a God, like there *actually* was one, and we're getting paid for our sins. No, sure I sympathise. I'm mad at the old Ayatollah — and I was so attracted to him at first. Sexually attracted!"

Randy Newman doesn't follow politics, but he watches it on TV, and he thinks Carter will be re-elected.

"He's good at running for president. He's not good at being one maybe but . . . And Kennedy will have to appear and say what he thinks about things . . . Chappaquidick. *Baaad* you know. Unforgivable maybe."

BORN AGAIN has proved the most provocative album Newman has yet made, but then he has never been one to mince his finely-judged words of angry cynicism, closing in on his themes for an often bitter kill. However, some pundits have found his ire unusually misplaced on one song in particular 'Mr Sheep', seemingly a scathing put-down of Mr Average Dumb Working Guy. Newman is ready to field this criticism.

"It's fine with me. I think it's almost the best thing on there, and it's a very tough thing to do. A lot of people find it really cruel, but the person I'm mocking is the narrator, with that horrible false rock'n'roll voice. It doesn't cohere with the standard liberal view that this person who goes to work every day, can't dance, carries a brief-case . . . isn't very hip after all, so that's the person you go after. But that's my kind of guy; Mr Sheep. Not that big bully rock'n'roll voice that sings the song.

"But I may not have got it exactly right because people are thinking I'm taking a cheap shot."

It's interesting that Newman's style of assuming a character for a song should have suddenly passed even his admirers by on 'Mr Sheep' — and in a way it's a tribute to his powers of characterisation that people were willing to believe in this smug, condescending bully despite the massive evidence of compassion in Newman's songs. It's also interesting that few people took issue with 'Pretty Boy', where he used exactly the same technique to point up the small-minded prejudices of an uneducated working stiff offended by the sight of someone who *"looks just like that dancing wop in those movies that we've seen."*

Perhaps 'Mr Sheep' was a bit too close to home. Newman says that though he doesn't usually play it live, because the chords are boring and "I can't work up that much *hate* onstage", audiences in Europe had been requesting it everywhere. Except here. Nobody requested it on his London dates.

Whatever, it's not exactly a comfortable song. Really good comedy never is. And though it's a plain injustice to think of Newman as a mere comedian, his humorous insights are ground to the sharpest of edges.

"It's hard for me to write a song like 'Pants' and not be embarrassed by it over the six months that it takes me to make a record. It's alright just to think of it and laugh then, but to work on comedy — *whew!* — it is tough. And I'm still not sure that it's not a joke that just blows right away."

Newman tells me that some of the songs he's written for 'Born Again' have made him afraid to tour in America, in case his intent was, as has happened before, misunderstood. And though a song such as 'Half A Man' is probably asking for it, he hasn't run into any trouble yet.

"I *thought* I would. I think they're not paying attention. It was a really funny song, but it *scared* me, you know? Propounding the theory that homosexuality is contagious.

"It was inspired by a story my father told me when I was about twelve. He's a doctor, and he had this patient. He told me that this guy had never had a trace of homosexuality, nothin', and all of a sudden he was taking a shower at the YMCA . . . *Boom!* He went down on this other guy, and the guy beat the shit out of him.

"He tells this to a twelve-year-old! Isn't that something for a father to tell his kid? Holy Christ! I was just starting junior high school, having to take communal showers . . . And I remembered that story for 20 years."

Newman's father didn't have a father himself, so when it came to child psychology he was obviously ploughing new ground.

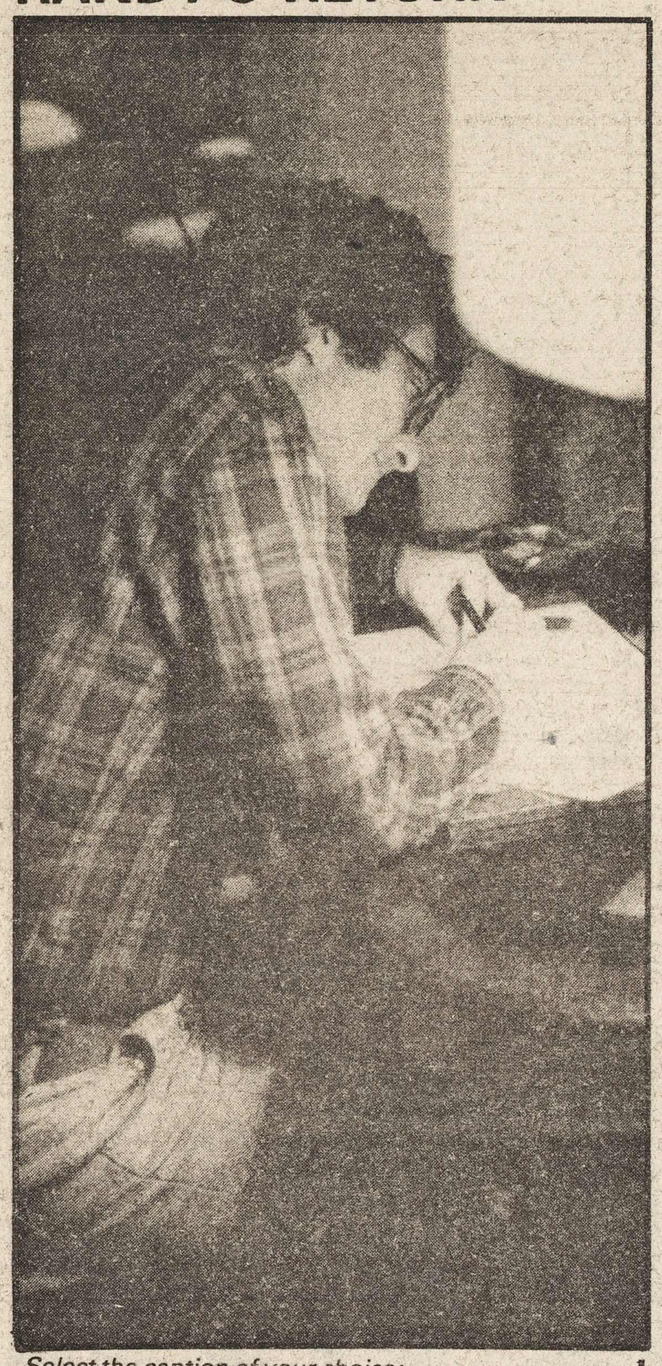
UNLIKE HEMINGWAY, Randy Newman doesn't feel the compulsion to go out and fight a bull to write about it.

"But if I get it wrong, I know I got it wrong. I've written songs where I know I just didn't have the people right. 'Ghosts' was the last one. It's about an old man who fought in World War Two and now has nothing and is a bit bitter, not absolutely likeable. He talks about coloured kids, which in the States — I hear it here — but in the States you don't call black people coloured."

If there's a recurring figure in his songs — rather than a recurring type — it's the Old Man, made lonely by the passage of time. He

■ *Continues continuously*

RANDY'S RETURN



Select the caption of your choice:
(a) The artist at work: ". . . And the main attraction anywhere would be Simon Smith and his amazing—dancing goose! . . . Nah that still ain't what I'm after here . . ."
(b) "Dear Gasbag, I keep suffering from a paranoia that my privacy is being invaded by Pennie Smith . . ."
(c) "Let's see here . . . C rystal Palace v Notts Forest. Home win."

■ *From previous page*

uses the ingrained sensibility of the Old Man as a vantage point from which to observe and comment indirectly on the shifting moods of the present.

But there is also a recurrent type in his songs. The fag-baiting trucker in 'Half A Man' is the same Smalltown reactionary of earlier songs, like the Old Man confused and frightened by an age he doesn't understand, afraid to let go of his values because no matter how repulsive they might be to others they're the source of his pride. There's a lot of these people about, and again, they're not exclusively American either.

Newman's other, more occasional, concern is with the seamy side of sex, something which came to a head on '12 Songs': one of the dirtiest records ever made, leaning heavily on the vulgar blues poetry of carnal desire.

Most of the women in songs like 'Kathleen', 'Suzanne', 'You Can Leave Your Hat On', 'Rosemary' and 'If You Need Oil' seem to prey on their men, reaching into the nasty depraved corners of the men's sexual psyche. The men in these songs don't mind this a bit. In fact, they seem to really go for it.

The latest in this line of abject debauchees, though, is slightly out of character (this could get confusing). The protagonist of 'The Girls In My Life' actually seems not to be a slave to his desires, though like the others he enjoys these desires nonetheless.

The source of this imaginary cast is hard to pin down. There are some Newman can picture more clearly than others — Davy The Fat Boy, Old Man, the infinitely mocking God in 'God's Song', the murderer in 'Germany Before The War', both the characters in 'Mr Sheep' — but where they come from is a mystery. Newman does like to talk to people though.

"I will do that. In some ways I'm not shy. But for a couple of years I wasn't listening so well, I wouldn't let people say what they wanted to say. But, boy, if you listen, if you let people talk, they'll really talk. I've heard some amazing things. And I like people too! Don't put that in your paper because it seems ridiculous, but I really do."

Listen to his songs. He understands the people he writes about too well to be a genuine misanthrope.

THERE AREN'T that many songwriters doing what Randy Newman does. You could count them on the toes of your hand. It's phenomenally rare and Newman doesn't know why.

"Maybe because it isn't basic," he muses. "It may really be that I'm in the wrong medium. I find that songs I like, I don't know what the words are. I notice when I go to people's houses that music's in the background. I'm listening like this (he cocks his head to one side) and they're talking away and eating potato-chips."

He can't, however, see an alternative outlet. He doesn't feel that he has enough experiences to sustain a book, though he's an avid reader, and I for one would like to see him try. He doesn't like many plays or films either. So what's he doing in music anyway?

"I was pushed. I think I was, though my father would deny it. When I was five years old they moved a piano into my room, in case I was Mozart. I couldn't play it or anything but there it was in my room — what the hell was I supposed to think?"

Over the years he found that he *could* play it, and without much effort at that. When he should have been practising he was more often than not out getting drunk and getting into car accidents in Los Angeles, or else playing baseball or watching Phil Silvers or Jackie Gleason on TV, or even joking around with his boyhood pal Lenny Waronker, whose father was the founder of Liberty Records and a friend of the Newman clan.

It was Waronker who first suggested that Randy should write songs, and got him a job at the age of 16 for $150 a month with Liberty's publishing house, Metric Music, when the first song he gave them, called 'They Tell Me It's Summer', was placed on the B-side of The Fleetwoods' 'Lovers By Day, Strangers By Night'. His ambitions then were limited: "I wanted to write follow-ups for Bobby Vee, but Carole King always got 'em."

Lenny Waronker has all along been instrumental to Newman's progress. When Waronker became a producer for Warner Brothers, he persuaded him to sign as a solo artist in '68 and make 'Something New Under The Sun' — which is still in print in the US, though Newman himself had forgotten the title — co-produced by Van Dyke Parks and reputedly one of Warners worst ever selling records. All of his albums have since been produced by Waronker, and it was he who once described his protege's records as having "a really pretty sound, with a really nasty intent."

Mention of Van Dyke Parks, though, seems to trigger something in Newman's mind. He suddenly looks sad and weary.

". . . It's tough. Things didn't turn out the way me'n'Lenny thought they would. We thought, in those days, waiting for the new Beach Boys single . . . we thought people would see it like they do paperback books, you know, go back and look at Faulkner or whatever. We thought it was a real serious kinda, well, art form in a way. But it's really a commercially-orientated mass-market thing."

Paperbacks are the same. There's everything from Jackie Collins to Jean-Paul Sartre.

"I know, but people don't go back like they would with say a 1954 paperback. It isn't the same kind of thing, somehow. Maybe it's because I'm older but there isn't the same kind of anticipation. I look forward to seeing what The Eagles will do, or Fleetwood Mac. I like to see what Steve Miller's going to do, even Supertramp next time when the pressure's on. But there isn't the same . . . It's like how much things are going to *sell* in a way. Not for me but . . .

"Maybe it always was and I just didn't notice, because I had no hope of selling. There's all these goddamn magazines that I didn't even *know* existed, that the guys in the band read. All that crap: this record's doing this and that one's doing a regional breakout. It's run by those guys. Guys who don't know a B-flat from their asshole. I don't think the book business is that way. How's journalism? Are there all these people riding along in it that don't know how to put words together?"

. . . Yes.

"Well it's kind of disillusioning. I mean Warners have never done anything bad to me, in fact they've been great, but my instinct is to dislike them, just for being real big, and being into selling records, even though I'm grateful for it. It's a strange dichotomy."

So how do you deal with it, and maintain your original enthusiasm and reasons for what you do?

"I have to try real hard all the time. I was thinkin' . . . I don't think it affected my writing in the *slightest*, but I thought maybe I'd sell a lot of records this time. It was on my mind. I'd like to be able to play any place in America and fill 8,000 seats.

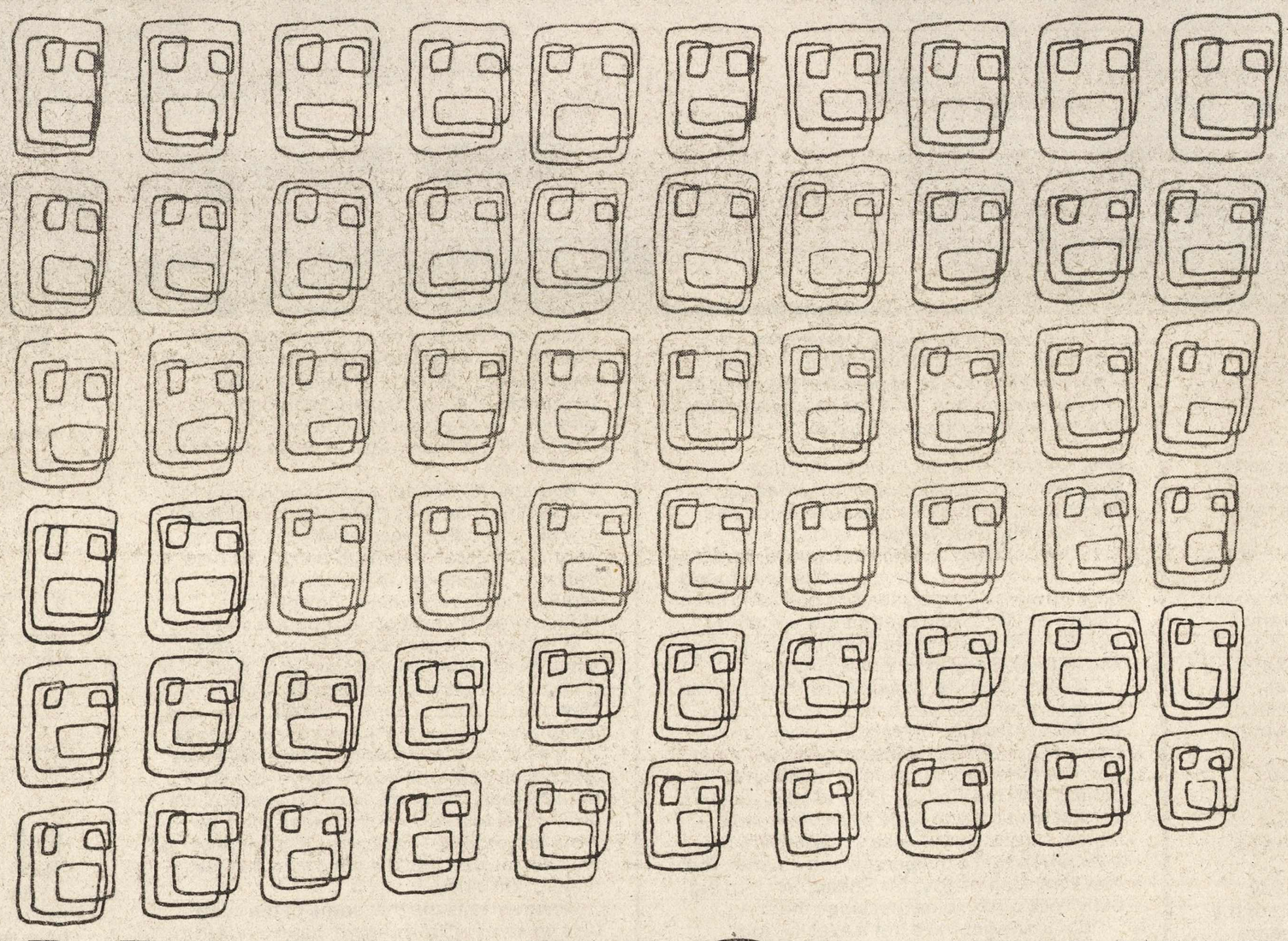
"I still think 'Born Again' is the best record I've ever made, though I feel defensive about it in some ways because people think I got mean. They want me to be an acoustic fellow and do 'Sail Away' for ever and ever."

'Sail Away', written in 1972, mourns the failure of the Dream to materialise. It's very sentimental and therefore very comforting. Perhaps if he did keep writing 'Sail Away' then all those tears would wash the ugly truth away. But that's rubbish. And I'd rather have Newman cast his wicked eye over the present than depict forever a nostalgic past. His perceptions are no less acute, and he can touch the same depth.

But the image of the craftsman sculpting detailed vignettes of Early American emotional scenery is the one most people cling to. It's partly true, but it over-does the finesse involved. Newman has a sense of humour, a sense of the ironic, a sense of the burlesque, a *sensibility*, in fact. And he can improvise. That's one of the reasons why he's such a great performer, and an all-round complete original.

He may even be a nice guy too.

RANDOM HOLD



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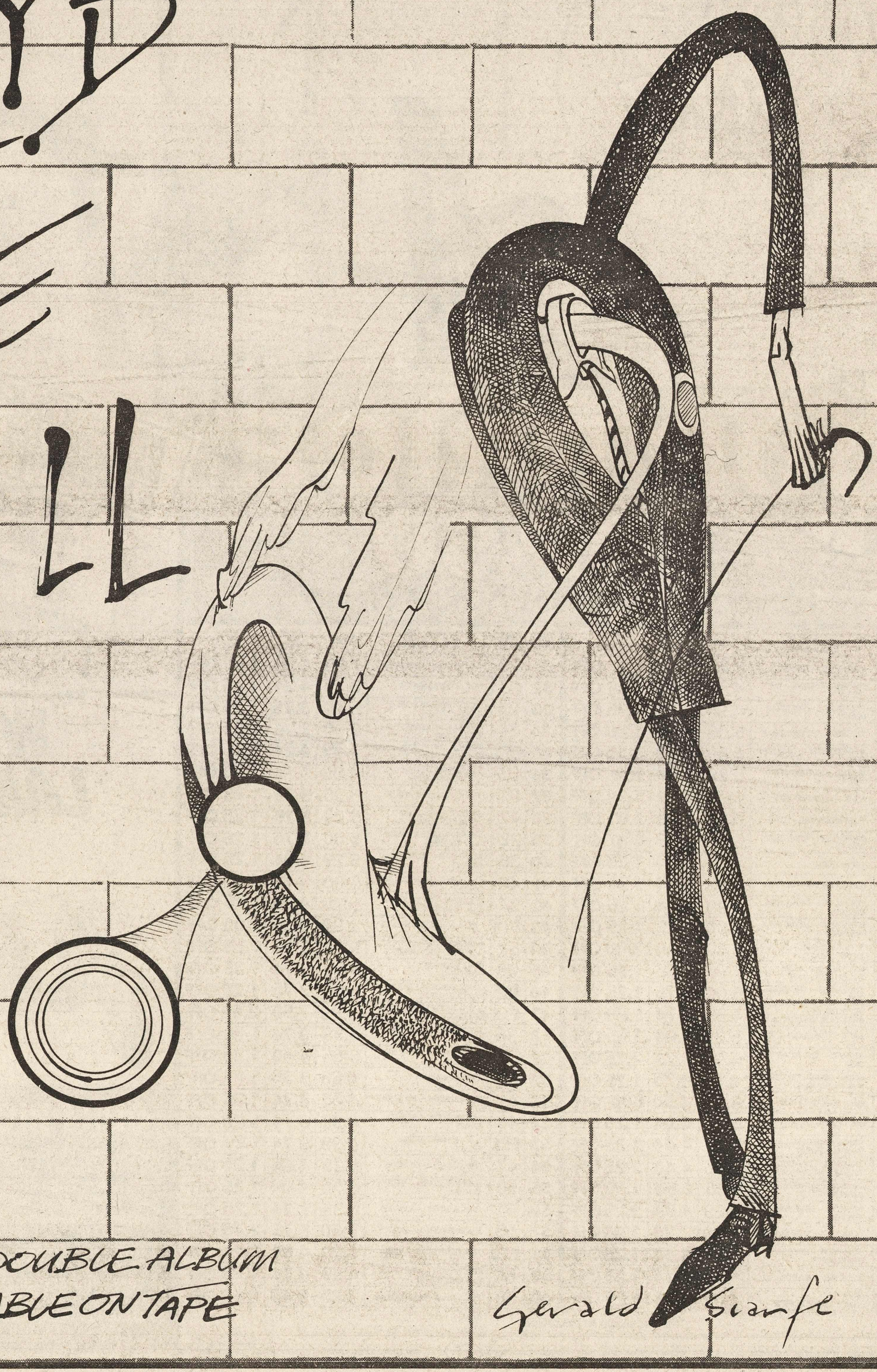

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JOE STRUMMER and his vivid imagination have been at it again. And the Clashman's latest pipedream is the television pop show of the 1980's!

Never mind the new double album The Clash have only recently completed, here's the video treat that will, in the words of its creator, "make *Top Of The Pops* obsolete in three-and-a-half seconds."

But, to make his vision of tele-Utopia a reality, Joe needs some help. "What I need is a maverick, left-field, off-the-wall, renegade, rebel TV producer," he explains. "The aim, hopefully, is to get past the blinkered, half-dead nitwits who control the media."

Strummer claims to have already once taken the blueprint for the programme along to the Thames television network in London only to meet with a rebuff. "When I got to the bloke who was in control, I outlined the whole thing to him and he said 'Great ideas, Joe, great ideas', but there was no action."

Now Joe hopes to approach the men in charge once more, this time with more concrete plans for the show.

Basically, the show would go out live, either primetime Wednesday night or in direct competition with *TOTP* on a Thursday. There would be no compere, no miming and admission would be free on a first-come first-served basis. The cameramen would be strategically placed ten feet above the punters on hydraulic lifts.

"I know what people want to see and I know that *Top Of The Pops* is an insult to the human race. Now, those might be strong words for half-an-hour of pap on a Thursday night, but how everybody just sits there and laps it up is beyond me."

Remembering the fact that The Clash are practically alone in steadfastly refusing to appear on *TOTP* on principle, Strummer's words ring true.

"We need a slice of reality," he goes on, "Groups have got to go out and play, so why can't they play live for us at home on a Wednesday night? I've got every trick in the book on a 24-track mixing board just waiting for you groups to plug into and I'll beam it straight to the speaker in your TV set in Dumfries. The technology is here, so why are we ignoring it? Who's covering up what?"

Strummer's ambitious bid for world domination by 1981 goes beyond control of the media to that sacred cow of live music too. Along with a handful of their contemporaries, The Clash, sometime next year, hope to open The Lucky Seven, a venue completely owned and run by the musicians themselves. And it's more than just another whacky scheme to save Joe the bother of having to phone up to get on the guest list for his fave live bands.

Although nothing is yet signed and sealed, Strummer is optimistic about their chances of acquiring a disused West London theatre which will become The Lucky Seven. The Clash are even planning to slip in a couple of impromptu gigs to raise the dough to buy the place.

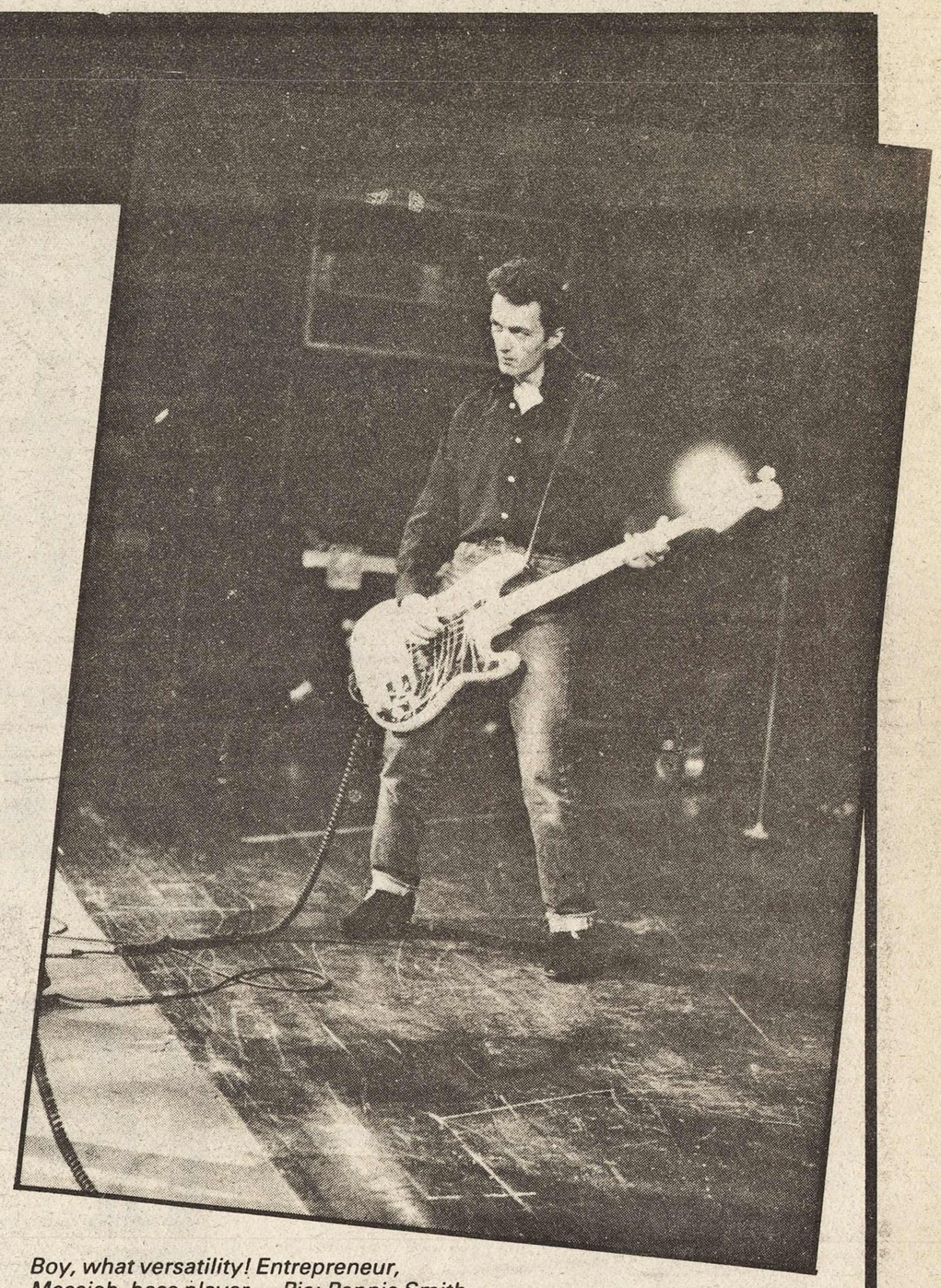
"The promoters no longer know what the audience want, but the musicians have an inbuilt respect for the people who come to see them. It's little things that matter, like having no seats and being able to move around wherever you want with a drink.

"Give a bloke a drink, a good group and he's happy. Now that, plus no seats, is not asking much, but you can't get it in London."

As to the other bands involved in the co-operative, Strum remains schtum, but if they manage to get hold of the venue they want, it will also, naturally enough, be used for the filming of the live television pop show. But first, Strummer needs to find that producer.

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS



Boy, what versatility! Entrepreneur, Messiah, bass player. . . Pic: Pennie Smith

Records' 'Amiable Split' Bore

"How long you reckon this guy will last?" Pic: George Bodnar

THE RECORDS have parted company with their lead guitarist Hugh Gower only weeks before the band were scheduled to record album number two with producer Craig Leon.

Virgin Records, the band's label, issued an official statement on the schism late last week which explained the estrangement in the following bleak tones: "Although Hugh Gower's talents as a guitarist are beyond question his company as a band member became unbearable".

Pretty heavy, huh? So what's wrong with this Gower bloke? Does he smell?

No, of course not. Hugh Gower is a perfectly normal, nice sort of person and a jolly good guitarist to boot. A meeting with Record's mentor, drummer and songwriter Will Birch could uncover nothing in the way of gruesome scam and vile gossip other than the customary assurance that Hugh and the band had parted company "owing to personal and musical differences".

Actually, Birch is a trifle annoyed at the tone of Virgin's official release. "I think that maybe Hugh found it frustrating because he's not a prolific songwriter. John Wicks and myself had formed the band on the understanding that *we* were the chief writers and perhaps Hugh found it difficult to offer anything.

"I don't blame him, I wouldn't want to be in a band where I wasn't in control. The group wasn't big enough for Hugh's personality.

"The thing that annoys me about the press release is that it leaves no scope for argument. We wanted this to drag on for weeks in the papers, like that Thin Lizzy bust-up."

The split does gain an added frisson at a time when The Records, are riding as high or a great deal higher than most of their new wave British compadres in the American charts. Their debut album notched a top fifty position in *Billboard*.

But where does this leave Gower? When *Thrills* spoke to the guitarist last week he admitted to being a trifle surprised by the sacking. "Maybe I was fired for talking out of class", he proffered amiably. "If you hear of anyone who's looking for a guitar player let me know.

MAX BELL

THRILLS

Vicious Symbols

PURCHASERS of 'Sid Sings', Virgin Records' heartfelt tribute to the man they are said to have plans to turn into the biggest posthumous star since James Dean, will already have had an opportunity to check out the wacky, finger-on-the-pulse satire of the artwork prominently displayed on the label.

Other readers will no doubt be delighted to learn the label boasts that oh-so-meaningful of twentieth century symbols, a swastika, wittily created by Pistols' situationist art-form chappie Jamie Reid from the necks of four Fender Stratocasters.

This motif has already been used elswhere: on a poster currently being distributed by Fast Product for the Dead Kennedys' 'California Uber Alles'.

The poster also displays marijuana plant-decorated swastikas, which, says Reid, is intended to symbolise how hippies sold out. (Ah-hum).

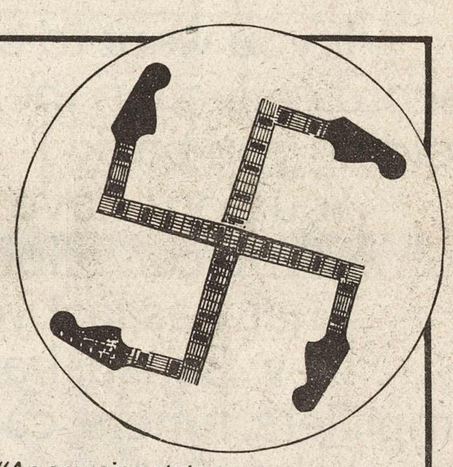
The Stratoswastikaster motif was originally designed for another album that the fabulous House of Virgin were projecting for Christmas release titled 'Flogging A Dead Horse', apparently a Sex Pistols' Greatest Hits LP — and you thought that was what 'Never Mind The Bollocks' was! 'Dead Horse' is now being held apparently until *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* is finally released.

Accordingly, Jamie Reid utilised the distasteful motif in question in The Dead Kennedys' artwork.

When *Thrills* pointed out to our Jamie that all this flaunting of swastikas was getting a bit tedious he replied that he wouldn't expect "radical chic journalists" to understand how it was in actuality a stunning condemnation of the repressive nature of the music business. Hence, his imaginative usage of Stratocaster necks to form the swastika.

"I find the whole hysteria that surrounds the swastika quite amusing — it's just a bunch of old Leftists getting tied up with dialectics rather than facing up to the real issues," he added.

Unfortunately the relatives — those who survived, anyway — of six million or so people killed in the Nazi death camps do not laugh so easily at the notion of the swastika.



"An amusing statement about the music."

As muddled as Reid's thinking may be however, he does take some sort of philosophical stance, no matter how garbled or specious it may be.

Virgin Records Marketing Man Charlie Dimont, however, appears only able to think in terms of profit margins, no matter how evil the methods of hauling in the money: "The record's just meant to be something of a retrospective album. For people who want to collect all the Pistols' stuff. The swastika's just meant to be an amusing statement about the music."

Ha Ha.

Nuke News

A SOLUTION to the problem of cleaning up after nuclear incidents like Three Mile Island has been suggested by biochemist Dr Arthur Cherkin, an aging specialist at the Veterans Administration Centre in Sepulveda, California.

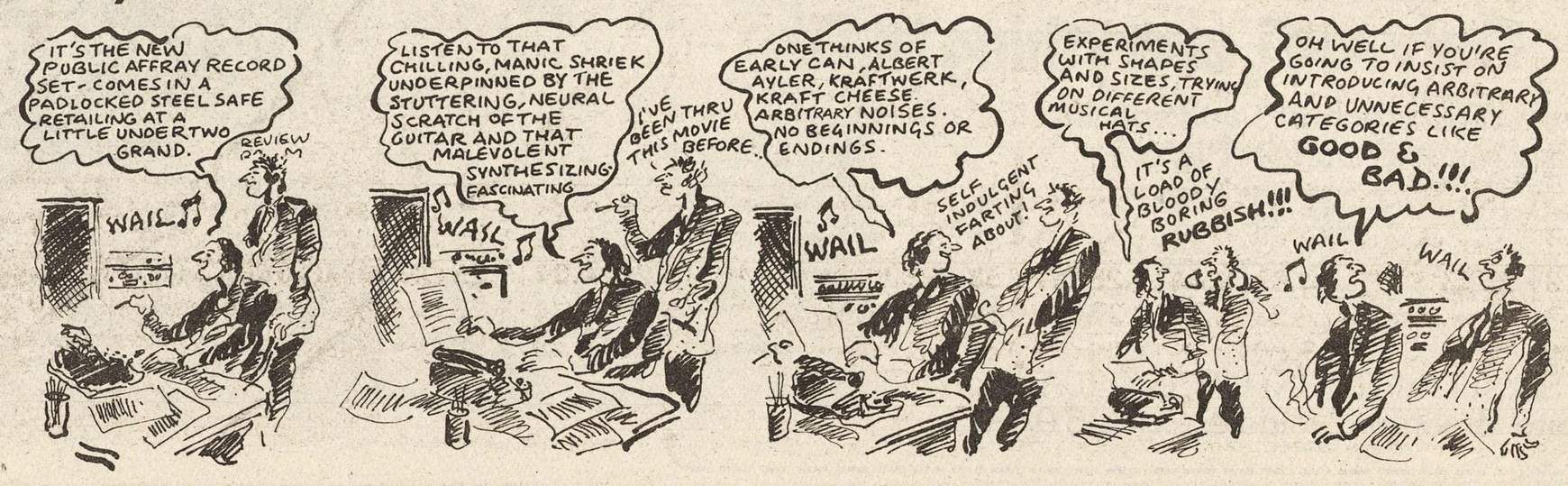
He thinks that special emergency teams of old people should be sent in to cope with disasters, whether of a nuclear or chemical nature.

His reasoning is that older workers are less likely to have kids which, in turn, means less chance of genetic mutations. Secondly, older people exposed to cancer-inducing radiation are not likely to live long enough to develop the disease. Thirdly, it would provide a great opportunity for old people to work after retirement.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

Lowry



Reasons to be Cheerful [part 4]

If you want to buy Hi-Fi that really does justice to your record collection there have probably been a couple of things holding you back.

You don't have thousands of pounds to spend, and the money you can afford will only buy a pretty mediocre system.

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Ex-Banshees

John and Kenny's Letter

Of the unwritten rules and principles which bound Siouxsie and the Banshees together and gave it that "Unity of intent, purpose and vision" as Nick Kent put it recently, perhaps the most important was, that not withstanding the material and financial considerations, if any one member felt that the trust and communication fundamental to a performance was missing, then that person should not go on stage or persist in upholding any such false situation. This basic honesty was and is vital, and it is a testament to just how much is remembered of those early ideals, that no one even hinted at that as a possible reason for our departure. The incident in the record shop just served as a catalyst and tipped the already finely balanced scales towards the spur of the moment decision.

Another of these unwritten principles was that we would use commercialism to our advantage, without poisoning and misdirecting any of the original energy and ideals into the financial treadmill of album, tour, single and all its inherent limitations. Siouxsie and Steve believed in the direction that the management was steering us, whilst we felt that we were getting dangerously close to the brand of commercialism which we had all held out for two years to avoid.

Over the period of time which elapsed between 'The Scream' and 'Join Hands,' the emphasis shifted from what we as a unit wanted, to what we as a unit ought to do to retain our tenuous grip on commercial success. A case in point was 'The Staircase' cover. Rather than continue to build on what the Banshees had achieved Nils wanted to cash in on our commercial success. What followed need not be gone into, all that we say is that it was not "unity of intent" etc. Similar behaviour patterns were followed by Nils as to the recordings and almost everything else that differed from his idea of what our success should be.

By now we had unity of 3 against 2.

The Banshees had always wanted and repeatedly asked for somewhere we could leave equipment and go whenever we liked individually or as a group, to expand upon the directions musical or otherwise taken by the Banshees, and explore new ones whilst under no pressure whatsoever to create a "product." (Something the Pistols and Clash had from the early days). No such facility was provided, the spirit of Banshees rapidly disappeared.

The degrees of compromise and attitudes surrounding us made it impossible for the Banshees to continue.

John McKay, Kenny Morris

I am writing this footnote in the hope that the guitar given away by Nils in Aberdeen which was my personal possession and of great sentimental value, can be recovered. I would be glad if the person who has it could write to the following address and something can be arranged.

John

c/o Alexis Grower, 14 Tooks Court, Cursitor Street, London, EC4.

Strange bedfellows: John, Siouxsie, Kenny, Steve. Pic: Stevenson.

Break Silence

AFTER TWO months chosen silence the exiled Banshees — John McKay and Kenny Morris — have finally spoken out.

Thrills received the letter below and several judicious phone calls later it became apparent that this McKay and Morris missive was the first time their erstwhile manager, Nils Stevenson, has heard from the wayward boys since that fateful autumnal evening when the guitarist and drummer escaped the Siouxsie roost never to be seen again!

It should be noted that the Polydor press office, on hearing of the letter, found it "fair," while Nils' chose to reply to the points raised directly. There seems no reason to intercede but John McKay's footnote does need some elucidation. On the night in question, after John and Kenny had failed to appear for the gig, Nils (having run out of the mimeographed autographed pix to give to the faithful) picked up McKay's guitar and gave it to a fan saying, "We won't be needing this anymore."

No doubt McKay might take action against Stevenson for this generous outburst but the manager reckons "it's nothing to what I'm going to sue them for."

MAX BELL

THRILLS

. . .Nil's Reply

1) They've got to be jesting, "unwritten rules", and "principles", bullshit. Tell the people in Aberdeen, Taunton, Glasgow and all the other cancelled gigs then your road crew band and management John & Kenny. This is the best you can do after 2½ months of deliberation. Why should anyone "hint" at these reasons for your departure, you didn't. Their ideas on "trust and communication" are absurdly naive, it would be impossible to plan for any group of individuals with character as misunderstandings and personality clashes are part of being human. A group could never see eye to eye 100% on everything.

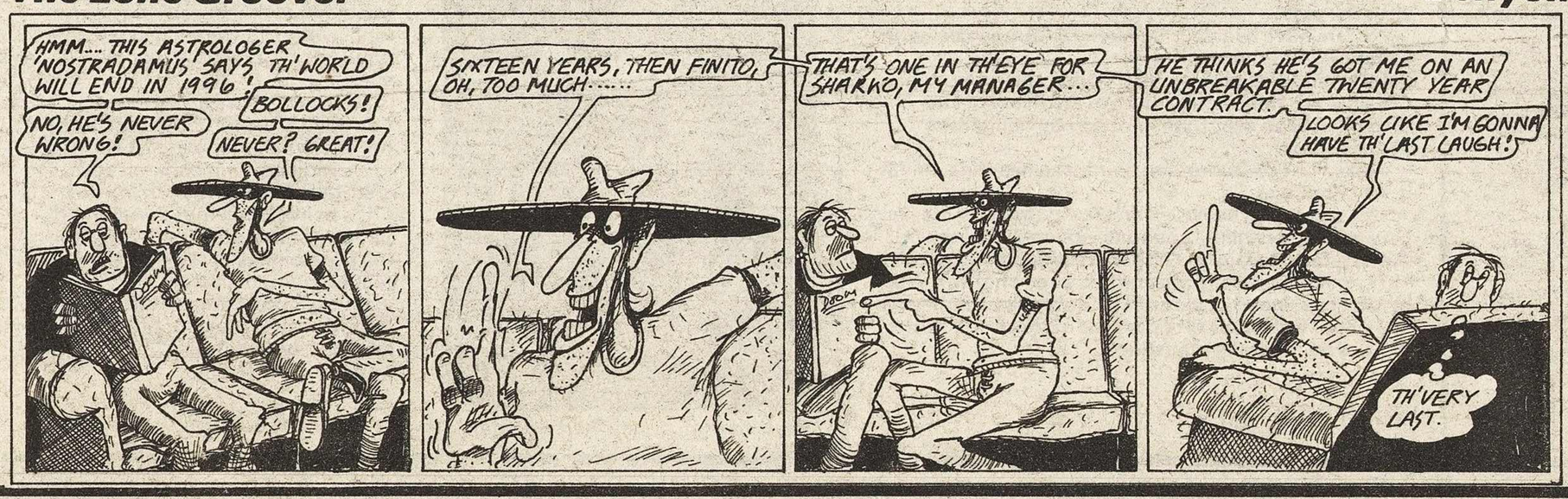
2) Kenny and John weren't there when the original ideas were formulate... Blaming management is a cliche. Why didn't they make their feelings about touring etc. known before the tour which we spent 3 months arranging and they had full knowledge of "The commercialism which we had *all* held out for two years to avoid", John joined the group less than a year before we signed to Polydor.

3) Join Hands is hardly commercial, likewise the singles after Hong Kong Garden. It is however true to say Hong Kong was a bid for mass recognition therefore they should have left in 1978. It *really* gets petty now. Siouxsie chose the Staircase bag which was also far from commercial. Had my only concern been financial gain through commercialism I would have had Siouxsie on the bag dressed in a St Trinians outfit.

4) 3 against 2 if they say so.

5) As they know we simply couldn't afford a rehearsal room. The Pistols got their studio early before the group and property boom's, likewise the Clash, who incidentally no longer have their own studio. I kept them well informed, much of my time spent reasoning and discussing projects but their inbred negativity proved too strong for me. Siouxsie and The Banshees will continue, piggies.

The Lone Groover



Benyon

Nils Lofgren at the beginning. Recorded with his band Grin, tracks include 'Moon Tears'; 'Like Rain', and the classic 'Soft Fun'.

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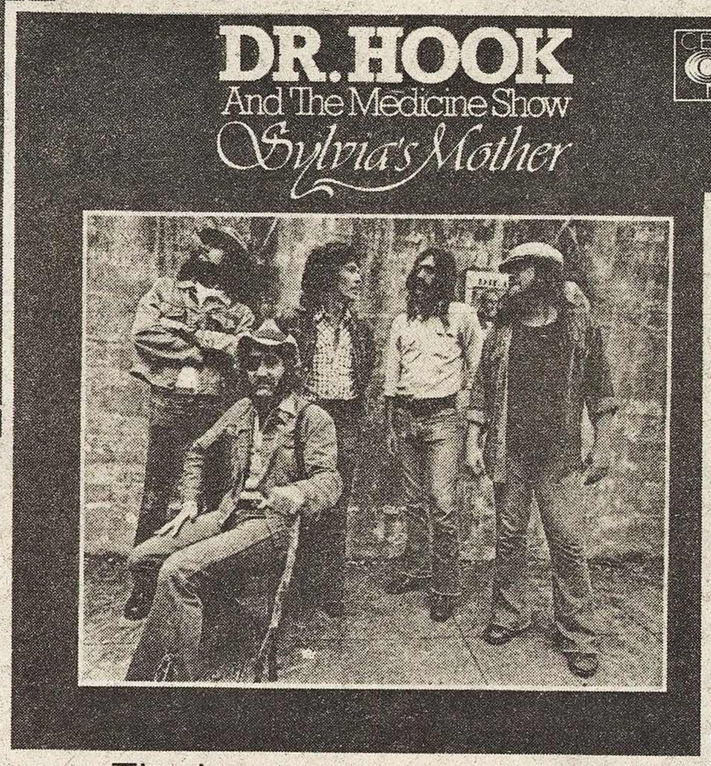

The love songs and ballads of Dr Hook including 'Sylvia's Mother', 'Carry Me, Carrie' and 'I Can't Touch The Sun'.

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Huh! Awareness, Schmawareness

John And Yoko: Give Police A Chance

JOHN AND Yoko Lennon are catching heat from an outfit here in NYC called Rock and Roll Awareness (RARA) who claim the couple were duped by the NYC Police into contributing a thousand dollars towards the purchase of bullet proof vests for the boys in blue.

RARA says the coppers could get funding for the lead-stopping garments from city and state government budgets. They feel that during a time last year when the cops were getting hauled over the coals for unloading their heaters on un-armed citizens, the scam was created by the Police Dept. public relations unit, to deflect attention and instill sympathy.

So, a Policeman's Vests Fund was started by "private parties concerned" with various stage and screen stars doing benefits for the fund. The Ramones, they say, were also hoodwinked into doing a fundraiser at CBGB's where several thousand dollars were garnered.

RARA, want to set up a fund for the purchasing of the same garments for the Third World oppressed masses, who, they say, get shot regularly by crazed police.

A check would suffice from John and Yoko, says RARA. As for people like The Ramones and others . . . Well, when the revolution comes, they will have to answer for their collective stupidity and for swining with the pigs.

Posters have been put up by the RARA people, with a drawing of John and Yoko and a black who is heavily bloodied and carrying visible slugs. Around the art work the names and ages are listed of kids who have been sent to their maker by dangerous police tactics.

Vests For The Oppressed, reads the headline, under it, Not For Cops.

This weekend the *New York Times* drove home just how controversial the Lennons' action had been: in the previous decade to Gary Gilmore's being shot in 1977, 6,000 American citizens had been shot to death by US cops. Ine 1976 alone 590 Yanks were shot dead. The paper estimates fifty per cent of these shootings to have been totally unjustified.

JOE STEVENS

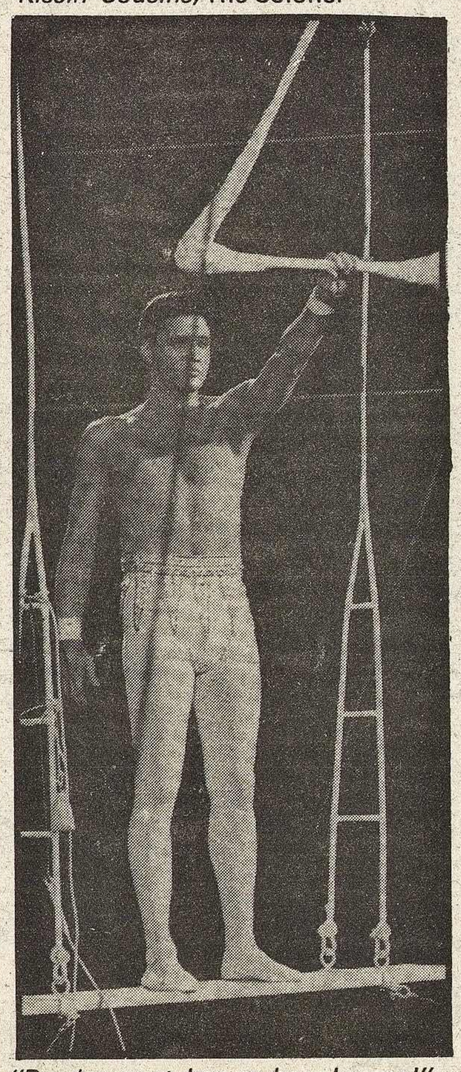
THRILLS

Very Blue Hawaii?

Elvis Porn Movie Shock

"WE HAVE *no* approval on the scripts," cagey Colonel Tom Parker once replied when tackled about the abysmal predictability of Elvis Presley's B-quality movies, "all we have approval on is the money."

The Colonel then quickly knocked the embarrassing subject on the head by insisting that all any Elvis movie required was a vague story, a few songs and some beautiful people to decorate the set. In fact, having failed to get Elvis' fee doubled for taking two roles in *Kissin' Cousins,* The Colonel allegedly returned the script unread. Attached to it was a memo clearly stating that if *his* evaluation was required, it would cost the film company an additional $25,000.



"Ready or not, honey, here I come!"

The Memphis Flash, of course, was never allowed to exercise his true natural prowess as a thespian in the movies he made for public consumption. His stereotype movie performances would have elevated any 'Crossroads' star to 'Best Actor' Oscar nomination status.

With the introduction, towards the tail-end of the '60s, of video-tape recorders, Elvis purchased a sophisticated set-up (complete with cameras) and installed it in his boudoir. It purpose wasn't to tape TV movies or to act as security surveillance but to capture every dynamic detail of Elvis' frequent bouts of bed-athletics.

Seems that the randy rocker kept an inventory of eager female co-stars and he would think nothing of flying them in from the remotest corners of the globe to participate in one of his private cinema verite productions.

Apparently, one of his most gifted proteges was such a skilled and dedicated actress that afterwards the benevolent bopper gifted his leading lady with the video tape of their close encounter. However, he didn't realise (or if he did, tough titty) that the tape also included a previous enactment with an aspiring starlet who eventually went on to become one of America's most popular TV stars!

Down on her luck, the recipient of the video tape, rumour has it, sold her cherished memento of The King to a syndicate who bankroll and distribute hard-core porn movies.

It's belived that these un-named patrons of the arts are looking into the possibilities of transforming this tender moment into an action-packed X-rated Elvis movie.

Obviously a must for the Elvis fan who has everything!

MARY POPPINS

THRILLS

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ALBUM RELEASED NEXT WEEK

Lowry

"I appreciate your concern, gentlemen, but can you really blame ME for the handful of psychopaths we occasionally attract or because the security gets a little over-zealous now and again?"

Quick! Before

WHEN IT comes to the charts, the rock press — which is a cop out for saying *NME* — is firmly in the dark, forever hopelessly striking matches and weakly calling, "Er Clash . . . Joy Division somebody? Undertones anyone? . .", predicting hits for the most unlikely crews. Rock folk have a curious notion of what a hit actually is, thinking that credibility and being on speaking terms have something to do with it and generally ignoring the weekly lists that purport to show in which direction the national ackers are flowing.

Rightly or wrongly, these records do chart and we all live with them, probably whacking the odd favourite on in a pub or possibly allowing it a few lines in a conversation. But for whatever reason they're never allowed the full honour of becoming part of rock'n'roll except occasionally when years after the event someone'll turn round to you and say, "D'you remember this one? Don'tcha? Ah it was a great record . . . they never made anything else like it . . . shall have t'get meself a copy . . ."

It seems the only people who buy them at the time are casual music fans who buy records like newspapers and later sell them in lots to junk shops — usually criminally scratched and with 'Sharon Taylor', 'ST' and '17' indelibly felt-tipped over the label. Anyway this column is being revived to prove that there are people up here who know charts are something other than what doctors carry and that the tuner isn't just something you settle for when they're all out of salmon.

In the entire top 75 there are barely five 45's that need buying above all else. Certainly one such screamer is the struggling 'Spacer' by Sheila B. Devotion. The label says it's Sheila but we all know it's Chic — all except *SuperPop's* reviewer that is — and 'Spacer' may well be their finest disc to date.

Quite why the Chicship decided on SBD is a mystery to rank with the Marie Celeste, Anastasia's escape and what happens to my wages between gross and net, but anyways this record is *essential* — an overworked word that was never so apt. (Let's face it we've all got to do our part to stop 'Another Brick In The Wall' allowing a half million traitors to smile smugly.)

With the uncertainty raging through disco Chic are the oasis everyone is either making for or clinging to. This is underlined by the topical dancefloor doyen of the day, 'Rappers Delight', from the left field Sugarhill Gang. This 45 will be at practically every Xmas party you attend — all the good ones anyway — and is the first major success any music outside of reggae has had with DJ talkover. The tongues prattle and stagger all across the rhythm which is a secondhand version of Edwards' and Rodgers'. 'Good Times' though there is no mention of this on the label, the track being credited to four unknowns, probably three of whom are the MC's on this capper to the chart year.

Straight in at fifteen and on the curious Sugarhill Label, the overwhelming success of 'Rappers Delight' — and it will take a miracle to stop it going top three — will no doubt swamp us with an unending stream of DJs getting 'baaaddaasss' schmadaass over the next six months. In Oxford Street there are dirty great binfulls of the 12" and surely this is the only form in which it can exist seeing as how it weighs in at a deserved *fifteen* minutes. The fledgling art on this outing owes a deal to the crazed tales of Joe Tex — particularly a stream about going to a friend's parents for dinner — and if there's a reason existing as to why you shouldn't, excuse me, *checkidout* I certainly aint heard it. The style as you'd imagine is breathless and relentless as an outboard motor.

It may only be a final kick from disco but this breed sounds far more alive than a covered wagonload of Streisand / Summer transactions. You should be able to get a copy for about two quid.

It could be suggested that such an obvious monster as 'Rappers Delight' is just another cynical step at consumerising the charts still further, but there are those few 45's hanging around the no man's land of the thirty and lower twenties that though being exquisite pop songs have got the old cold shoulder from Sharon and her ilk.

So truly, quick before they vanish to something like Dan-I's 'Monkey Chop'. This contagious slice of divine

DANNY BAKER the singles

banality is entrenched in the mud of the 25 slot despite being, long with 'Spacer', the pearl of the top hundred. Dan-I is a curious black chap with dreadlocks who can't dance — as he went out of his way on *TOTP* to demonstrate, and the only thing that stands in the way of his record being 100% is the ominous label lettering: 'A Buggles Mix' which I suppose ties him in with that gruesome twosome who had number one recently with the foul 'Video Killed The Radio Star' — anyway they share the same label.

Recently I got a phone call from somebody called Jimmy Haynes, another West Indian if my ears are still M.O.T.'d, who claimed that Monkey Chop was *his* song and that Dan-I had apparently dealt him a hand like a foot over the whole. Haynes alleges that Dan had taken the song in order to get some kind of release, saying that he would immediately inform Haynes and split any fame. It won't take Jimmy Hazell's cousin Tel to let you know why Mr Haynes' solicitors are currently dusting off the old powdered wigs.

Also if you will, James Haynes (". . . as in Art'ur") insists he played everything on the opus 'cepting the drumkit. If this even has a thread of truth, currently the charts are Haynes domain. Incidentally, all four cuts on the Dan-I EP are credited to S. E. Lewinson but 'Monkey Chop' aside they're rubbish, and Mr Haynes does show up as 'co-arranger' of the title cut. Our man in court one with the astrican coat and no leg room will keep you posted.

Now, before you become numb to the previous bouquets let's crawl down into the chart sewers awhile and wade in the waste. I'm disgusted to see how warmly the Summers / Streisand dreck has been embraced, it being a two minute 'tune' coupled with the tatty tenth son of 'I Will Survive' lyrics. The Commodores' sickly 'Still' is at least understandable in its wallow appeal though I suspect Motown are a little peeved at it not imitating 'Three Times A Lady' and harbouring in the prime port for eons.

Not half so disagreeable was the recently toppled 'When You're In Love' by Dr Hook. It has to be said that this record grabbed full power at a time when the only other climber of note was the wretched 'Sparrow Song' sung by a clique of

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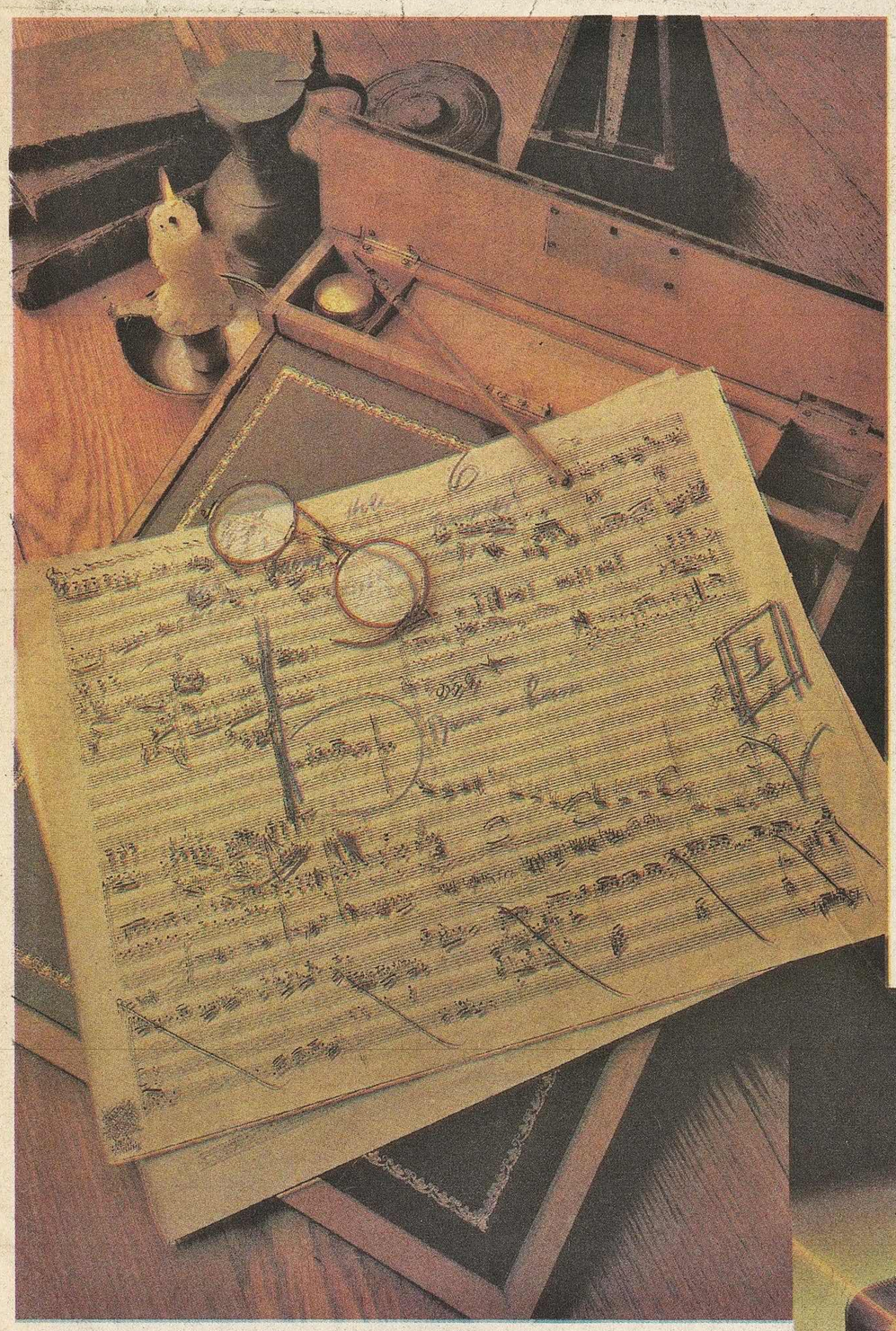

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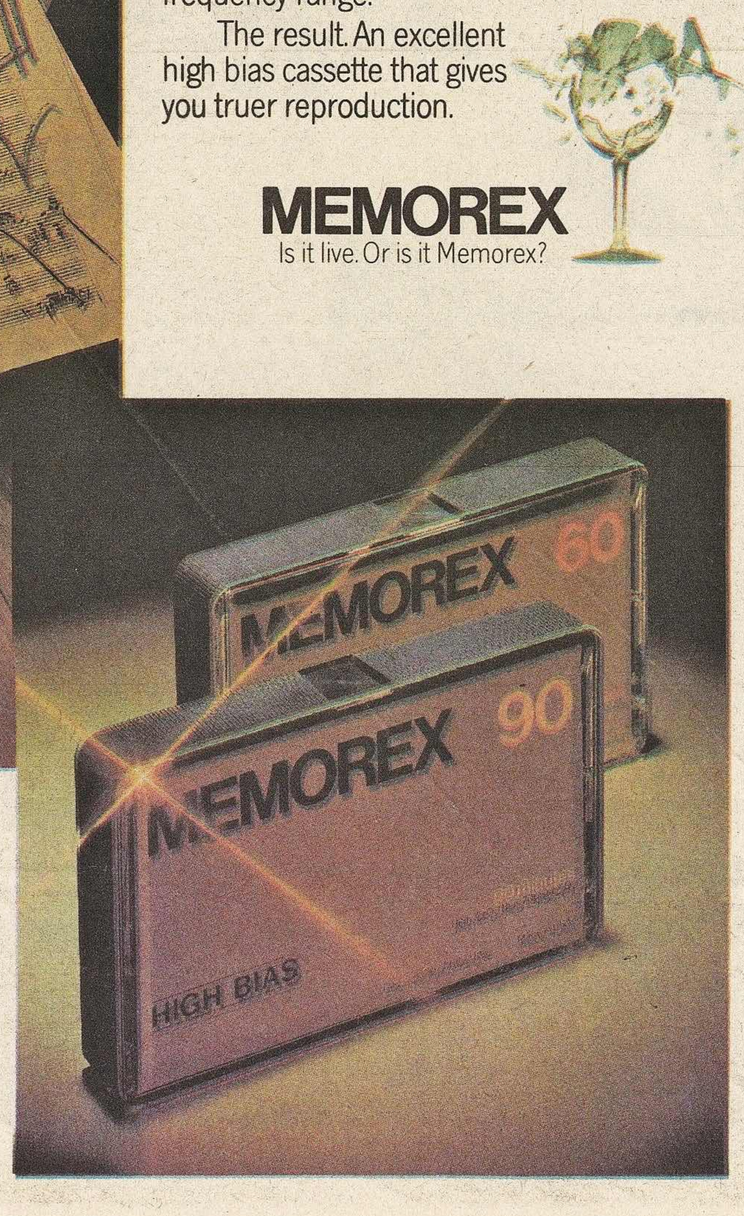


MEMOREX
Is it live. Or is it Memorex?

They Vanish!

schoolchildren which, along with Lena Martell's 'One Day At A Time', represent the nadir of the listings this year. Hook's lilt wasn't offensive, really just wimpy, and far too timid to stand the glare of number one.

A couple of very ordinary ratings jumped the queue, the most leery being The Gibson Brothers' 'Que Sera', as tepid a trot as you could wish to hear. The Gibsons' last two singles were breathtaking pieces of work but this latest — the third from the 'Cuba' LP — has nothing going for it, in fact loses fifty points because of the boys' insistence on dressing up like deranged satin dolls.

Elsewhere, Kool & The Gang exploited the lull in releases with 'Ladies Night'. A former number one on import 'LN' brings the band back after a five years break since they could do no wrong ('Funky Stuff' 'Higher Plane' 'Spirit Of The Boogie'). Their return marks the re-emergence of a harder funk sound to the smooth swing of mainstream

checks out charts.

disco. The current fancy is to tart up the rawness with studio cosmetics and minimalise the grunts and groans in favour of harmonies. Typical of the old style disco school is Dynasty's 'I Don't Wanna Be A Freak' on Solar. A mini-hit hindered by a tuppenny ha'penny promo film, 'IDWBAF', sound like everything you ever heard on a hi-hat and is average in the extreme.

While touching on the videos that wrap around these packages we may as well ponder on the continuing presence of ELO. Their 'Confusion' waxing was aired with a film that literally used every computer TV angle in the punch card. The screen never stayed stationary for a second, creating a constant, and, it has to be said, *interesting,* distraction away from the mild offering this time up. ELO will continue to butt in forever because of such stunts as their videos and because they have the money / manpower to cocoon the most basic tune into a Jackanory version of 'Finlandia'.

Plus their habit of allowing every crystal clear note flow into its natural heir makes perfect medication for office and factory use alike. Most people like to hum while they work.

Which may be why Gary Numan's newie is at a red light right now. 'Complex' has sold on his name and fame but has lost steam because it only takes two hearings to render it redundant. In that vein we arrive at Queen who just had a hit with the only record I've ever liked of theirs, 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love'. This moderate magic was laid off though because of a tasteless bit of celluloid that they felt fit to lumber the disc with. Shame.

Dying The Death we have Lene Lovich's 'Birdsong', despite or because of *TOTP* film, Pretenders 'Brass In Pocket', likewise with the gogglebox, Janis Ian / Giorgio Moroder's 'Fly Too High', though we may be early in writing that one off seeing how it's getting loyal airplay, Janet Kay, Showaddywaddy, and, most surprising of all, Cliff Richard's 'Hotshot', which is wilting without so much as a tickle at the top thirty. 'Hot shot' was co-written by B. A. Robertson who is very much the man in form with punters.

Hiccuping just outside the ten are The Isley Brothers and their swishy 'Disco Night' (worth it if you're flush at the moment), Blondie have got their come-uppance this time with the awful 'Union City Blue', a whine nearly as loathsome as the messy 'Dreamin',' and a shock with the laboured (geddit) progress of The Boomtown Rats and 'Diamond Smile' which goes to prove that video still can't guarantee a smasho no matter how magnificent an effort.

Here and there, Michael Jackson is worrying little with 'Off The Wall', the infectious title track re-mix that sounds too much like Heatwave's 'Boogie Nights'. Hey, Michael, don't screw with Heatwave — ask Blast Furnace.

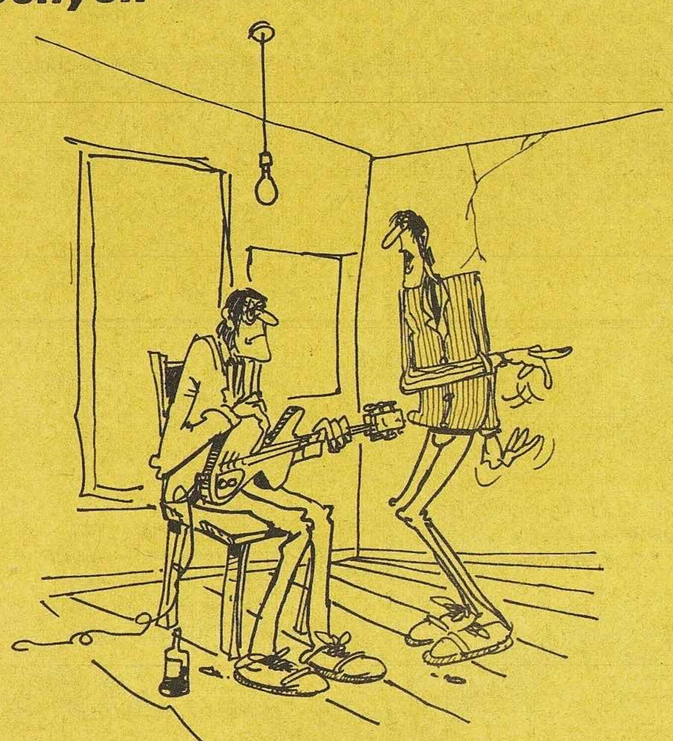
The Tourists bow in for a debut on 'Only Want To Be With You', a plodding, unimaginative reading of Hawker / Raymonde's oft repeated genius, and then there's Matchbox and some proof that the rockabilly revival is a serious thing not to mention the mighty shadow of a double bass that hangs over the chart.

And so to the nearest thing we have to a mania right now — The Police. No bother in top spot and no real hardship to us human beings out here. The Police have a certain hot class and are healthy winners for the rock'n'roll stables.

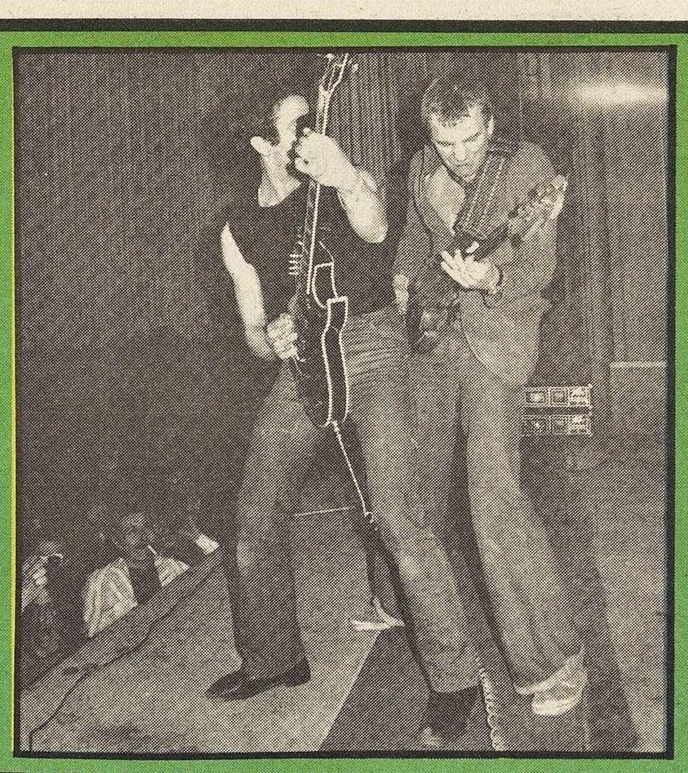
Sting had best look over his guitar strap for The Sugarhill Gang though. And you can consider yourself on your toes, QBTV has warned ya!

Don't begrudge — and don't be late.

Benyon



Don't start saying "There must be more to life than dancing and mohair suits." Next you'll be smokin' dope, saying y'can see th' meanin' of life in a halibut bean, an' we'll be back at square one!



TAKE A deep breath. Hold it for a second and then let it burst out with gusto laughing all the while and pointing firmly at the photo above. The year is 1977 and take a look at that man's trouserine! Why I should think you could sail a ship on less slack than that mister.

The place is the Palais des Glaces, which sounds like a Police album title, and so it should because the jokers you see are, in fact, the tantalizing trio themselves and as was.

Nice expression there, Sting! They're probably involved in some sixty minute version of 'O Mug Up D' f'sure' or perhaps the later to be modified — as was Sting — 'My Hair Is In A Bottle'. Nice to know that some folks are just born cool.

Police Please Police!

However, *Thrills* is not without a heart and we do hope that the embarrassing revelation that preceded will not spoil the Police's chances of landing the plum gig as offered by Mr Eldon Griffiths MP. What an excellent chance for rock'n'roll to finally make it! We here at *Thrills* sincerely hope that our chart-toppers will accept the invitation and repay the boys in blue for some of the tremendous work they do for us.

FROM: Eldon Griffiths, M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS
LONDON SW1A 0AA

22nd November, 1979

Dear Sir,

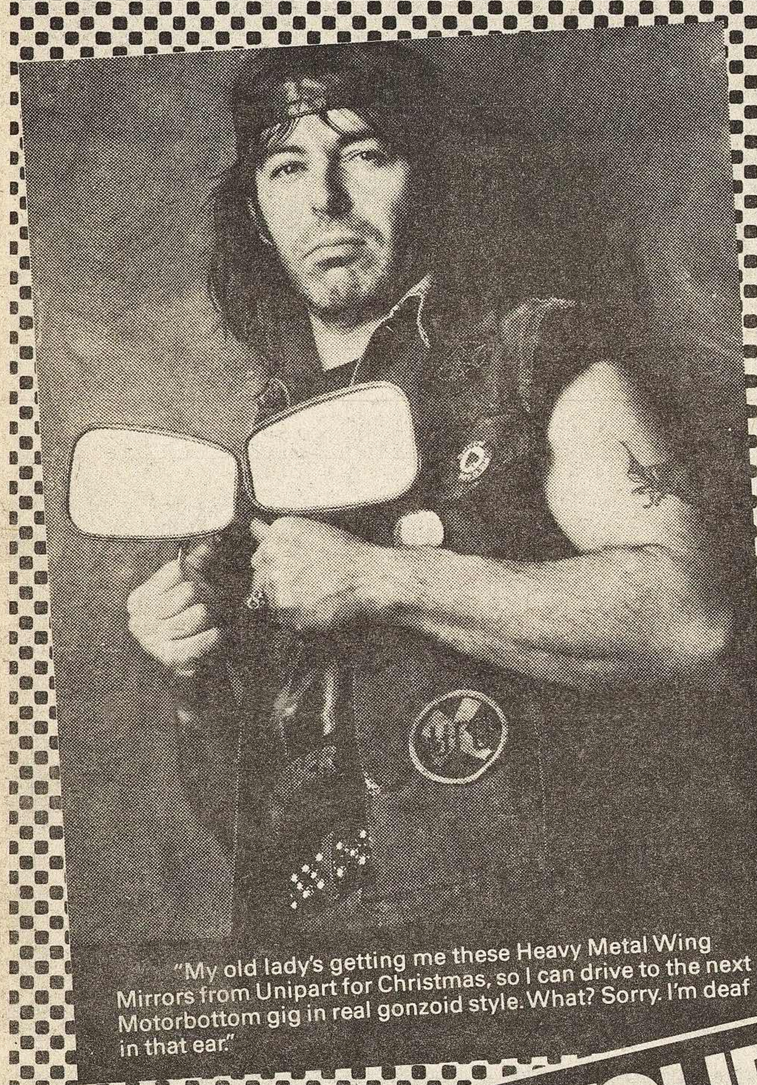
I attach a letter to the editor of Police Federation's monthly magazine, POLICE. This is self-explanatory and I hope you will accept this as my request that you should consider the possibility of your group The Police, performing at some future police function.

I cannot pretend to be an expert on pop music. But having heard The Police, I like them very much. Congratulations on their success.

It would, I suggest, do no harm to either your group or to the Police Service, if we could arrange some kind of musical evening for our mutual pleasure and benefit!

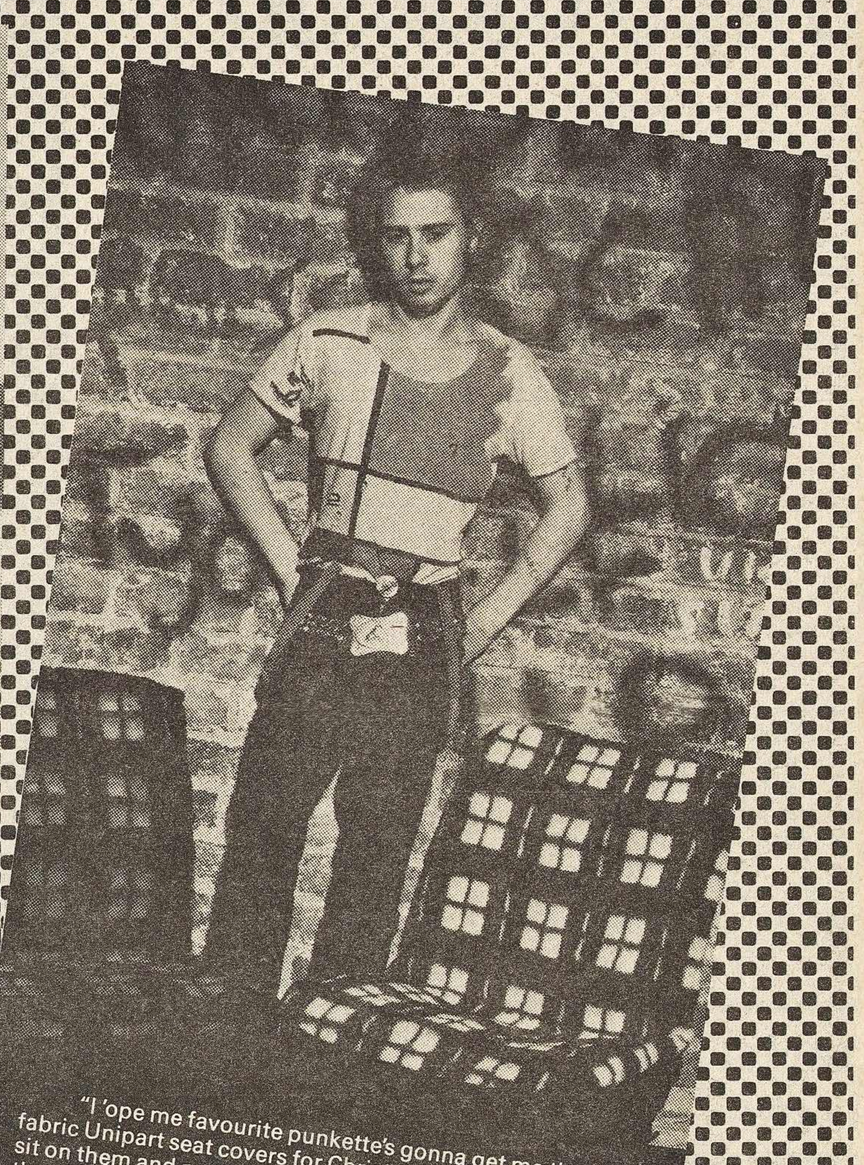
Will you let me know how you respond?

p.p. Eldon Griffiths.



"My old lady's getting me these Heavy Metal Wing Mirrors from Unipart for Christmas, so I can drive to the next Motorbottom gig in real gonzoid style. What? Sorry. I'm deaf in that ear."

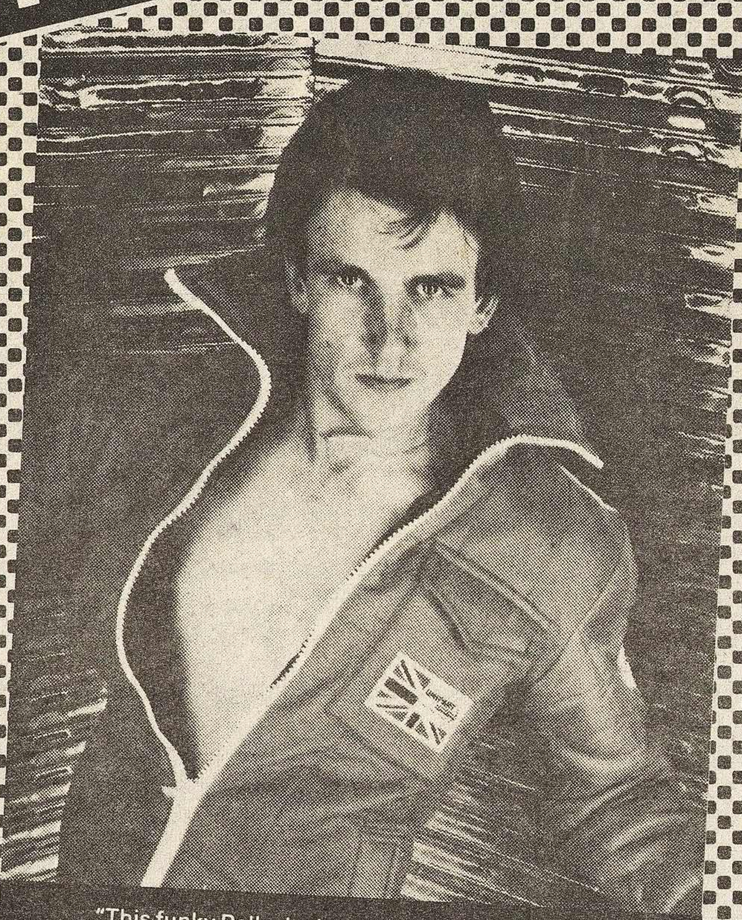
"I've been a mod for 4 days now and I'd like my bird to give me these ace Unipart Fog Lamps for Christmas. They might not fit my scooter but then it doesn't go anyway."



"I 'ope me favourite punkette's gonna get me these fur fabric Unipart seat covers for Christmas. Sid Petulant used to sit on them and next time I go to see Takeaway Army I can put them over my head."

IMPROVE YOUR DRIVING-ALONG-THE STREET CREDIBILITY.

"Won't some nice gentle lady put out the bread for this far-out macrobiotic Unipart Roof Rack for Christmas? Or my 40th birthday."



"This funky Rally Jacket from Unipart will help me get my act together when I get down and strut my stuff to the new Donna Kebab 12" import single. Haven't you heard it? I've got a copy in lurex vinyl, mind you I don't like to play it, cos it cost £10, and anyway I'm still saving for a record player and....."

"I and I want a Unipart footpump for the Babylon festivities, man, cos it's uptown top rankin' natty dread. No, I and I have always talked this way. Why do you ask?"

The best part of Christmas is getting Unipart.

Thousands of parts for millions of cars.

Silver Screen

Un petit peu naff, non?

"Take that outta t'net, McShane!" T. Bernard goes for glory.

A Little Romance

Directed by George Roy Hill
Starring Laurence Olivier
(Warner Bros)

DANIEL is 13, French, curly-haired, with a penchant for Robert Redford. He is a whizz kid. Lauren is 12, Sally Kellerman's daughter, lanky-haired and also a whizz kid. This is their story.

Fresh-faced misfits, they fall in love on a Paris film set when he plays Bogie to her Lauren Bacall and she looks at him blankly. He teaches her about movies, she rebels against her glossy, privileged background, and together they run away to Venice to board a gondola at sunset. Being geniuses, they enlist the aid of Laurence Olivier who, we are told, has 'eyes that trail off into the distance like half-finished sentences'. Fortunately Olivier has a neat line in pathos and is a gentleman crook to boot, so we are on his side when he comes out with this dotty legend about a kiss under the Bridge of Sighs and gets bashed about by the Italian police.

What is more difficult to accept is director George Roy Hill's 'O' level love affair with Europe. Like all Americans who first discover Europe's cinematic possibilities, Hill packs *A Little Romance* with shots of trains zooming over Swiss viaducts, happy sun-dappled vineyards, and genuine replicas of statues from the Louvre in Paris, France. When the couple decide to earn their get-away money by using an ITT computer to handicap the races at Longchamps, we get a Pernod commercial with a cast of thousands.

Although Diane Lane and Thelonius Bernard as the young lovers are engaging enough, George Roy Hill is much more proficient at advertising himself. When Daniel and Lauren are pursued by police they hide out in a cinema showing *The Sting*. Daniel's favourite movie is *Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid*, and we first see him watching Butch urge Sundance to jump into the rapids. Sundance replies that he doesn't know how to swim — but all in dubbed French. Very funny, very clever, and the fact that Hill directed both films shows an arrogance that is commendable.

As for *A Little Romance* — well, Brodrick Crawford plays Brod, a tough American movie star who's only in the business to get laid. It's not his story. Pity.

Martha Ellen Zenfell

On The Box

Friday December 7
THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST: An inconsistent but basically engaging '67 satire written and directed by the wayward Theodore J Flicker, starring smooth James Coburn as the paranoid headshrinker to the Prez. Even the FBI is lampooned and — horror of horrors — that most sacred of cows, Ma Bell. Godfrey Cambridge and the greasy William Daniels are good, too. **(BBC 1)**

Sunday December 9
THE ITALIAN JOB: Affable Michael Caine is the mastermind behind a complex gold heist in Peter Collinson's slam-bang 1969 comedy-thriller notable for being an enviable ad for the Mini (car, not skirt) and for instigating one of the British screen's most cherished pairings in teaming Noel Coward and Benny Hill. **(ITV London)**.

HOMBRE: Martin Ritt's thoughtful 1967 Western, distinguished by an intelligent script and strong central performances by Paul Newman (as the white man reared by the Apache), Richard Boone (granite-faced and grizzle-voiced as ever) and Fredric March (all sweaty fear and hypocrisy). **(ITV Midlands)**.

GETTING STRAIGHT: A real mess of a movie, made in 1970 when Hollywood thought hippie students were fascinating creatures. Elliott Gould copes as best he can with the academic gobbledygook, Candice Bergen looks pretty, but it's all ineffably daft and director Richard Rush must've wished he was back making exploiters like *Psych-Out* and *Hell's Angels On Wheels*. **(BBC 2)**.

Monday December 10
THE OUTFIT: Excellent downbeat thriller written and directed by John Flynn in 1973. It's powerful stuff — an ex-con takes on a Mafia-type organisation — with a very strong cast: Robert Duvall, Robert Ryan, Joe Don Baker, Richard Jaeckel, Elisha Cook Jr and, picking up the pieces, Karen Black, Marie Windsor and Jane Greer. **(BBC 1)**.

Tuesday December 11
FANTASTIC VOYAGE: Fantastically silly sci-fi notion (circa '66) in which a team of scientists are miniaturised bacteria-size and injected into the bloodstream of some poor stiff to operate on his brain from within. Hugely enjoyable tack from director Richard Fleischer and Raquel Welch keeps all her clothes on. **(BBC 1)**.

Thursday December 13
COOL HAND LUKE: Paul Newman again ('67 was a good year for him) in Stuart Rosenberg's best film to date, a tough, funny and sad study of Southern repression and violence on a chain-gang. Fine support from George Kennedy and Strother Martin. **(ITV Midlands)**.

Monty Smith

It's a man's life in footer: "Get yer 'aircut!" Take a shave!"

J. Collins Nil, Desperandum Won

Yesterday's Hero

Directed by Neil Leifer
Starring Ian McShane and Suzanne Somers
(EMI)

ONE of the funniest films of the year, *Yesterday's Hero* is, amazingly enough, supposed to be serious drama. As the first ever feature about a football star it is an unmitigated disaster and about as authentic as *Roy Of The Rovers*, but the laughs keep coming.

The hero, Rod Turner (Ian McShane), is a mythical mixture of Jimmy Greaves, George Best and Dean Martin — a womanising lush who was once nifty on his feet. Plucked from the obscurity of the Third Division *(Do you mind? — A Gillingham Fan)* to make a big-time comeback in an FA Cup semi-final, Rod scores a goal then rushes off at half-time to guzzle his whiskey bottle. Not the sort of behaviour Brian Clough would encourage and Jake Marsh (Adam Faith as a sort of Thunderbirds puppet with five o'clock shadow) doesn't go a bundle on it either. Even so, The Saints (they're just called The Saints) make it to Wembley, where they meet Leicester Forest (and, ha ha, they're called that because the footage used is of the Forest v Southampton League Cup Final; clever, huh? — well, cheap, anyrate). Blended in with all the 'tension' and training are some lame Bugatti and Musker ditties performed by Cloudy Martin and Clint Simon (Suzanne Somers and Paul Nicholas in a bit of a Kiki Dee/Elton John situation, Nicholas being the superstar chairman of The Saints).

The author of this drivel, Jackie Collins, retains her infallible ear for cliche and — even with the assistance of a technical advisor, well-known Islington publican Frank McLintock (ex-Birmingham Rovers) — proves that she knows less about football than Mr Justice Cantley. And a tout flogging tickets at two for a tenner outside Wembley would be killed in the rush, dahling.

Man of the Match: John Motson, who makes an unforgettable debut in the unlikely role of sports commentator.

Monty Smith
(our man in the dressing room drinking the horse liniment)

All night sessions. A Bishop confesses.

Johnny Guitar, whose face and namesake you see over there to the right, is the guy on lead with the Bishops.

Behind him, if you look closely, you'll see the three friendly, familiar letters that spell out Vox.

(Vox, having paid for this advertisement, quite like to see their name mentioned. This is perfectly understandable. If you were Vox and you were paying, you would, too.)

Anyway, the Bishops are just back from seven weeks in sun-soaked Australia so we kicked off by asking about that and then drifted around to various other topics.

(Like Vox amps.) *We're the italics by the way.*

...Australia was great... there's a whole scene going on down there that nobody knows about... most people think Australia is just AC/DC and leave it at that... we had a great time ...it got a bit dodgy towards the end... the crew quit on us and we got this other guy in who managed to blow up half our equipment... compared with Britain it's all very different...

How did you find recording when you were starting?

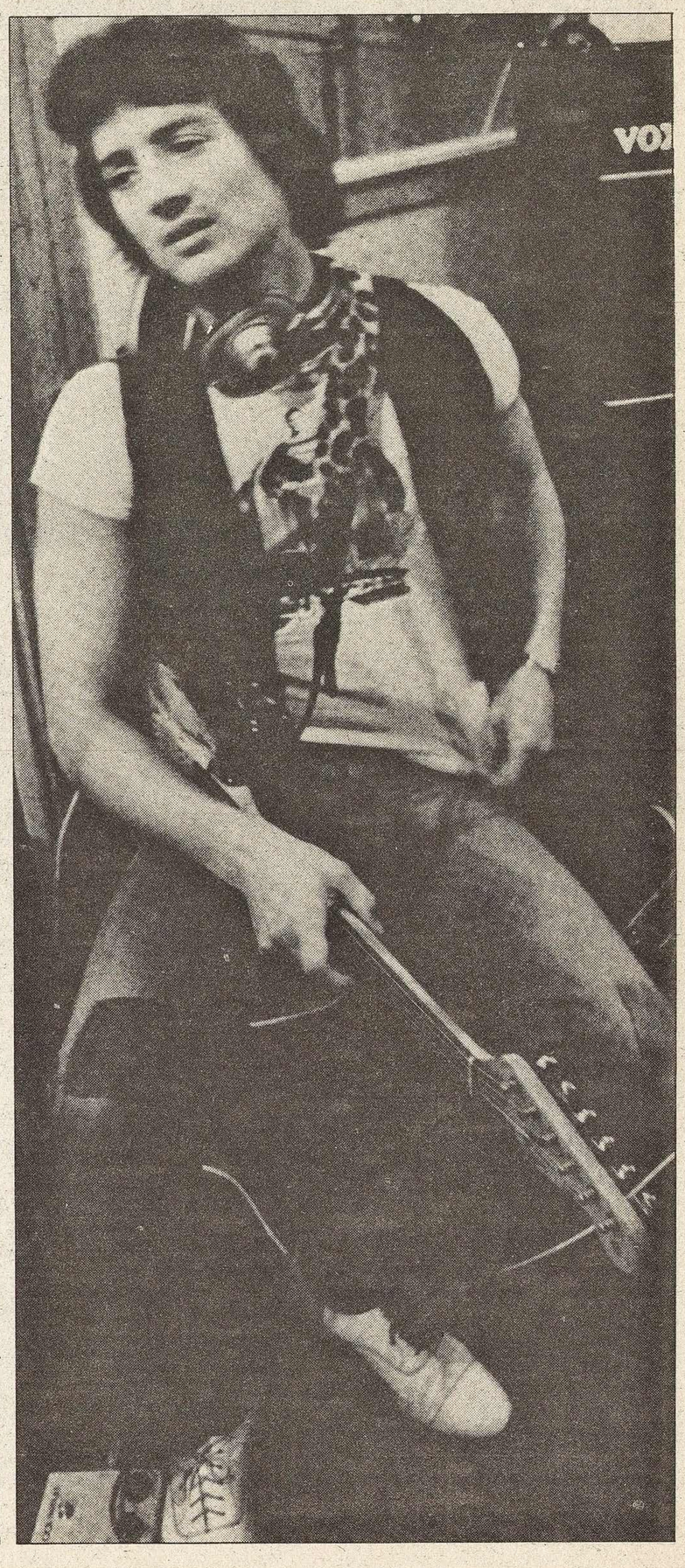
...a studio, any studio is fine as long as you have an engineer who's got a bit of sympatico... you want an engineer who listens... there's a guy called Alan Winstanley down at TW who's really good for that... you all feel as tho' you're working towards the same end... I hate being rushed in a studio... you know, all that looking at the door and thinking we've gotta be out of here in another three hours and we haven't even got the rhythm track down right...

Do you use many toys?

...you mean foot pedals and such?... no, that stuff isn't really part of our sound... I think the most important thing is to get the sound you're after and just play... I always record with an AC30... I've got an old white one that's really settled down now... a new AC30 needs a couple of months to break in and after that it's fine... I suppose in all I've had about six or seven Vox's – one got nicked in Spain... the others have all gone to good homes...

What was the worst experience you ever had in a recording studio?

...ah, a few years ago we had a bash at this direct to disc bit... the theory of it's fine... you know, no tape stage so you can get all the transients and a really open sound... didn't work out like that tho'... the sound they were getting in the cutting room was totally different to the sound coming off the monitors... and the cutting room was four floors up and there wasn't an intercom... nightmares, nightmares... the best way to record tho' is when you're not rushed... it's funny but if you're not panicking you get everything down really fast... all you need to get a decent track together is enough time and an engineer who's interested enough to do it into the small hours... once you got those you're flying...



Vox Limited, 32-34 Gordon House Road, London NW5 1NE. Tel: 01-485 4553.
Dear Vox, my name is _____
and I live at _____
NM 1312A _____ and I'd like a bit more info please.

For the vinyl results of the Bishops' all nighters give the following Chiswick albums a spin: The Count Bishops, The Bishops Live and Crosscuts.

VOX

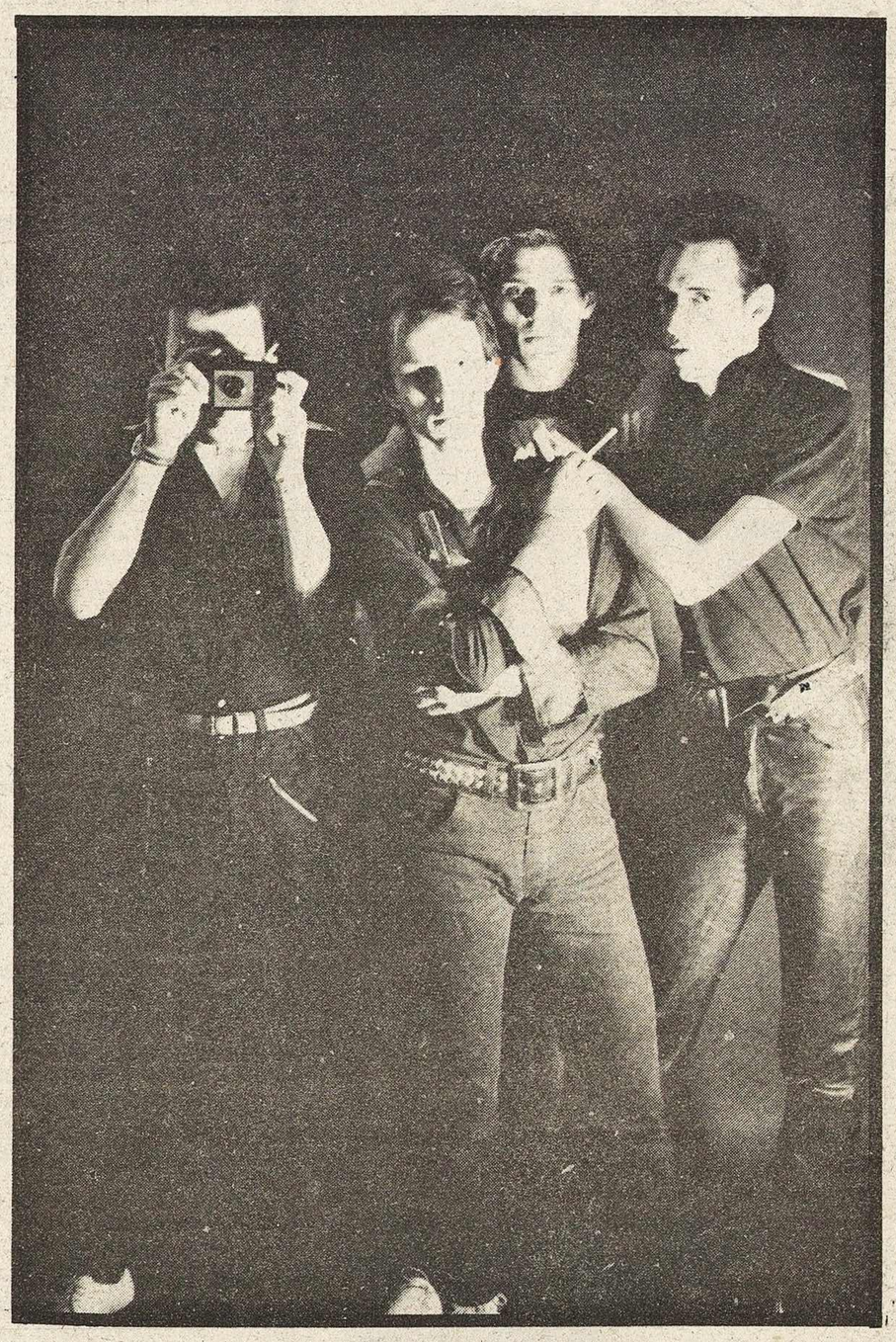
SID VICIOUS SINGS

NEW ALBUM AND CASSETTE

ARTIST. SID VICIOUS TITLE. SID SINGS CAT. NO. V2144 Virgin

SINGLES

LONDON



Another first for NME! The photo on the right is fully operative and Mr Strummer has just snapped all your mugs to be included on a poster in the next Clash album 'Grimsby Trawling'. Left: Although they have no single for review The Residents drop in just for Andy Gill, disguised as the uniforms The Clash slip out of when they get home from a hard day at the battle front. Evidence: Pennie Smith.

CALLING

● **PARTY LINE OF THE WEEK**
THE CLASH: London Calling (CBS). Hello? Hello? Operator, I think I've got a crossed line — there's someone ploughing a pre-apocalyptic furrow on my phone. Apparently the Ice Age is coming and there's been a nuclear error, but this chap seems quite happy because he lives by the river. What does it all mean?

What it means, sir, is that The Clash have released a new slice of pop-demagoguery, one which displays a greater musical maturity than before without relinquishing the essential Clash spirit, their earlier abandonment replaced this time round by a tense restraint, as if The Police were pretending to be The Angelic Upstarts.

Ah! So it's a cold-blooded attempt at a chart hit?

Well, I don't know about that, sir, though it would be nice to see them on Christmas *Top Of The Pops,* wouldn't it? 'London Calling' is actually quite a spiffy little *entree* to the album of the same name, a plea for youthful solidarity set to a strident marching rhythm.

Does this mean The Clash are the Glenn Millers of the '80s?

We'll just have to wait and see whether they cross the channel by DC10, sir. Until then, it's chest out, stomach in, toe the line and thank God and Guy Stevens for the powerful cleanliness of the production.

Does this mean that Hapshash & The Coloured Coat are hip again?

No, sir.

● **ALTERNATIVE LINES OF THE WEEK**
1) SECOND LAYER: Flesh As Property EP (Fresh). Easily the best of the current batch of home-grown electronic garage-band product, especially on 'Courts Or Wars', a two-chord drum-machine driven thrash which fairly tools along to its climactic guitar-break, smashing its head against the impenetrability of the terrorist psyche *en route: "We're desperate and insane/Ambassadors of our cause/We don't care if we die/In courts or wars".*
2) DELTA 5: Mind Your Own Business (Rough Trade). A three girl/two boy outfit from Leeds similar in both attitude and musical approach to The Mekons and Gang Of Four, Delta 5 lay a smart sparse-funk backdrop behind staggered feminist-vocal interplay, cut it up a couple of times with some clipped guitar abstractions in the style of that geezer in the Gang Of Four whose name escapes me for the moment, and come up with the best Rough Trade single since 'Nag Nag Nag' — insistent, catchy, and engagingly simple. Buy it.
3) ART BEARS: Rats & Monkeys (Ralph). Jesus Christ, is this at the wrong speed? No, it's just the most energetic single of the week, which must come as quite a shock for all those who remember Henry Cow as tiresome noodlers, Art Bears being former Cowpersons Fred Frith, Dagmar Krause and Chris Cutler. 'Rats & Monkeys' is a mad, hypertense concoction of drums, piano and violin whose lyric — *"Rats and monkeys guard the city as it crumbles into ruins/Walls are loosening but the gates are locked"* — doubtless deals allegorically with the Decline Of Western Civilisation As We Know It. Just the thing for Granny's Christmas stocking.

Sheffield calling . . . And the singles look very different today-hey. (Well, to Andy Gill anyway)

4) THE UNITS: The Units EP (?). Yet another high-energy electronic punk outfit, this time from San Francisco, which seems to be getting hipper than New York nowadays. The Units are two synthesisers and one drum-kit, and the best tracks on this EP, 'Work', 'Cannibals' and 'High Pressure Days', speak loudly of the benefits of sprinkling your silicon chips with a pinch of amphetamine sulphate. Mmm, tasty!
5) 90 DEGREES: No Doctor (Virgin 12"). The only disco-funk of any worth this week, but what a corker! Uncertain synth, sprightly bass and the best handclaps I've heard in ages explode into a monstrously insistent piece of foot-fodder unfortunately not matched by the B-side's boring ballad. So what else is new?
6) PULP: Low-Flying Aircraft (?). 'Low-Flying Aircraft' is what happens when avant-garde meets punk on neutral ground, a wonderfully delirious disaster-area. I love it, but then I've always been a bit funny that way. Pulp are Paul Burwell and Anne Bean, improvisers from the MUSICS lifted their name from Thomas Pynchon's *Crying Of Lot 49,* which is a good sign. 'Stupid Guy' is throwback wall-of-sound Spectorisms, which isn't. Keep awaiting silent Trystero's emergence, lads.

● **BIG BOYS, CRUDE PLOYS**
DAVID BOWIE: John I'm Only Dancing (Again) (RCA).
PINK FLOYD: Another Brick In The Wall, Pt.II (Harvest). I get the strangest feeling that I should be kissing someone's ring for these two singles, or making similar fawning motions of gratitude. Bowie's is the culmination of a four-year plan, whereby the existence of an out-take from the 'Young Americans' session is carefully and quietly made known to the general public shortly after the album's release, thus creating a demand for a patently substandard product which can be capitalised upon whenever a need for a new product coincides with a shortage of same. Like at Christmas.

For the Floyd, Christmas product comes in larger diameters, this year two of 'em; the prime function of 'Another Brick, Pt.II' is as a taster for the bigger stuff. And as such, it's fairly cunningly conceived, complete with easily-memorable moron-choir parts, simple enough for the thickest of terrace terrorists. Expect to hear it accompanying the sound of bladders (human or swine) being kicked around on Saturday afternoons.

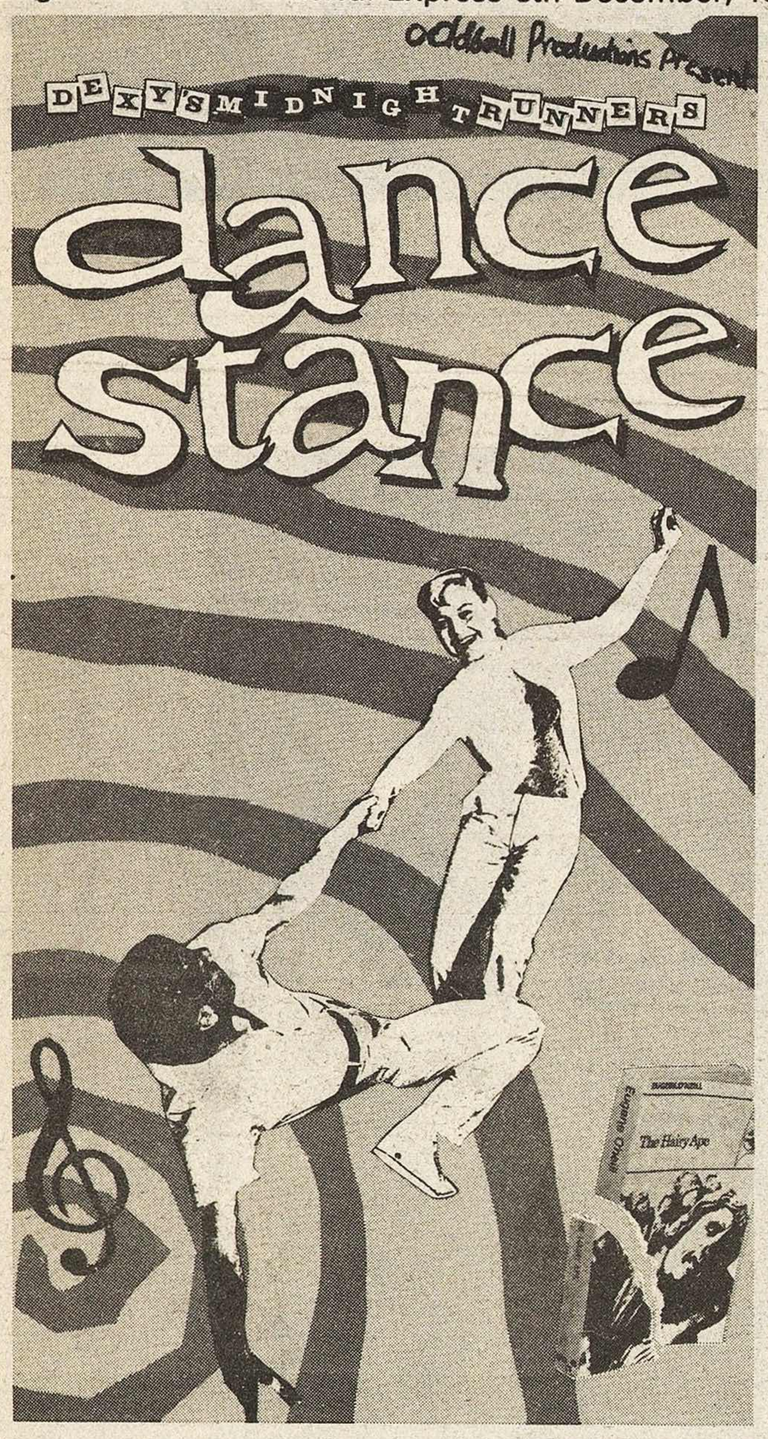
STEVE HILLAGE: Don't Dither Do It (Virgin). Right, man. Yeah. 'At's the spirit — get down to it; hit it, crack it! Wiv yer all the way, mate. Only one fing, though. What *is* it we're doing?

THE PARANOIDS: Stupid Guy (Hurricane). The Paranoids

THOSE HELICOPTERS: South Coast Towns (Bonaparte). I once saw Those Helicopters somewhere in Kent, and they were great — like a cross between Gong and The Mekons, if you can imagine that. Totally mad, totally fun, and with some good ideas bubbling through the anarchy. 'South Coast Towns', unfortunately, doesn't show them at their best. It's badly produced, the vocal rap's almost inaudible, and the music's loose and lumpy. Nice tune, mind.

● **THE BEAT GOES OFF**
INTERIOR: Bizarre Disco (Plurex).
THE LEATHER NUN: Slow Death EP (Industrial).
FRAGMENTS: Nutbush City Limits (Shattered).
METROPHASE: In Black EP (Fresh).
ADA WILSON: In The Quiet Of My Room (Ellie Jay).
MODERN ENGLISH: Drowning Man (Limp).
TAKE IT: Man-Made World (Fresh Hold). More young men with serious expressions, synthesisers and a lack of sensayuma. Except for Dutch looneys Interior, that is. 'Bizarre Disco' is an hilarious deadpan one-note samba, and

■ *Continues over*



SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

lovable as such. Fragments try to do a stripdown job on an oldie, in the manner of Telex and The Silicon Teens, but it's all wearing rather thin nowadays.

The Leather Nun, Swedish mates of Throbbing Gristle with a similar sweetness-and-light outlook on the world, offer three tracks and one intro of varying degrees of morbidity. 'Slow Death' is just that, whilst 'No Rule' is like Skrewdriver with ten-league boots (all the better to kick you with). 'Sfunny, but I'm beginning to enjoy it. Must find a shrink soon.

Metrophase is one Steev Burgess, who, with the help of Swell Maps Epic and Nikki, has managed to produce a record whose metabolism is so low my record player fell asleep. I tried running my finger round the groove, but I fell asleep too. Modern English only exacerbated the problem, and Ada Wilson's twee little ballad nearly finished us both off.

Take It's offering was better, lumpy lop-sided constructions with abstract organ scribbles and a reasonably high integrity quotient, but where all these fall down at the side of The Units and Second Layer EPs is in their lack of spirit, their assumption that possession of a synthesiser (or in Take It's case, an organ) invests them with a stiff-upper-lip seriousness.

LA SALLE'S: Razzle Dazzle (De 1000 Idioten).
THE DANCING DID: The Dancing Did (Fruit & Veg). Attention collectors of gimmickry and associated ephemera! Both these discs are *vital additions* to your collections! La Salle's greasy kidstuff rock'n'roll comes complete with a stick of customised chewing-gum, whilst The Dancing Did's real-ale-and-clogs style punky Steeleye Span stuff offers you a smudge of genuine soil from the Vale Of Evesham. Be the envy of your friends! Play the records, chew the gum, and rub your nose in the dirt!

THE PIRANHAS: Space Invaders (Virgin). Mildly-amusing piece of pub-rock (yes!) about addiction to this season's pinball-surrogate. Apparently, it's reaching epidemic proportions in Japan, where a dangerous cash-flow problem has resulted from millions of coins being taken out of circulation to lie dormant in the bellies of Space Invaders machines. Ah, the glories of the silicon chip! Serves 'em right, I reckon.

RANDOM HOLD: Random Hold 12" EP (Polydor). Indescribably tedious and interminably long. Must be 'real' musicians.

EUROPEANS: Europeans (Heartbeat).
NEW MUSIK: Living By Numbers (GTO).
M: Moonlight And Muzak (MCA).
STRANGER THAN FICTION: Into The Void (Ellie Jay). More of that "new pop" stuff we keep hearing about. Best of this lot is 'Europeans', a neat little serving of xenophobia which might make playlists were it not so politically "delicate". It's probably tongue-in-cheek, mind, but I doubt whether you'll be given the chance to decide for yourself.

'Moonlight And Muzak' sees Robin Scott riding roughshod over musical considerations for the sake of conceptual accuracy: that it captures the essence of "the international motel fantasy" is beyond doubt (very Sacha Distel, very Sanderson); what is also beyond doubt is that the international motel fantasy is spectacularly undesirable. Like this record.

Stranger Than Fiction's sleeve shows leader Steve Kennet in staple Bowie/Numan pose — arms folded, faraway look on his po-face, black clothes, the lot. This is the most original thing about the package.

New Musik's 'Living By Numbers' is exactly what you'd expect from a band with a name like that playing a song with a title like that and releasing it on a label like that.

Appalling.

THE BLITZ BROTHERS: Gloria (Vertigo). Yet another revamped (or, in this case, devamped) chestnut, one which removes any spark of excitement left in the song after Patti Smith dragged it through a hedge backwards. Unless I'm very much mistaken, The Blitz Brothers are Dalek I and friends in disguise, and they're capable of much, much more than this . . .

BARRY FORD NEW BREED: Maggie's Farm (Sunstarr 12").
THE CIMARONS: Love Has Got The Need (Cimarak 12"). A couple of mercilessly soporific examples of British reggae, one of which milks an old Dylan song for its current newsworthiness, but offers no new perspectives, just wholesale adaptation, and the other of which even manages to devise a predictable dub for the B-side. Which is quite an achievement, you'll agree. A negative one, but nonetheless an achievement.

THE SECRET: Another Heartline (A&M). More modern power-pop, distinguished by the clumsiest synthesiser-swoops this side of Kansas and a chorus which reminds me of 'Bali Hai' from *South Pacific,* only not quite as sensitive. Maybe Rodgers and Hammerstein'll sue?

ANY TROUBLE: Yesterdays Love (Pennine). What Jesse Winchester might sound like if he couldn't write a good song. Whaddaya mean, he can't?

MOTORHEAD: Bomber (Bronze). Now *this* is more like it! I've had a perverse liking for Motorhead ever since they appeared on *Top Of The Pops,* a liking which doesn't stretch to actually *listening* to them, you understand, just to watching bemused shop assistants and office-girls wondering how on earth they're supposed to look as though they're *enjoying* this godawful row. Performance Art on prime-time TV! Whatever next? What's *really* lovable about them, of course, is their success: more than any other band I can think of, Motorhead *know* their audience, their limitations, and their audience's limitations. Truly, a people's band!

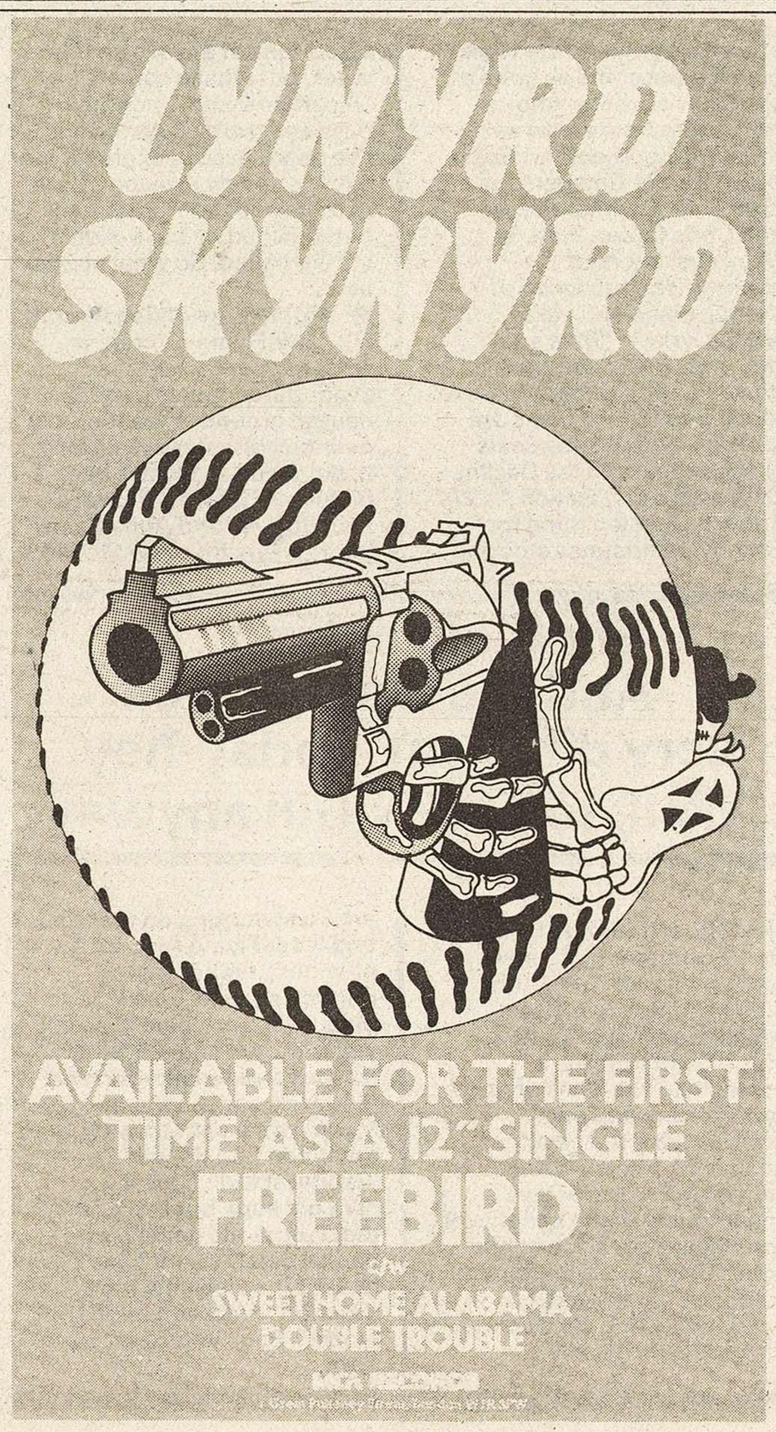
JACK & THE RIPPERS: No Desire (Another Swiss Label). How I love those continentals. Anyone acquainted with the first album by a German band called Big Balls And The Great White Idiot (I kid you not), and specifically a track called 'I'm Singing To You With My Finger Up Your Ass' (really!) will know just what I mean. When these boys grasp the wrong end of a stick, by God, they don't let go. Jack & The Rippers haven't so much grasped the wrong end as the wrong stick; to be precise, a dead one. They zip through 'No Desire' with all the verve and elan of a Morris Oxford, and half the horsepower. The B-side is called, somewhat cryptically, 'I Feel Like A Tram'. Must be the altitude that does it.

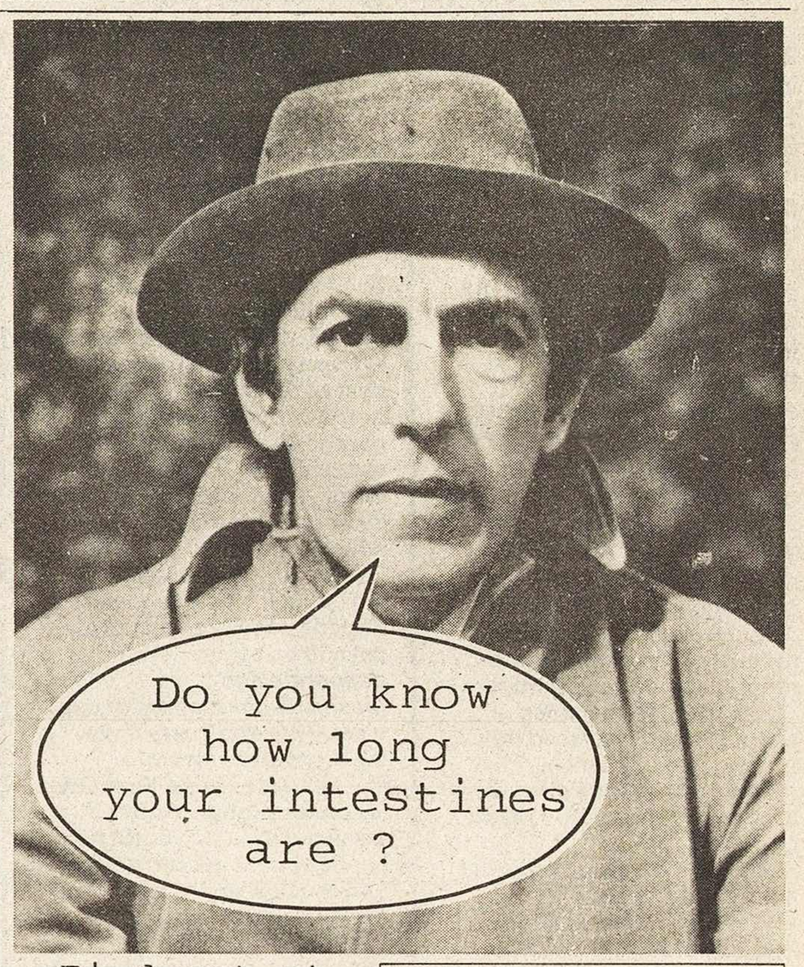
THE BRIANS: My Brother's Famous (Dindisc). Most comedy records aren't funny after the first time round. This one goes one better than that. It's not funny at all.

LIP MOVES: Guest (Ticonderoga).
THE ADICTS: The Adicts EP (Dining Out).
THE SPITFIRE BOYS: Funtime (Impeccable). More third division buzzsaw punk. Lip Moves view things slightly askance, perhaps parodically — *"I am a guest on the DHSS"* — but even so, they're hopelessly after the fact; The Spitfire Boys disavow their name with grey churnings and lugubriously monotonous vocals; The Adicts scrape through with a soupcon or two of invention — like the scraped harmonics on 'Easy Way Out' — and an overall texture not unlike early Wire. Whether they can flesh it out in the future is another matter entirely.

SEX BEATLES: Well You Never . . . (Charly). The main problem with half-inching your name from a couple of bands who had a revolutionary effect on both the music and the consciousness of their respective generations is that you're almost certain to end up looking like a bunch of talentless, posturing, parasitical prats. Right?

TERRI HOOLEY: Laugh At Me (Fresh). Well, if you're twisting my arm . . .





NME READERS' POLL 1979

Post this page to: NME Readers' Poll, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

Most Wonderful Human Being .....

Face Of The Decade .....

Farce Of The Decade .....

Votes for 'me' will not be counted.

Best Group .....

Best New Act .....

Female Singer .....

Male Singer .....

Songwriter .....

Guitarist .....

Bass .....

Drums .....

Keyboards .....

Single .....

Album .....

Best Dressed Sleeve .....

Disc Jockey .....

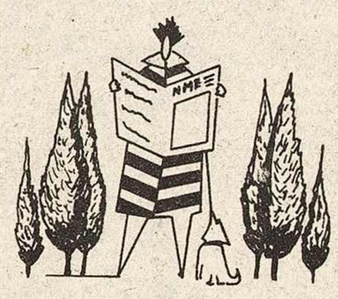
Image Of The Year .....

Creep Of The Year .....

Radio Show .....

TV Show .....

Film .....



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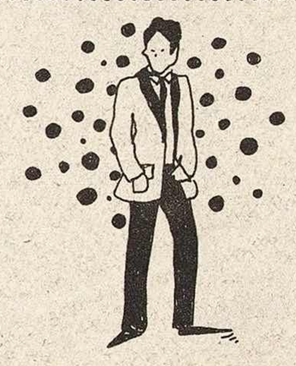


Coupons must be received by December 31, 1979

The MEKONS

from under your beds into your hearts

the quality of mercy is not strnen
new album V2143

Virgin

Inmates go stir crazy (L-R): Bill Hurley, Tony Oliver, Ben Donelly, Peter Gunn, Jim Russell.

BEHIND 12 BARS WITH THE INMATES

"IF YOU GET a band like Showaddywaddy who dress up a bit like Teds and re-hash old numbers badly, then you'd be justified in saying that they are just a revival band. But if you have a band that resurrects a *feeling*, and does it their own way, then you can't accuse them of being revivalists — or if they are then it's not a bad thing to be."

Well I'll drink to that, Peter Gunn, lead guitarist and songwriter of hot combo rhythm-and-blues supremacists The Inmates. Or rather I won't — because, y'see, aside from cheap 'revivalist' jibes, the old beer breath and Woodbines rhythm'n'booze schtick is another topic on which he and his fellows hold pronounced and forthright views:

"Every time you read something about the Feelgoods, for instance, there's always beer mentioned, and it's so bloody stupid. Everything you read about it is 'you've got to have 15 pints to enjoy this' — and we're coming in for it as well — and that's a drag. I don't see that at all.

"It's just one of those cliches you get. You're lumped as an R&B band who likes a drink and a boozy night out with the boys and that's the limitations of it. Everybody likes to drop you in a bag and keep you there, as small as possible. And that's a shame."

It certainly is. So I'll tactfully neglect to mention that our particular tetes-a-tete took place in a Camden Town public house — wreathed in cigarette smoke, lagers all round and Junior Walker on the jukebox — lest any of you get the wrong impression.

But I will say that if there's one group capable of leading contemporary R&B clear of the fog of misconceptions, prejudices and pig-ignorance which generally surround it, then these boys are your men. Ladies and gentlemen, The Inmates. . .

FIRST TO blow the gaff on the band as they emerged on London's pub'n'club circuit was *NME's* Max Bell, in a piece written earlier this year chronicling the labyrinthine origins of its personnel and serving notice of their impending advance and irresistible rise — commemorated now by the release of their debut album 'First Offence'. At the core there were four of them: burly Bill Hurley on vocals, shady Ben Donelly on bass, and the indomitable duo of Pete Gunn and Tony Oliver on guitars, lead and rhythm respectively.

Their drummer at the time of making the album, Eddie from The Vibrators, departed in prospect of a Vibrators reunion, to be replaced by one Jim Russell, his previous employers being such diverse firms as Curved Air, Wild Angels and Ian Matthews.

Which makes five. And with two indisputably killer-diller 45s to their credit, in 'Dirty Water' and now 'The Walk' (both of them *NME* singles of the Week in their time), The Inmates find themselves in the enviable position of proving a hard team to beat whether live *or* on record — a transition which a lot of acts fail to make successfully.

Produced, like the album, by Vic Maile — a man with a pretty fair track record in matters R&B — the 'Dirty Water' debut first saw the light of day on the Soho label, being taken over by Radar when the band signed up for that ill-fated company. Following Radar's collapse they were picked up by its umbrella organisation WEA and will come out in future under the Warner logo.

Having completed a succession of British dates, their immediate task is a trek around the States, whose vast appetite for promotional nonsense Bill Hurley has already encountered: to secure the requisite airplay for 'Dirty Water' he's re-recorded his vocals for each of the target radio stations substituting *"down by the River Thames"* and *"London you're my home"* for the relevant local data, from San Francisco to Cincinnati (not so much of a sacrilege, of course, when you remember that in its Standells original the song actually deals with Boston Massachusetts).

SNAPPILY—DRESSED, in a quiet kind of way, Bill's a biggish bloke, something which he offsets by a polite, unassuming manner that's somewhat drastically at odds with the raw, clenched-fist and rasping attack of his singing and stage performance. Like the other Inmates', his conversation is peppered with evidence of an encylopaedic knowledge of his chosen genre (Bill's own leanings being particularly towards the Atlantic/Stax stuff) that leaves me feeling just a little bit ashamed.

"A lot of people," suggests Hurley in softened Cockney tones, "think R&B is just to be playing 12-bar blues all night long, and they say 'How can you take that on to a bigger level?'. But we've always been pretty diverse in the tastes that come under rhythm'n'blues. Like, there's the soul side of it, Stax, there's the rock'n'roll side, there's the bluesy side of it, and the more Chuck Berryish sort of feel.

"I mean, a good example of a band that really built up a big following at the time and played big venues, and who really came under the term R&B, was Fleetwood Mac when they first came out. I remember seeing them then and the places were packed, and their stuff was really derived from Chicago stuff like Elmore James. Obviously they've changed quite a bit, but it proved that it's a basic feel, a basic rawness. And it gets through to a lot of people, at different age groups."

WHEN Ben Donelly comes out from behind the ever-present shades, he talks in a stolid, family-butcher sort of voice, very north-of-Watford, and without a hint of rock'n'roll affectation. He'll talk R&B with the measured thoughtfulness and affection of a miner discussing his whippets.

"When you look through, there's good things in every stage; it's a progression. The knack is to pick out the things which you think are good for you at each particular stage. You don't do them note-for-note and have the same guitar and amplifier as the geezer who did it originally, that's pointless. You do the songs and cater them to your own needs.

"It's very hard to get people who play R&B, a lot of people dismiss it. If you ask guitar players in general to play R&B they'll say, 'Yeah, I can do that', and most of 'em can't, they haven't got a clue. In our last band Pete and I auditioned about 100 guitarists before we got somebody who was anywhere near, who could play it properly. They'd invariably do 'Route 66' and 'Johnny B. Goode' because that *was* R&B to most people. It was just absurd.

"I don't want to give you the impression that we're purists or anything like that. It's just that if you're going to play simple music very directly, and keep it powerful, then you have to have some sort of feel for it. We try to duplicate the *feel* of the originals, not the sound."

Pete Gunn, who writes a good half of The Inmates' present material himself, is a quietly-spoken man who used to work as a science teacher until he settled down and got himself a proper job. He comes across as something of a strategist, with a shrewd eye to the group's progression and development, combining a regard for the past with a healthy concern for the future. He explains the making of 'First Offence':

"What we did on the album was make it punchy. That's what people have been saying about it and that's what we set out to do. We didn't exactly hang a microphone in the middle of a room and record it on four-track, but that's what we naively went in thinking we could try. But the bloke we used, Vic Maile, he knew what we were on about and he captured it pretty well on 24-track, so it can be done."

Ben: "You've just got to discipline yourself when you use the studio, and not think 'We've got all these tracks so let's fill 'em up'. You've got to say, well, does it really *need* another bit there, or will that lose the directness of the song?"

HAPPILY for The Inmates — and very probably to a large extent *because* of The Inmates — R&B appears to be going through one of its periodic upsurges.

"The funny thing about it," says Donelly, "is that at any time over the last 20 years there have been major R&B bands playing. We're not dressed up as mods, we might not have any fashionable appeal, but it's continuous. Generally speaking, there's R&B all of the time; it's just a question of if an R&B band emerges now and grass-skirts are in, and they happen to be wearing one, then they're part of the new thing."

(A mental picture of The Inmates in grass-skirts flashes across my mind. I try and change the subject rapidly.) So what's the appeal of the music? (Poor question, but I was thinking fast.)

"If people are going to go out and have a drink, they want to enjoy themselves. You can go and see some band where you've really got to sit down and listen to the funny noises they make — if you're into it then that's great, but it's not something you go out and have a good time to. I don't think there's very much around since the punk thing went, that's why a lot of people are into mod stuff now. Really, that draws directly on R&B."

"It's the dancing as well," adds Bill. "They're probably getting fed up with going to discotheques, where the funk sound is very computerised, so they want something different and raw. From the first we've encouraged audiences to dance, even in places where the staff's come up to me afterwards and said, 'You shouldn't have done that, we haven't got a licence!' "

But doesn't that reinforce one popular suspicion, namely that your music won't come across outside of the small clubs?

Ben: "No. If you're prepared to put in the work and project the music it works just as well in a 10,000 seater hall. People have this idea about R&B and try to pigeon-hole it and say, 'If there's more than 150 in the crowd it's not going to be much fun'. It's not true."

FOR THE future, Gunn echoes some sentiments expressed in these pages recently about the essential need for some original and relevant contemporary R&B songwriting. "That, and the need to get it out of the locker-room, away from the beery night out with the boys. . . Any band needs to progress, not necessarily in leaps and bounds, but it has to be a step in front of its audience, do things which are demanding, to stop the audience being complacent and expecting the same thing night after night. It's very important not to tread water.

"They way I look at it is, the bands that started off playing R&B in the '60s all went on to create some really classic stuff — The Yardbirds, Small Faces, Who, Kinks, Animals. . ."

"So to sum up," Donelly concludes, "there isn't any problem about our future. If you look at the people who were doing R&B ten years ago, and look at them now, we might be a few years behind them, but if they've had no trouble, why should we? It's as simple as that."

Suddenly, 'Roadrunner' hits the jukebox and Ben, the enthusiast, is away: "Can you hear that bass? Carol Kay, a white American housewife, about 40, she did all these! There's hope for me yet, if *girls* can do it. Just a bit more practice. . ."

Let's WALK!!

The Inmates demonstrate Plan B — how to escape the R&B prison. Paul Du Noyer passes on the sentences. Mike Laye gets the mugshots.

A NEW HIGH IN LOWE FI

Pure competition for competitive people Here's how to compete . . .

Pic: Pennie Smith

Everything you need to know to get produced by and legless with, the world's most revered and mocked producer, as told to Roy Carr by Basher himself

FANCY something money can't buy? Like spending two days in a recording studio with Nick Lowe producing *your* single? Well, he's yours and it won't cost yer!

We didn't believe it either when Nick Lowe first made the suggestion, but Nick insists it's a genuine offer.

Recognised internationally as both a successful soloist and as co-leader of Rockpile, Basher Lowe is also widely acknowledged as one of Britain's foremost record producers.

In this capacity, Lowe has contributed greatly to the recording careers of such luminaries as Elvis Costello And The Attractions, Graham Parker And The Rumour, Dr Feelgood, The Damned, Wreckless Eric, Carlene Carter (the missus) and The Pretenders, to name but half the population of Greater London. *And you!*

Yes, you read it correctly the first time. We've secured Nick Lowe (body and soul) to produce a single by the outright winner of a competition to be run over the next three weeks by New Musical Express.

Two days in a professional recording studio with Nick Lowe is the one and only prize. A unique once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for *NME* readers to realise an ambition: to bypass the frustration of not only trying to get their music down on tape in a top-notch studio, but having someone with Basher's proven creative know-how to enable them to achieve this little coup.

Who knows what sweet music they may make together?

SO WHY should a *grand fromage* like the Jesus Of Cool choose to produce someone who as yet he doesn't know exists?

"Why not?" says Lowe. "It'll be much more enjoyable than, say, producing something like Blue Oyster Cult's next album."

It's evident that Nick finds the idea of producing a complete unknown extremely appealing. But first he wants to establish a few flexible ground rules.

"The thought of discovering someone with a good song and having some fun in the studio turning it into a finished job could prove quite stimulating."

As it transpires, Nick Lowe has no preconceptions about what he's looking for, other than a pleasant surprise. However, be duly warned, he knows what he *isn't* looking for.

"None of your artsy-fartsy types . . . and none of those groups still furiously thrashing away trying to sound like The Sex Pistols three years too late or else modding it up by re-doing The Who's first album yet again."

He also insists that anyone who imagines he's a soft touch and can be easily influenced by anything dripping with cutesy *double-entendres* that could pass for a Costello, Parker or Rockpile cover job, is more than likely destined for the shredding machine: "We've already had The Jags' 'Back Of My Hand'," he succinctly states.

So, you may ask, what's left?

"Basically," says Lowe, "I'm looking for someone who sounds like they've got an atom of wit and a new slant on things. As long as they can sing they've got my attention. I'm sick to death of singers who *can't* sing.

"If they've got a good song and are capable of singing it well, there's no real problem. I mean, I produced The Pretenders' first single in a day'."

NICK INSISTS that he's not expecting professional quality tapes to impress him, and goes to extreme lengths to emphasise that would-be contestants shouldn't feel at all embarrassed or at a disadvantage by submitting less-than-pristine home-made demos:

"I want to make it quite clear that *everyone* is in with a chance."

In fact, he openly encourages the old cricket-bat bedroom recordings.

"At this stage the actual quality of any recording submitted doesn't matter. You can get the drift from just a vocal and a guitar.

"A good song should work no matter what the accompaniment is. If a song is duff to begin with, then no amount of over-arranged multi-dubbing is going to disguise the fact that it's duff. I'm looking for the song, not how well someone has dressed it up.

"The secret is that you should be able to play back a tape quietly and it still sounds interesting.

"All I'm asking is that contestants just present the basic idea and I'll take care of the rest."

So it goes!

"WHAT WE'RE offering the winner of this contest," interjects Lowe's manager, Jake Riviera, "is that all-important first leg up the ladder. Anyone who has a Nick Lowe-produced tape has definitely got to be in there with a good chance. For a change, record companies will have to sit up and pay attention."

"The bottom line," says Lowe scornfully, "is that despite what most recording companies claim, very few A&R men really listen to most of the unsolicited home-made tapes people send in. They either give them to someone else to make an assessment, or are doing something else, like answering the phone at the same time."

He goes on to point out that as so many major labels initially passed on Elvis Costello, Graham Parker, Ian Dury — the list is endless — then it's quite conceivable that most A&R men would also have passed on something as off-the-wall as The Flying Lizards' 'Money'. "But it was the primitive quality and the unusual treatment of that particular record that made it so attractive, and a hit."

Once the winner has been selected and the session is in the can, the tape will become the exclusive property of the winner. However, both Nick Lowe and Jake Riviera are prepared to offer their expert advice on the best approach concerning a commercial release.

"The winner," says Riviera, "may wish to release it on their own label. That's entirely up to them. But you can be sure that many established labels will be very interested to hear the results."

Hand-to-hand combat has, however, taught Riviera that it's better to approach people who genuinely believe in an artist than sign with a label that can only offer a cash advance and absolutely no professional guidance. Riviera cites the way that Chris Briggs has persistently championed Philip Rambow's talent and, similarly, Al Clark's unyielding faith in XTC.

"Having someone like that interested in your career is just as crucial as making a good record — and much more to one's advantage than being with a label that just has money and absolutely no idea how to spend it."

Nick Lowe has the final word on the subject.

"Not only am I *not* over-concerned about the quality of the tapes submitted, I really don't care if it's a touch of the Kraftwerks, one of those good old Great Britain Novelty Songs, an instrumental — let's have a few of those, a rocker or a ballad.

"Truthfully, I'd rather hear a Des O'Connor with half an original idea so long as it's performed with a bit of genuine passion than another flamin' Pistols thrash.

"Just remember this," concludes the Career Opportunities Officer, "I just might find some flair of originality in something that another producer wouldn't probably recognise."

ROY CARR

HERE'S YOUR FIRST COMPETITION VOUCHER

NOW READ THIS VERY CAREFULLY:

YOU NOW have three weeks to record your entry and send it to an address that will be published at a later date.

However, *don't* send in any tapes until you've collected *all* three special competition vouchers that will appear weekly in *NME*, together with the official entry form which will appear in three weeks' time.

Attempt to jump the gun and ignore the rules and your tape goes straight down the dumper without a listen.

Though all the rules will be printed in full in three weeks' time, here are a few *dos* and *don'ts* to be going on with. So check 'em thoroughly before you grab your axe and hit the record button.

(1) As already stipulated, contestants must collect *all* three special competition vouchers that appear — commencing this week — in *NME*.

(2) When, in three weeks' time, the official entry form appears, cut it out and complete it clearly and correctly.

(3) Both the vouchers and the official entry form will have to be accompanied by a cassette tape containing one (*and only one*) original song and a *typewritten* lyric sheet. If there is more than one song on the tape or if it isn't accompanied by both vouchers and entry form, the entry will immediately be rendered void.

(4) All contestants will be requested to sign a clause stating:

(a) that the entry submitted is of their own work and performed by them.

(b) that they have no existing recording or publishing contracts or any currently pending with any record label or music publishing house.

(c) they should own the exclusive copyright of both the song and the recording submitted.

(d) that previous to entering this competition, they haven't held a professional recording contract with either a label or a production company. An ex-member of a recording group who is no longer a professional is still eligible.)

Any artist who has privately financed, recorded, pressed and distributed their own record can enter, but only if that record was *not* financed (wholly or partly) by a known recording company or distributor. If you have made a record on your own label, neither that song or the recording will be accepted as an entry.

No reel-to-reel tapes, acetate demos, privately made records, sheet music, videos or in-person auditions will be accepted as an entry.

No tapes will be returned. And positively no dialogue, written or verbal, will be entered into with either contestants, anyone acting on their behalf, managers, publicists or protective mothers.

Should any of these rules be violated then the offenders will automatically be disqualified.

ONCE THE winner has been chosen, a recording session will be arranged at a mutually agreeable time with Nick Lowe producing. Once completed, the two-inch master tape together with the quarter-inch mixed copy tape will become the exclusive property of that act officially judged the winner by Nick Lowe and Jake Riviera in collaboration with *NME*'s Neil Spencer and Roy Carr.

As already stated, the winner is free to dispose of the tape in whatever manner they wish. However, to assure fair play, both Nick Lowe and Jake Riviera (Riviera-Global) will only be too pleased to offer any free advice about securing a label deal and how to avoid getting ripped-off in the process.

"But," says Riviera, "no wet-nursing will be considered."

D A V I D B O W I E

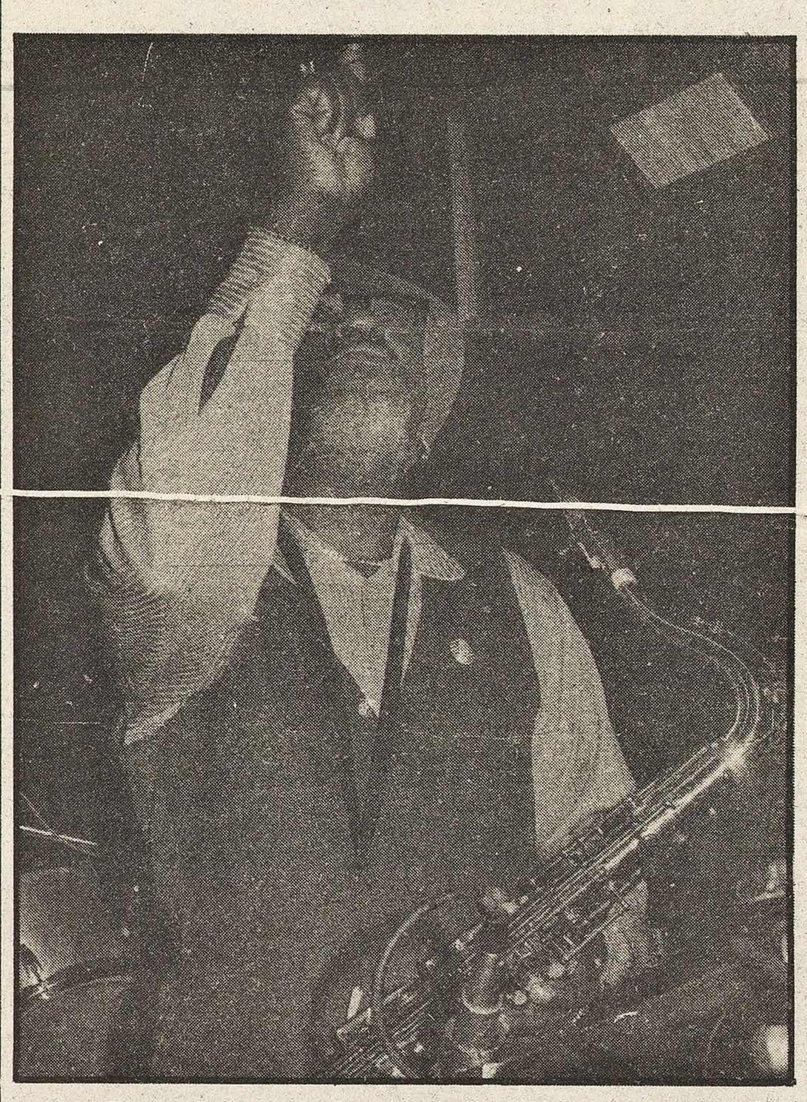
JOHN, I'M ONLY DANCING (AGAIN) (1975)
FROM THE 'YOUNG AMERICANS' SESSIONS (SIGMA SOUND)

JOHN, I'M ONLY DANCING (1972)
FROM THE 'ZIGGY STARDUST' SESSIONS
PREVIOUSLY UNAVAILABLE VERSIONS
ALSO AVAILABLE AS LIMITED EDITION 12" SINGLE

RCA

When you know lager you're a Skolar.

Roger & Dave Wateling. Pic: John Reardon.



Saxa. Pic: Justin Thomas.

DON'T CALL ME SKA FACE

"It's just The Beat having a Punky Reggae party," says Deanne Pearson of the latest 2-Tone tornadoes. 'Check' them out . . .

IT WAS ON A long coach trip with The Specials that I first heard The Beat. It was a tape they had sent The Specials, and out of a clutch of strong numbers the one that was indelibly printed on my mind during the ensuing five-hour journey was a reggae version of Smokey Robinson's classic 'Tears Of A Clown'. It came over so naturally, was remarkably smooth and uncluttered, even original-sounding with its fast reggae beat.

Of course I'd heard *of* them before that. Apparently they'd done a John Peel session, although I missed that, and then the buzz had started to go round. Oh, and I'd been warned not to confuse them with the American The Beat . . .

Because this lot are from Birmingham. And it came as no surprise, after listening to that tape, that The Specials had decided to draw them into the 2-Tone fold and release The Beat's first single — 'Tears Of A Clown'.

They formed in February this year, started gigging around Birmingham at the end of March, met up with, and subsequently went on tour with, fellow Brums and 2-Tonians The Selecter — this is getting almost incestuous — and through them met Specials control Jerry Dammers, who said they had "the 2-Tone sound" — which is not to say they are a ska band, The Beat point out, although people will undoubtedly label them as such. "But most people don't know what ska is, that's the funny thing," says bassist David Steele (no relation, and while we're on the subject the rest of The Beat are: David Wateling, guitar and lead vocals; Andy Cot, lead guitar and vocals; Everett Morton, drums; Ranking Roger, vocals and toasting; and Saxa, saxophone).

DS Continues: "They think everything on 2-Tone is ska but, like, Madness only have about six ska songs, and they call them a ska band, and we've only got about two ska songs, and they call *us* a ska band."

It all stems from when DW started thinking about the type of music he wanted to play. Although he liked both rock and reggae, he was dissatisfied with the way bands were segregating them.

"I liked music that was exciting, but for dancing, like punk — but punk was starting to disappear and something was going very wrong with pop. There was just nothing happening, and I wanted to create a totally distinct type of music.

"I was listening to two very distinct types of music, rock and reggae, and watching at parties. They used to work really well together. Rock'd get people up and dancing, reggae'd keep them moving, so I brought my two favourite kinds of music — a lot of people's favourite music — together.

"We started off doing strictly reggae numbers and strictly our own numbers, which were close to punk, and the idea was to move them towards each other and see what we could find in the middle. We got things like "Mirror In The Bathroom' and 'Big Shot': "it was a blend. It's the same thing as The Specials were trying to do really, only we're going about it in a different way."

"In what way you mean that?" Roger asks, apparently confused.

"Well, they're trying to stand up and do punk and reggae as well; they just call it ska."

Roger doesn't agree: The Specials are much nearer to ska while The Beat, as DW has been trying to explain are, "just punky reggae".

"But we can't play punk any more very well," DS chips in. "We've got some really early tapes, and we can't play punk songs like that any more, we just can't do it."

DW nods. "We've always tried to do reggae, but we've never been able to do *that.*"

Before they write themselves off totally I ask them some more about their up-and-coming single, a blend of rock, reggae — and soul? Because everything happened so quickly therefore, the already popular 'Tears Of A Clown' seemed the safest bet.

"It was only like a few weeks ago that The Specials said we could do a single before Christmas," says DS reverently, as if he still can't quite believe it. "We didn't think it was gonna happen that quickly. When we realised that it was, we knew we wouldn't have much time to get people to listen to the song, so we'd have to do one that they already knew, and 'Tears Of A Clown' had already been going down well live. People, like, were going crazy at gigs.

"If we'd done a song like 'Mirror In The Bathroom', which we'd always thought would be our single, well that's got quite depressing lyrics, hard lyrics, and it would have taken a few weeks for people to get into it, and right before Christmas it would probably have got lost y'know."

Andy: "Someone else could do it as well" (bring it out as a single) "I mean The Merton Parkas have got a really terrible version and it could also be re-released, so if we don't do it now we may lose our chance."

And after the single, which is only a one-off with 2-Tone? Apparently there have been a number of major labels sniffing around, Arista being the most inquisitive. The band seem unsure of what they want to do. Swept along in the flood of happening, I don't think their feet have quite touched the gound yet.

They are toying with the idea of starting their own label, as The Specials did, possibly signing other bands themselves in the future, but at the moment they are rather daunted by all it may involve. One thing they do know is, like Madness, they do not want to stay under the 2-Tone wing — no ill feeling or disrespect intended. They appreciate all the help 2-Tone have given them.

DS recalls the sudden change in audience reaction, from when they first played as an unknown band with The Selecter, and only had a very few people clapping and dancing, and then, a few months later, after they'd become associated with 2-Tone, the ecstatic welcome they got when they played London's Electric Ballroom.

"Everyone went mad, right from the start — yet we were exactly the same group playing exactly the same stuff."

"It's good when we play to black audiences too," DS prompts DW, "Yeah, one time we played was really amazing. We didn't realise it was gonna be a black audience, and we didn't know how they'd take to us doing covers of reggae songs an' all that. But as it was they loved it, they came up to us afterwards and said 'Oh it was great to hear them songs again."

"And we once played a gig with an all-black reggae band," DS adds, "and we were actually much better than them!" From shy, unsure beginnings, The Beat are becoming more confident and optimistic by the minute.

They have recently acquired a saxophone player, who was ill at the time of the interview and whom no one knew much about.

"It was something we'd thought about for ages," DW explains, "'cos we'd seen Saxa playing in these clubs ages ago, and we said then 'Oh if we ever get good enough it'd be amazing to have him in the band.

Estimates on his age vary between 45 and 60, with DW concluding that he was difinitely the wrong side of 50. The Beat's Saxa to The Specials' Rico?

They eagerly outline further plans for the future. DS: "Eventually we hope to get much weirder. I think there are three things you should have in a band: you should be sort of poppy, weird, and you should be able to dance to it." But he, and the rest of the band, is vague about what sort of weird effects.

DW: "Dunno, we're just sort of hanging in."

DS: "Dunno, the dubs, the dubs have to get a lot weirder, but we just haven't got the equipment."

Everyone laughs at the musings and indecisiveness. "If we ever try and really talk about our music," DW explains, "it's like the same as us trying to tell you what our music's about: we just end up arguing. We have totally different ideas. But that was the idea of it all really, trying to get together totally different ideas and ending up with one sound, y'know . . ."

Roger attempts, and I think does, put The Beat's ideas in a nutshell: "Now, I mean, well I reckon, well I would anyway, personally, right, and I think the rest of the band, "know ???" and he breaks off to search for a cigarette, leaving everyone as they should be: up in the air, expectant. Waiting for The Beat.

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YOUNG NEVER SPEAKS

Sometime in the last five months, Elliot Rubins, a little-known entrepreneur in the Los Angeles music business, chaperoned his close friend, erstwhile protege and budding film-maker Bernard Shakey to a radio station for an interview with local DJ and radio personality Mary Turner.

Shakey, a lanky, unkempt figure of Canadian origin, has so far directed two films, the first of which — a clumsy, pretentious odyssey with obvious debts to Fellini-style surrealism, entitled *Journey Through The Past* **— was declared a total aesthetic and commercial disaster when it appeared briefly in 1973. However his second work,** *Rust Never Sleeps,* **has been granted grander critical accolades, and has been reaping its due harvest at the American box-office.**

The one factor common to Mr Shakey's two films has been the presence of rock artist and part-time inconoclast Neil Young. This is hardly surprising because Bernard Shakey is nothing but a thinly-disguised alter-ego for Young himself, assumed whenever the Canuck expatriate chooses to work within the celluloid medium.

Mary Turner's interview — which took place about three months ago, after Young heard her programme on LA's Radio KMET and spontaneously decided to meet her — is the only official chat with the media that Young has consented to in many years, apart from a lengthy personal profile that appeared this spring in *Rolling Stone.* **It comes as part of a prolific year for Young, who released his film side-by-side with his most widely-acclaimed album in recent times, 'Rust Never Sleeps'. Young has just released the film's soundtrack — initially called 'Rust Never Sleeps' as well, but now less confusingly titled 'Live Rust'.**

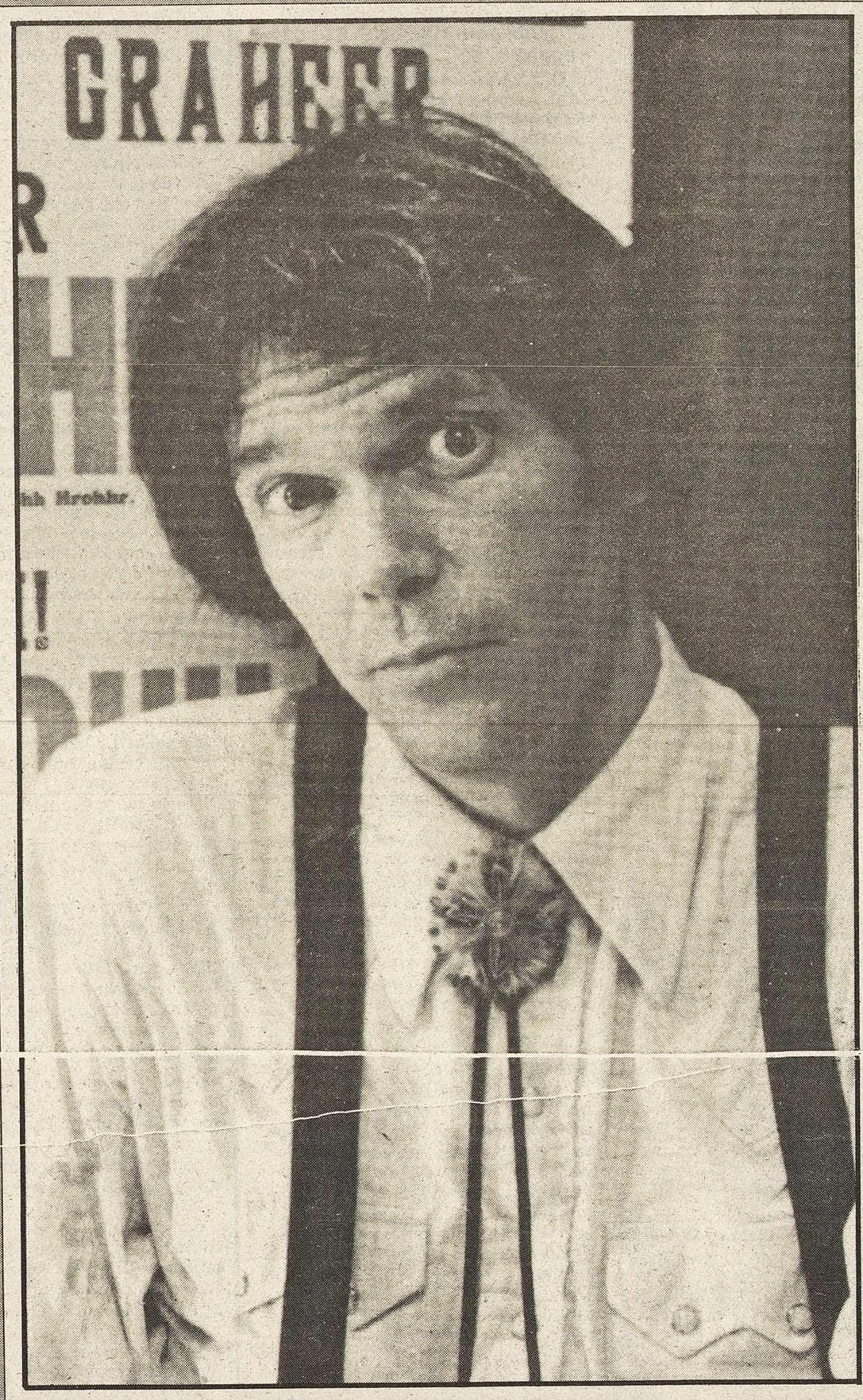
This year has also been deemed Young's most successful, in terms of shifting vinyl, since the MOR era of 'Harvest' back in 1972. 'Rust' hung in the US top ten for over two months, apparently out-selling 'Time Fades Away', 'On The Beach', 'Tonight's The Night' and 'Zuma' put together, proving finally that Young didn't need to get mellow and calculatingly dilute the true sting of his music in order to gain mass acceptance.

Rust Never Sleeps, the movie, has yet to find a distributor, independent or otherwise, willing to bring it to the British screens, although negotiations have been going on for several months. The movie, whose title was dreamt up by Devo, is essentially a concert film based on Young's last American tour. Scenes from the gigs, which took place earlier this year, featuring amongst other bizarre stage props a backline of gigantic fake amplifiers and a road crew dressed as Jedi Knights, form the basis of the narrative. There is also a sequence featuring the spud kings of middle America.

Since his interview with Mary Turner, the ever-reclusive Young has been seen by virtually nobody, and is believed to be at this moment adrift on a yacht somewhere in the Pacific.

The tape of the interview was recorded for Warner Bros and has been pressed in a 'Promotion Only' format for distribution to radio stations in the US. Lasting approximately an hour and interrupted by short snatches of Young's music, old and new, it captures the old rascal's sense of humour well, and provides a rare and intriguing insight into the man they left out of the *Woodstock* **movie.**

Doubtless the record will be bootlegged and flogged at the usual absurd prices; meantime we thought you might like to clock the contents for yourself:



....BUT JUST THIS ONCE ROCK'S TIGHTEST LIP UNBUTTONED ITSELF TO LOS ANGELES RADIO PERSONALITY MARY TURNER IN AN EXTENSIVE INTERVIEW.

LET'S talk primarily about the movie. It seriously is the best rock and roll movie I've ever seen. I'd be interested to know, when you set up the tour, and that stage set, was it set up with the movie in mind or did the idea of the movie come after that?
I think it all started when I looked at the pile of amplifiers I had when I was rehearsing. It was just such a gross pile of junk, I thought that onstage it would just look like we had this huge pile of stuff, so I thought maybe we could cover it with something . . . and then I thought: we could make a model of a little tiny Fender amp, but that's *huge* . . . and then, when I thought of that, I wanted to cover everything with all different kinds of amps . . . It just started and it didn't stop until it got to be what it is. There was no concept, it all just fell together. That's why it was so easy — and when something's really easy I think that's when it's the best, you know. It all fell together.

How about the roadies?
How about those guys? They've been with me for a long time — I've just never made them visible to anyone else. I saw them in Buffalo Springfield — they were there. They've been in my mind for a long time, but I've never shown them to the people.

I get the impression from watching you in the film and from the music of this album, it seems like you're having a lot better time than . . .
Than before?

Yeah.
Yeah, well that's true. I think I don't take it so seriously as before. When you look back at the old bands they're just not that funny; people want to be funny now, people want to have a good time. That's why the punk thing is so good and healthy, because the people aren't taking themselves seriously. They're saying you take yourself too seriously — the whole rock establishment — they're so carried away with themselves, and now they're there and everything, it doesn't really mean anything anymore. People make fun of the established rock scene, like Devo and the newer groups that are out now and several other groups like The Ramones and everything — they are much more vital to my ears than what's been happening in the last four or five years. I like Donna Summer though, I think she's pretty good.

Toot.
Beep beep. Hey mister! I like that kind of thing. But mostly the old rock and roll groups are just taking themselves too seriously, you know. It's like they know they're human and they're going to die pretty soon and they're all falling apart. It's not funny.

So people don't want to be bothered by that. They already saw those groups in their prime. That's why I think, do not take yourself too seriously and try to have a good time and *not* try to hold up what you've done as being right and try to stand behind it, I don't think that's the right thing to do. So this film is just . . . I guess it shows that I don't want to take it too seriously. Roadies and cones and all this.

At first people told me I was belittling my music by having all these props and everything around. Actually one reviewer *did* use the term belittle, because everything was so big, I don't know if he knew that was a play on words or not. I like it like this, to be able to do it and not be too serious about it y'know. This is better than the concert, especially for all my friends who could never handle a concert scene anyway, and I know that most of the people who listen to my music don't want to go to the forum. Some of them will — the forum's great, we had a good show and everything — but they don't want to go through all that. In a film you can see it up close if you want to see it; if you're into my music you'll enjoy it probably.

I don't know how it's going to make out with the regular movie-going audience who go to see James Caan and Lee Marvin and all those people, I really don't have any idea how it's going to make out in the big world, but it doesn't matter, it's finished now as far as I'm concerned. It's over except for the curtain.

That's a really interesting thing, you saying it doesn't matter. It really doesn't matter to you, does it?
How could it? It really doesn't affect anything, it's just the last thing I did. I don't know what I'm going to do next. I know I'm not just going to go out and make another album, because I'm supposed to. I have to wait until something happens to make me want to do it.

All the work you do you do for yourself?
I think so, yeah. I like it when people enjoy what I'm doing but if they don't I also like it. I sometimes really like aggravating people with what I do, I think it's good for them. It may sound pretentious to say something like that but I like to read somebody who saw 'Tonight's The Night' or heard 'Tonight's The Night' who's just so mad that I would put out a distorted record and have no respect for the craft I'm in. They don't know what they're talking about — as far as I'm concerned they don't, cos if I put out the same thing over and over again and made a perfect kind of record as I could make, like a 'Harvest' or 'There Comes A Time', well, two's enough. Maybe in five years I'll try another one like that, just to convince myself that I can do it.

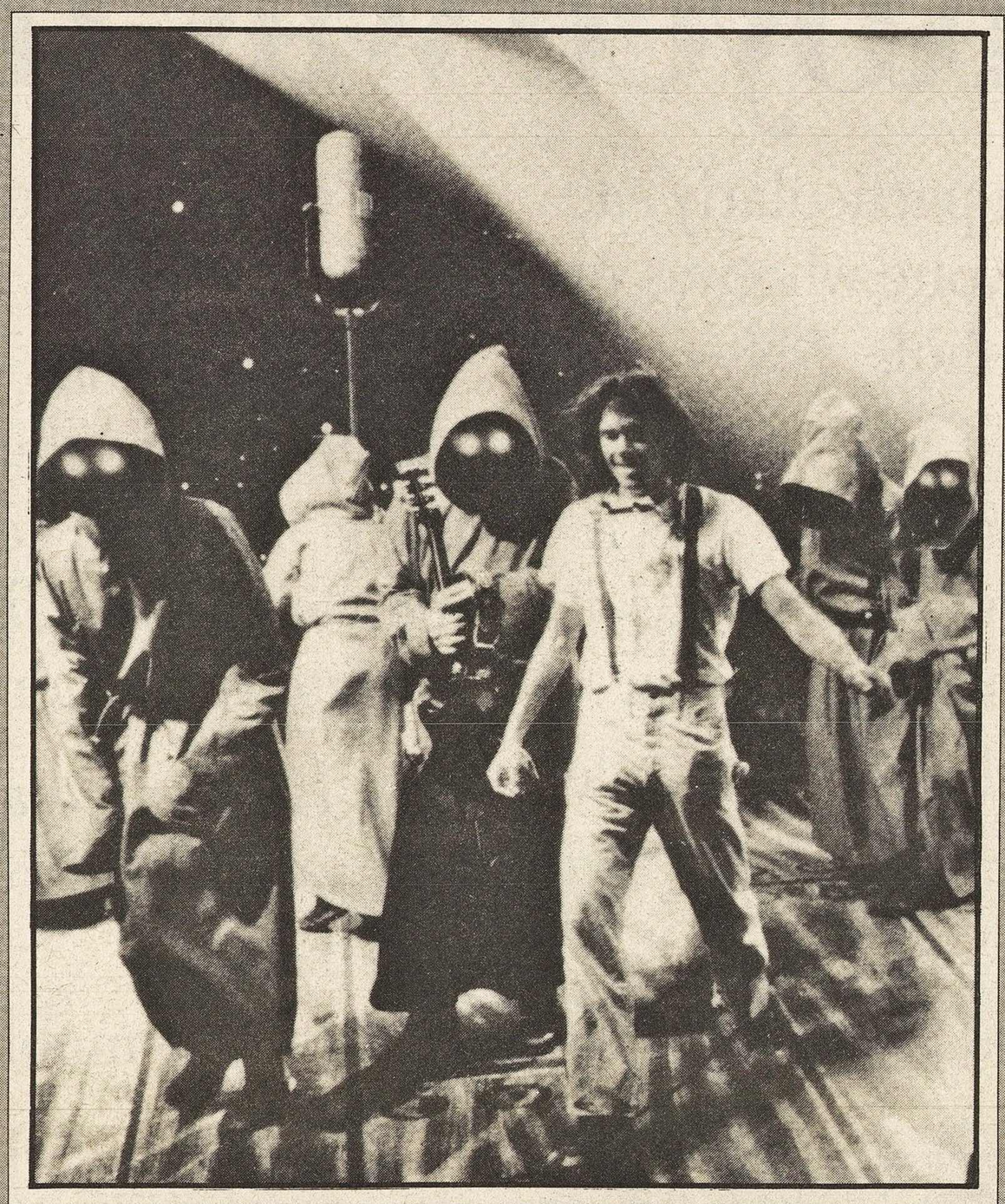
Is that what you're saying, in fact, that yesterday's heroes are today's boring old farts? But you said it in your own way: it's better to burn out than to rust.
I think so. I mean people want a star to be flashy and they want something that they don't have to relate to as being human. Things that are human, you have your moment then you go away, but stars are supposed to represent something else I guess; a super quality of, it's great — and once it isn't great people don't want to hear about it because that doesn't satisfy their illusion. They want something to be bigger than life or whatever, so I think that's where that came from: it's better to burn out than to fade away or rust. Cos it makes a bigger flash in the sky.

Where did the title 'Rust Never Sleeps' come from?
Actually I didn't think of the title myself. Some friends of mine from Akron Ohio used to be in an advertising company, and they had a client who was a rust inhibitor and they came up with this slogan RUST NEVER SLEEPS. They're musicians, and we were playing and I had this song and I sang *"rust never sleeps"* during 'Out Of The Blue' or 'Hey Hey My My' or whatever you want to call it. We sang that and then I said, "Don't worry about the lyrics: if you can't remember the words I wrote, just make up your own lyrics, it doesn't matter". So the first thing he said instead of *"it's better to burn out than it is to rust"*, he said: *"It's better to burn out cos rust never sleeps"*. And it caught my ear. I said, Wow. Right off they were better lyrics than I did; it makes more sense to me.

I can relate to 'Rust Never Sleeps'. It relates to my career, you know: the longer I keep on going, the more I have to fight this corrosion. And now that's gotten to be like the World Series for me. The competition's there, whether I will corrode and eventually not be able to move anymore and just repeat myself until further notice or whether I will be able to expand and keep the corrosion down a little. So that's it.

Another lyric that they changed was, it goes, *"The king is gone but he's not forgotten/this is the story of Johnny Rotten"* and then they changed it to *"The king is gone but he's not a dud/this is the story of Johnny Spud"*. That's

"Stealing a pick-up truck with Jimi Hendrix was one of the highest points of my life."



"OK gang, the gig's over, the first round is on Stephen Stills."

Devo.

So it was Devo and there was a Devo in the film.
Yeah, there was a Devo-type character descending down on our stage from very high above, sort of like a sign of things to come. I suppose out with the old and in with the new.

You've been in a couple of other movies before and you seem to have a great interest in film. If you had to pick, career-wise, would you be able to choose film or music?
I wouldn't be able to make the choice. I'd like to do more films and I probably will. I'm set up to do it: I have a studio for editing films and doing soundtracks. It's something I planned on for a long time, and I knew I was going to get into. But this is my second film — probably the first film most people would notice — and in the future I'd like to do more, I don't know what kind, or in what capacity or whatever. I really don't have any plans right now at all.

Have you thought about script-writing?
No, I could never write something down. I can never write more than half a page at a time. I guess I've read 50 to 100 scripts — but not really, cos I only read the first couple of pages and then I just put it down cos I just can't relate to it. Some people write great scripts and they sit on executive desks and they decide that it's fantastic and they spend millions of dollars on it, and I read the same script and say it's a piece of crap — and then you'll see the movie and it'll be great, but the script . . . I don't know, at school I tried to make it up and keep it spontaneous as you go along. You might want a list — you know, a one-page list might be good, with improvising characters. That's the way I would do it.

So many of your songs would be a perfect treatment right there. You tell stories in your songs.
Well, that's the movie right there. Everybody has their own little movie for the song, but you try to say what the picture is and you're on a very dangerous path. If you try to make a picture of what the song is you ruin it for everyone. It's like a woman taking off her clothes too soon or something. You just got to leave it up to the imagination.

JUST how lonely is it at the top, Neil?
When I get there I'll drop you a line.

Who is that guy Bernard Shakey?
Oh, just another guy. He's a film director, editor, does a great job with my stuff. I have total confidence in him.

You have a new technological innovation in your film called Rust Division — since this is radio and people can't see the rust falling off your guitar.
You can see the rust falling off the hamburger right now! It's a very high tech thing. Few people understand it actually, but you put on these glasses and at certain points, especially in the older songs, you can see it and you can tell where the band starts to falter. First of all it starts under your fingernails, you know, sort of like dirt, but with the glasses on if you're tuned in you can see it falling all over the floor of the stage, running down the chord of my guitar and everything. If the folks come and see the movie I'm sure they won't be disappointed. They'll see as much rust as they ever thought they'd see.

For a long time you were apart from Crazy Horse and now you're back together, playing better than ever. How did that reunion come about?
Well, we went through a lot of changes. One of the original members died, so that had a profound effect on our . . . you know, we just couldn't play anymore. So we had to wait and see what happened and eventually it came back together again.

Also I just went off a different way, so I didn't just repeat myself over and over again. I just stepped out in a different direction and took a different tack.

Crazy Horse is a very soulful feeling for me. They give me a support that no-one else can give me, they afford me the possibilities of doing more with my guitar and my voice and feeling than anybody else. So that's why we still play together.

Sure looks like you're having a good time together.
I know my musician friends, a lot of people, think we play simple, and the bass is so simple there is no finesse and everything. But we're not trying to impress anybody, we just want to play with the feeling. None of us can play that fast, we can play it very slow, very slow, we can play extremely slow, but not fast, we just can't do it. Maybe it's rust, I don't know.

'Like A Hurricane' gets cooking, it's pretty good.
Yeah, but if you listen to that I never play anything very fast. And all it is is four notes on the bass, just keeps going down, Billy plays a few extra notes now and then, and the drum beats the same all through. It's like a trance we get into. Sometimes it does sound as if we're really playing fast, but we're not. Everything starts swimming around in circles, and everything starts elevating and it transcends the point of playing fast or slow or anything like that — lucky for us, cos we can't play fast.

'American Star And Bars' is a story about that, er . . . oh, tell me how you came up with it, that title.
Well originally the concept was to have two sides on the album: one was American and one was stars and bars. One was going to be American history and the other was going to be American social comment, the bar culture kind of thing where I was at at the time — you know, drunk on my ass in bars. So I couldn't remember the American history part so we left that out — so that's where that one came from.

You had a hand I think in not discovering but bringing to public attention a lady in the last couple of years named Nicolette Larson. Can you tell me how that happened?
Ah, Linda Ronstadt introduced me to her. I called Linda up one day as I was doing 'Stars And Bars' and I said, 'Do you know any girls who can sing really good? I want them to come down to my ranch and sing a couple of tunes, it won't take very long. So she said, Yeah, I know — there's Nicolette, and I'll come too. And I didn't expect her to come and I really felt great that she came. So they came up for a couple of days and we ran through the tunes and I was recording in the other room and once I got a good recording I just sent them back and that was it. They thought we were rehearsing and going in the studio but we were finished before that.

They thought you were just rehearsing and you were recording?
Yeah. They're nice girls. We were calling them The Saddle Bags during Crazy Horse And The Saddle Bags.

Nicolette had a good hit with one of your songs too, huh?
Yeah, sort of a disco version of 'Lotta Love' there. Beep beep toot toot, hey mister!

You're into disco. I can tell. (No kidding — Ed.)
I'm into good disco. Donna Summer — that's good stuff. 'Hot stuff' — that's good music. Some of that other crap is just post-hippie elevator music though, I hate that stuff.

YOU have some great lines on the new album. One in particular is "I'd give a thousand pelts to sleep with Pocahontas".
If I was a trapper. Yeah, sounds like a good deal to me.

Do you think about being Canadian at all?
A world citizen I suppose is what I am. I went to ten different schools before I quit. I didn't grow up anywhere in particular. Not yet anyway. No I never did: I was in Winnipeg for a while and Toronto and all over Canada really. Different places. Even when we lived in the city we never lived on the same street for too long, y'know.

Well how'd you end up in L.A.?
Well I knew if I came down here I'd have a shot at getting something going musically. In Canada if I'd taken a shot at it I probably would have done real well but still nobody would have known — there are just not enough people up there. If you're going to take a shot at it you've got to take a shot from a place where you can see what you're shooting at. In Canada there's too many bushes in the way.

But you knew from an early age that music was what you wanted to make your life.
Yeah. I'd say from age nine. I started writing songs when I was about 12.

So from that time round your dream was to head south.
Yeah. There's a song 'Don't Cry No Tears' I wrote before I was 15. Some different lyrics, but only a few.

Did you come to L.A. cold or did you know people here?
I didn't know anybody down here. I was lucky to run into Steve Stills, who I'd met in Canada. He was a touring folk musician. Touring is a little loose expression for what he was doing, but we met up in Canada and when I met him down here he was like the only guy I knew, so we started that group.

It must have really been fun in those days. Something new was starting in L.A.
It was good. Today's just as much fun though. It really is — maybe even more. It was good, but we didn't know what we were doing so we didn't know how much fun we were having until it was over. Everybody thought, Wow that must have been a lot of fun. We were just there.

How many years was Buffalo Springfield?
18 months.

Wow. I thought it was longer than that.
The time between my last record and this one was the total amount of time Buffalo Springfield had.

That's amazing to me.
Yeah, it blows my mind every once in a while when I think about it too.

So what was the very next step after that?
Well, I sorta dropped out of the group. I couldn't handle it, I don't know why, but something inside of me felt like I wasn't quite on track. I think it was when we booked *The Johnny Carson Show*. Right around the time of Monterey Pop Festival. I don't know, I had a really negative attitude about all of those things, about the pop festivals and Woodstock. I thought it was going to be a joke and I went there but I wasn't really into it. It was so big and everything — I didn't know what we were doing, and I saw all these people . . . It wasn't like it seems now. It was great for the people and for a lot of the musicians I guess, but for me I didn't even know what I was doing there. I still don't know. I know that I couldn't hardly hear myself when we were playing and I didn't know if the people could hear us. I saw the movie and I wasn't in it, so maybe I wasn't too good there, I don't know. Seeing Jimi Hendrix in a pickup truck in an airport about ten miles from the site when he came in and we came in on these chartered planes and we were riding in this stolen pick up truck with Hendrix and all these people — I remember that more than the show.

I think stealing a pickup truck with Hendrix is one of the high points in my life.

Is he one of your particular heroes?
Absolutely the best electric guitar player that ever lived.

In the movie you have a Jimi Hendrix button on your guitar strap.
Yeah, right. Somebody gave it to me just before I went out there and I said alright. It was in black and white, it wasn't a colour button.

Is it still on your guitar strap?
Yeah, it is. It's starting to corrode very badly now though — I think I might take it off. You gotta preserve Jimi and don't let him rust any more now.

So then after Buffalo Springfield you took a hiatus?
What's a hiatus? That reminds me of a place where the Kennedys go for a summer vacation. Hiatus alright. What's a hiatus, a vacation?

Yes, some time off to get . . . for yourself. What did you do?
After Springfield? Started working on my own record, right away. Couldn't get off Atlantic fast enough. I mean only because I wanted to be separated from the Springfield. I didn't want to be a member of the Springfield, competing with other members of the Springfield on the same label.

Was there any kind of bitterness between you guys?
Oh yeah, sure, but it wore off. You know, I mean we were young. We were all emotionally involved to the point where, you know, we were still growing up. We didn't know what was happening to us.

So then you started your own project and got involved in someone else's too at the same time. That must have been incredibly gruelling.
What?

The Crosby Stills and Nash . . .
Oh, well that was nice cos when Stephen came up to the house and asked me if I'd play with them and everything, I knew they must have needed me for something. I guess it was a live part where they didn't have enough electric guitars or something and rock and roll to maintain over the folk harmony thing. When I first joined the group they didn't want to use my name, they just wanted it to be Crosby Stills and Nash. I thought, well what's in it for me? I could still play guitar, but eventually they saw the point, that it should be "*And* Young" on the end.

In that group I was always like an add-on. Even when we played live I didn't come out at first, I came out later on. Which in some ways was good for me, it separated me. I really didn't want to be just grouped in with a bunch of other people, even if I thought they were great. I wanted to be by myself cos I thought it was easier to get around, you know.

Do you suppose in your wildest imagination that there will ever be a concert with Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, maybe, perhaps? . . .
Maybe in my wildest imagination there might be. It's possible. Who cares?

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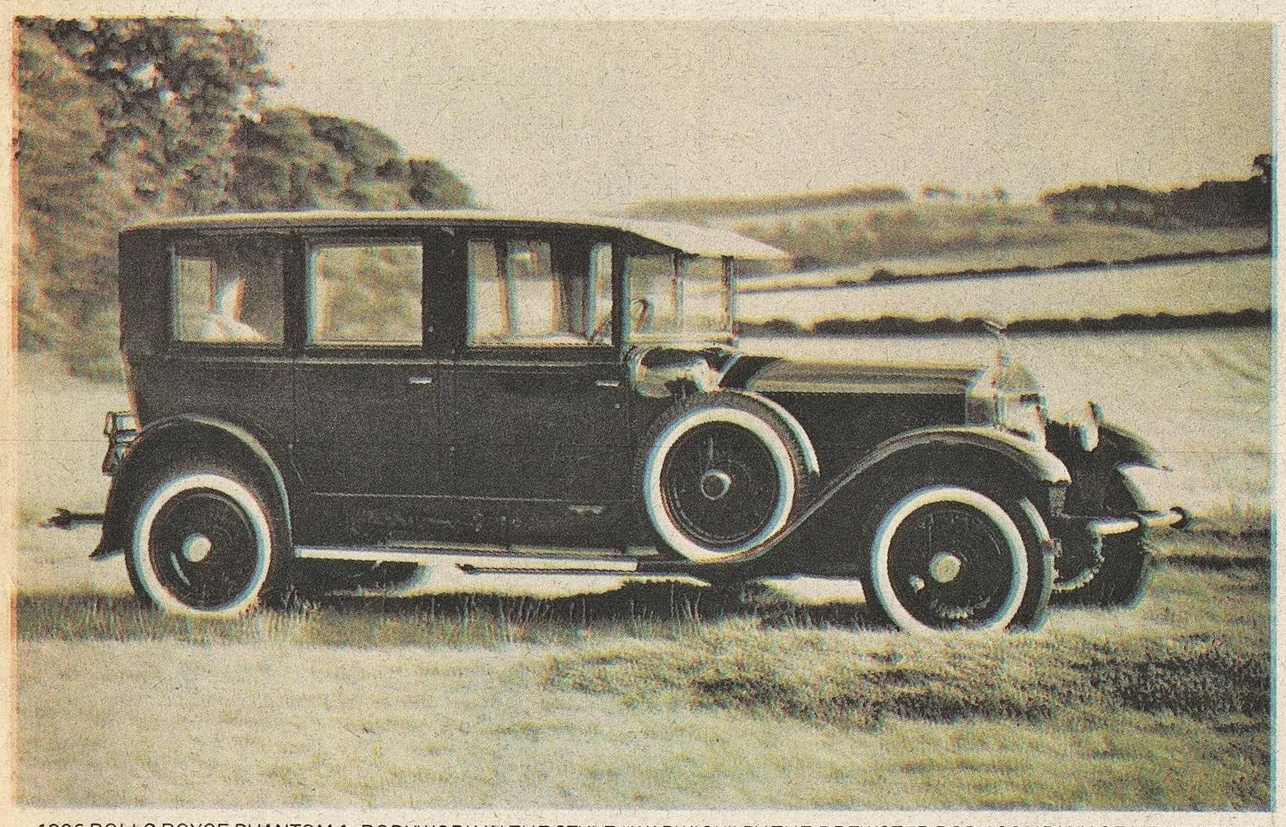

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He created a unique drink the recipe of which eventually ran to over 100 pages.

It was smoothness itself.

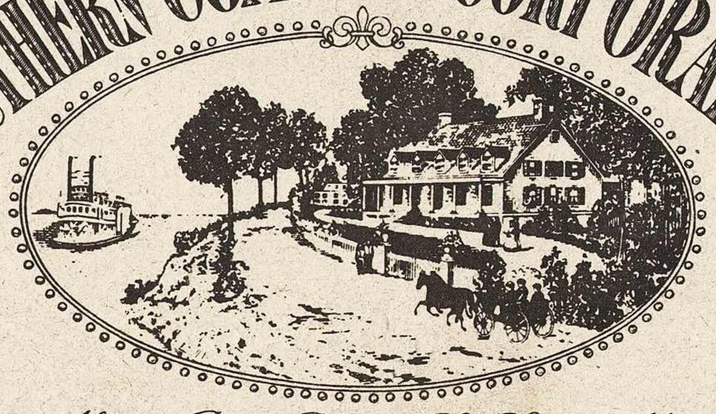
It had a rich amber glow, and a flavour of quite indescribable subtlety.

Yet, even when blended with ice and soda it had a warmth that could take the chill out of the seemingly never-ending years of Prohibition.

And whenever you wanted to check your supply, you didn't have to open the secret cocktail cabinet.

If there wasn't rattling under the floorboards, you were out of Southern Comfort.

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION



1220 North Price Road, St. Louis, Missouri.

the loudest noise in this e of Southern Comfort.

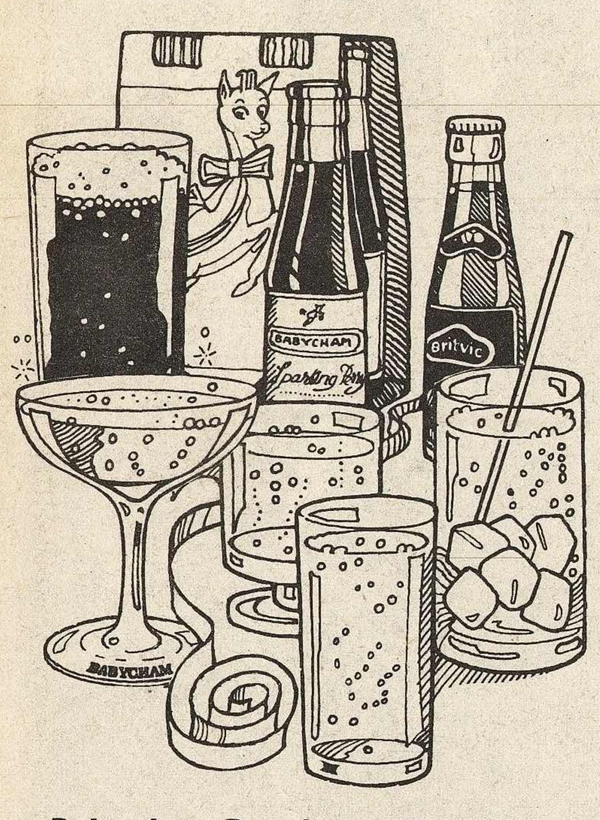
You want a great party?

Baby you've got it!

Never given a party before? Don't worry, you're a Babycham girl, which means you've got the confidence, got the style to pull off the best party of the season. Just get yourself a bottle of Babycham Dry from the fridge (only 59 calories a bottle), put your feet up and read on. The party's about to begin!

Babycham. A great way to mix.

Babycham makes a super sparkling base for all sorts of different and delicious cocktails. Ask your favourite man to be barman and get your party off to a sparkling start with these easy-to-make cocktails:



Babycham Peachtree: Half fill a large glass with ice. Then pour in equal quantities of peach juice (bought from any big supermarket) and Babycham or Babycham Dry.

Babycham Pimms: Blend a bottle of Babycham and a measure of Pimms. Top up with lemonade.

Babycham Black Mist: Pour Babycham into a glass and top up with half a pint of Guinness.

Babycham Florida: A bottle of Babycham topped up with a bottle of Britvic orange juice.

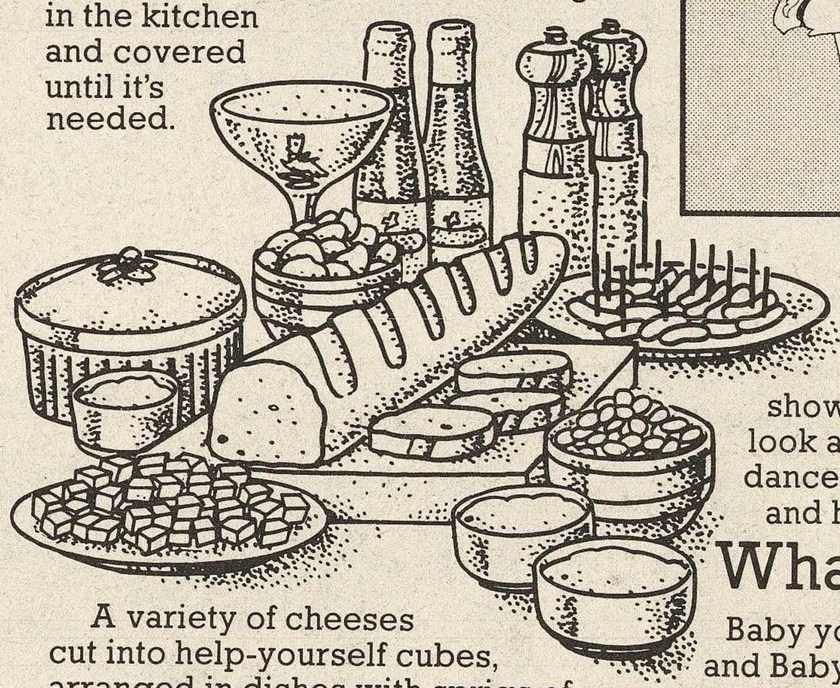
These are all long cool drinks that take almost no time to make.

Well, you don't want your favourite man tied to the bar all night, do you?

Baby you've got it!

A thought for food.

Don't slave away in the kitchen while your guests enjoy themselves! Have bowls of nuts, crisps and savouries around for the early arrivers and nibblers. Make the main food something that can be arranged in the kitchen and covered until it's needed.



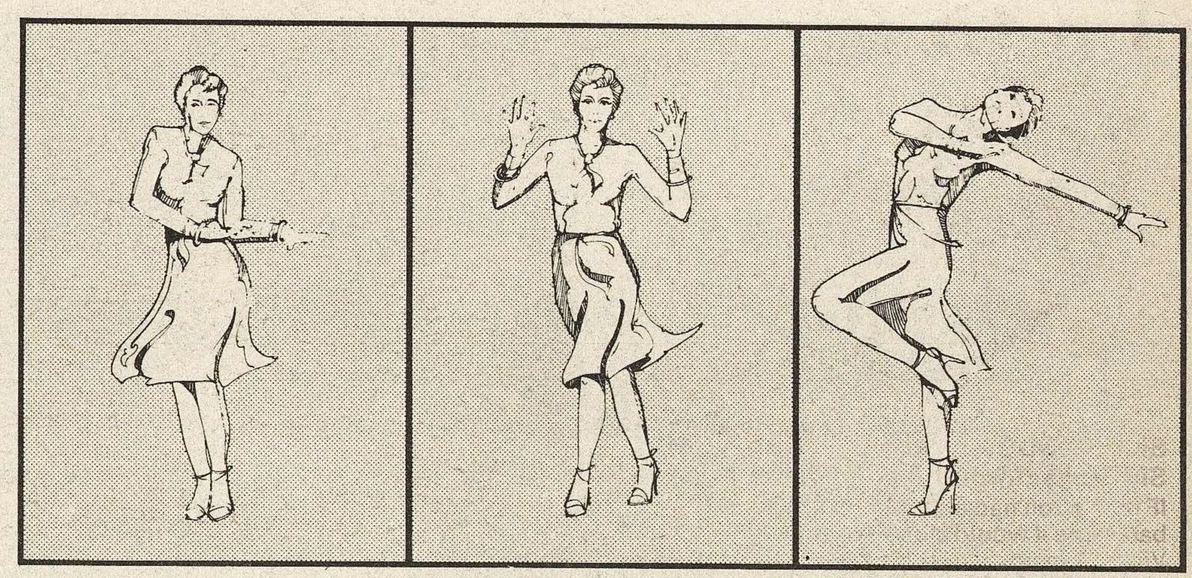
A variety of cheeses cut into help-yourself cubes, arranged in dishes with sprigs of watercress, looks attractive and can be made well in advance. Paté spread on biscuits and decorated with tomato and cucumber slices goes down well. Sausages hot from the oven are delicious, and French bread tastes extra good put in the oven for ten minutes to warm through.

For food that's simple and easy to eat, paper plates are perfect. But to get the most enjoyment from Babycham, and your other party drinks, ask at your local off-licence if you can hire glasses. It's not expensive, and it makes all the difference . . . Because Baby, you're a Babycham girl and that means you've got style.

A flash on fashion.

This is your party and you're going to look great. Organise yourself so you have enough time to get ready. Have your clothes and make-up sorted out well in advance so everything is ready. Babycham girls never panic! Sparkling make-up goes with your style and it's right in fashion. Look for glittering eye shadows and translucent powder with shimmering highlights. Then wear something as sparkling as you. Wear jet black teamed with bright colours: pink, turquoise or purple. You've got the style that brings it all together – and when you've got it together sip a cool, sparkling glass of Babycham and you're ready for the action to begin!

Baby you've got it!



Babycham girls are right in step.

Learn a simple routine like the one shown here and you'll look as good as any disco dancer. Now practise dancing and holding a glass of Babycham! Sounds tricky? Give it a try. It'll not only give you more poise as you move, but a glass of Babycham is your ideal partner, as sparkling and as full of life as you!

What's the drink that's got your style?

Baby you've got it! Buy Babycham and Babycham Dry, cool them in the fridge, and your party's already off to a great start. You want all the style and confidence you can get? Baby you've got it in the Babycham Party Planner. This twelve page booklet's got it all – from invitations to great party recipes. And it's FREE with four foil tops from Babycham or Babycham Dry. If you're 18 years of age or over, just send your name and address and foil tops to:

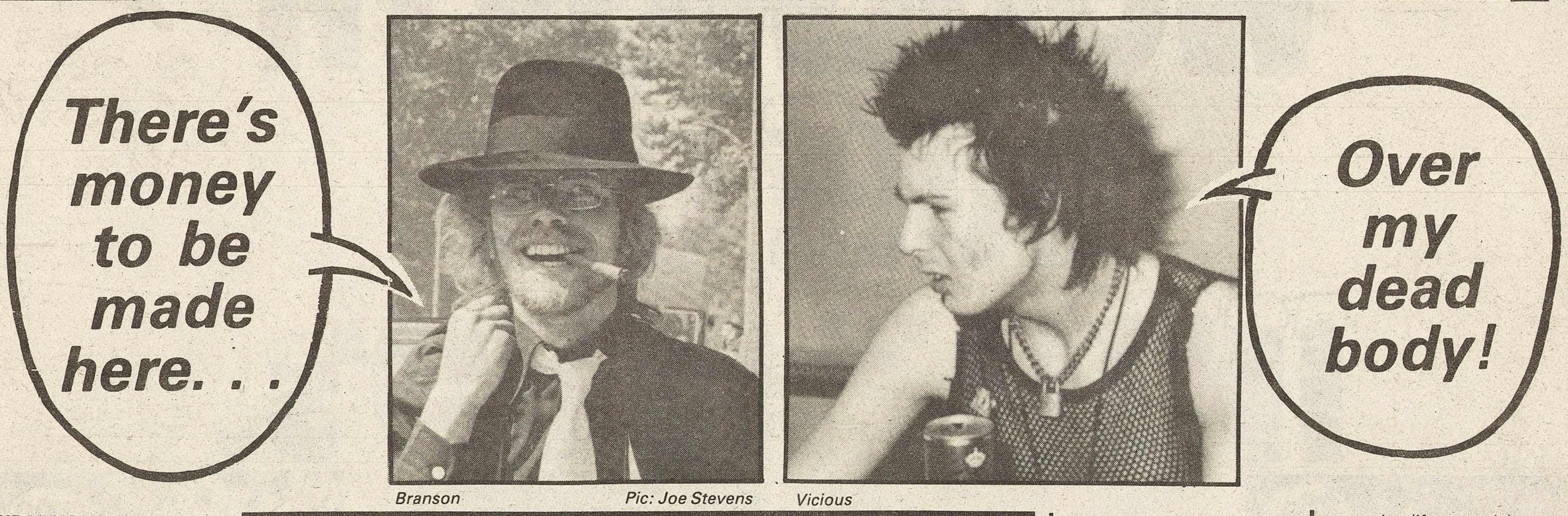
Babycham Party Planner,
Showerings Limited, Kilver Street,
Shepton Mallet, Somerset.

Please allow up to 28 days from posting your application for delivery.

Baby you've got it!

BABYCHAM Baby it's got it!

ALBUMS



Branson — Pic: Joe Stevens — Vicious

Virgin on the pathetic

SID VICIOUS
Sid Sings *(Virgin)*

IF rock'n'roll had any backbone it would close Virgin Records down. It would turn on the dumb, useless, blind twistos who scrape together muck like this album, proudly sporting its swastika logo; it would choke them on their own prissy art campaigns, rub their faces in the consequences of their stupid doodling.

The bright young things at Virgin have seen fit once more to break down our repression and 'amusing' hysteria about swastikas, or some such dozy drivel. I wonder where these geezers live? I wonder how often they stroll down Club Row in East London on Sundays and see the growing cliques of Nazis clustering around the German memorabilia stalls? I don't mean NF or British Movement — though those organisations are their only voice just now — I mean real SWASTIKA-wearing Nazis with more violence in their eyes than Virgin Records could ever set themselves up to 'liberate' us with or from.

Whatever candyfloss notions may absorb the minds of the people behind Virgin's Sid campaign, let me put it in capitals *what actually is* outside the fabulous world of Kings Road thinking. THE SWASTIKA MEANS DEATH. THE SWASTIKA IS A SYMBOL OF GRIEF, HORROR AND UNBEARABLE SUFFERING FOR MILLIONS. THE SWASTIKA IS A SIGN OF SUCH LIVING DANGER THAT NO STUPID LITTLE ADMEN SHOULD EVER DARE TO SEE FIT TO RE-INTERPRET IT VIA SOMETHING AS TRIVIAL AND IDIOTIC AS ROCK'N'ROLL.

So now they'll whine about "hysterical radical chic journalists" and giggle throughout reviews like this, perhaps even putting it on their wall or even turning it into an ad.

Oh yeah, and the swastika is a sign of peace that just got mis-used, you'll tell me. That holds true if you're a history don or else living in the middle ages — but we all know what a swastika is and what it fuels . . . even artists and admen. Especially to the purchasers of something like this barely intelligible heap of pub rock from Vicious.

Sorry boys, the old hip school sneer only works amongst your own little coffee set and in the minds of under-educated headcases out to prove they ain't losers. But then again, John Tyndall, Martin Webster and apparently Richard Branson don't care what type of person joins their club so long as the fee is paid. Swastikas in exchange for waterbeds and country homes. One day you're gonna eat your bull-chic.

Repressed? Not me son, I'm wide awake and on the street. And there's a growing thug undercurrent out here that is frightening.

You're just a little part of it.

Danny Baker

MOTORHEAD
On Parole *(UA)*

MOTORHEAD'S Lemmy wants it both ways. On the one hand, he says this album (recorded but not released four years ago) "doesn't sound very good at all". On the other, he's angry because UA didn't put it out at the time. But if it "doesn't sound very good at all", maybe UA were right?

In fact, they were wrong. It's a good deal better than you'd expect, even if it lacks the manic bluster of their last two Bronze albums. One reason for this, no doubt, is that it was recorded before punk rock (you remember punk rock?) made a more energetic approach obligatory.

Another reason is Larry Wallis's guitar-playing: more intelligent, more decorative, more sophisticated than latterday Motorhead, and totally wrong for their low-brow belligerence.

Wallis's songs are equally bright. 'Vibrator' has some nice jokey (and audible) lyrics that suggest Larry's Feelgoods song 'As Long As The Price Is Right' was no fluke.

On balance though, if you like Motorhead for their sleazy grandeur, then this album is not for you. Only three songs — 'Motorhead', 'On Parole' and 'Leaving Here' — come close to their present high level of regression. This album is insufficiently dumb, noisy, and reckless, but good in parts for the wrong reasons.

Bob Edmands

VARIOUS
Tooth and Nail
(Upsetter)
GERMS
Germs *(Slash Records)*

'TOOTH and Nail' contains tracks by six Los Angeles punk bands — The Controllers, Flesh Eaters (whose singer / songwriter Chris Desjardins also produced this album), U.X.A., Negative Trend, Middle Class and Germs — but if it weren't for the variable pitches of vocal abrasion you could be forgiven for believing it was just one band, running as fast as they can before somebody shoots them.

The instrumentation sounds like somebody hoovering in the background, while the vocalists scream and shout to be heard over the din, although what they are saying, on the whole, is indecipherable (you do get the words on the inner sleeve — it's just that they forgot to give them to the vocalist).

Kid Spike, a.k.a. Chris D of Flesheaters, omits crude, animalistic garglings from the back of his throat which, when I think about it, may bear reference to the band's name and the first track 'The Word Goes Flesh'. Real decadent, huh?

Oh, and while we're on the subject of vocals you may remember (if you read the piece I wrote a while back after a visit to L.A.) my references to various L.A.-style Siouxsie, Polystyrene, Elvis Costello et al impersonators. Well here's another one, De Detroit of U.X.A., viz a viz Pauline Penetration. U.X.A., by the way, stands for 'United EXperiments of America' the title of their second track contribution and theme tune. Neat, huh?

The Germs provide the last three tracks, all of which can be found on their independent Germs' album, produced by Joan Jett no less (yeah, honest). Someone's still hoovering in the background — must have used the same recording studios I guess.

The music hurtles through 10 tracks on one side, six on the other, with the velocity of a bullet which never connects and eventually, thankfully, falls to the ground, spent and harmless.

I'll go along with the *L.A. Weekly's* review of 'Tooth And Nail' and broaden it to encompass Germs. I think they dub the former "adequate", which according to the Oxford English, means: "Sufficient; such as meets need".

Deanne Pearson

GODLEY & CREME
Freeze Frame *(Polydor)*

OLD enough, bored enough, cynical and unispired enough to let their obsessive hailstorm of academic imagery completely cloud the remaining rags of their vision, Godley & Creme at last make a music to match.

It sounds something like this: endless stacks of freezer-fare noises, dehydrated, crunchy, flat and soulless; vocals force-fed through pitch modulators, strangled like rusting I-Speak-Your-Weight machines, or fuzz-boxed to extinction; over-treated hunks of 'Original Soundtrack'-type operetta, musicals, rambling acoustic guitar and anaemic rock'n'roll. It's an odious racket, an expensive waste of time.

GC 'lateral think' so much their brains seem to sidle away like a couple of crabs, snapping ineffectually at the vast, part-amusing, part-threatening world that surrounds them. 'An Englishman In New York' is a stupefying spaghetti of literary cross-reference to spice up an archetypal "junk food's so *horrible,* and the sidewalks are crawling with alligators"-type Anglophile viewpoint. 'I Pity Inanimate Objects' comes over like Magritte reading *Supernature,* and the title track finds them bubble-bathing in a mass of their self-important, inane phobias.

GC have nothing new to say, and say it with too much style. They have nothing new to play, and play it to death.

Mark Ellen

Are you ready for the definitive Wreck?

WRECKLESS ERIC
The Whole Wide World
(Stiff Import)

THIS one's a totally tasteful compilation from the life's works of Wreckless Eric Goulden. He's the chaotic but talented trooper who's survived two Stiff tours only to wave off his partners in crime to the sunnier climes of (varying) chart success. It's issued by Stiff (N.Y.) as his American debut, and it's available in the UK on import at £4.78. A bargain.

So far, those Americans who encountered the Wreck's plaintive tones have done so via his two UK releases, 'Wreckless Eric' and 'The Wonderful World Of' The Same Person. Wisely shelving both the non-originals and the more commercially left-field of his own numbers, Stiff have shuffled together the four best off the former, six best off the latter, one single — 'Hit & Miss Judy', and a couple of B-sides, to make a neatly-tailored, instantly explosive package. If you're a believer that two slightly sketchy albums can one mean mother make, then here's the living proof. £4.78 buys you the Wreck in his Sunday best; gritty, goofy, large as life and twice as legless.

As regards the States, whether they'll take kindly to a tousled missing link between John Otway and Ray Davies who's turned the fag-end of a pub-rock 'n' roll '60s beat/boogie hangover into something of an art-form, your guess is as good as mine. Whatever, Stiff couldn't have dreamed up a worthier calling card for love nor money.

As they say, Stateside: take it easy, but take it.

Mark Ellen

Wreckless poses for the world's tallest photographer, David Corio.

CHARLES MINGUS
Tijuana Moods *(RCA)*
Live *(Affinity)*

MINGUS dying in Mexico, the passing away of a jazz genius, was one of the year's great sorrows. These two reissues, located at opposite ends of the spectrum of his various talents as composer, performer and arranger, indicate the extent of our loss.

'Tijuana Moods' is a classic of Mingus composition — his Mexican equivalent of Miles' 'Sketches Of Spain'. He leads a strong nine-piece band through beautifully modulated trips and textures an earthy, flamboyant 'Ysabel's Table Dance'; the weaving reflections of 'Tijuana Gift Shop'; the tender, almost regretful, crying of 'Flamingo', which also has marvellously poignant trumpet from Clarence Shaw.

'Live', by contrast, is raw and wild, an album of exhilarating gospel fervour Recorded at the Antibes Jazz Festival in 1960, it features a quartet of Mingus' most exciting sidemen, including brilliant reedsman Eric Dolphy, here on alto sax.

'Saturday Night Prayer Meeting' and 'Better Git It In Your Soul' prove a rough'n'tumble, exuberant pair, with the horns chasing each other in skittering, squirming delight while Mingus and drummer Dannie Richmond slap down pulsating rhythm. A finely paced 'Folk Forms No. 2' closes, but not before a superb Dolphy solo and dense, swinging interplay from all the group.

Mingus once said that the only thing we owe each other is the truth of our journey. These two albums are an integral part of his.

Graham Lock

WOOLWORTH TAKE OFF INTO THE 80's.

Commodores 'Midnight Magic' **80p OFF** Man. Rec. Price Woolworth Price **£4.89**

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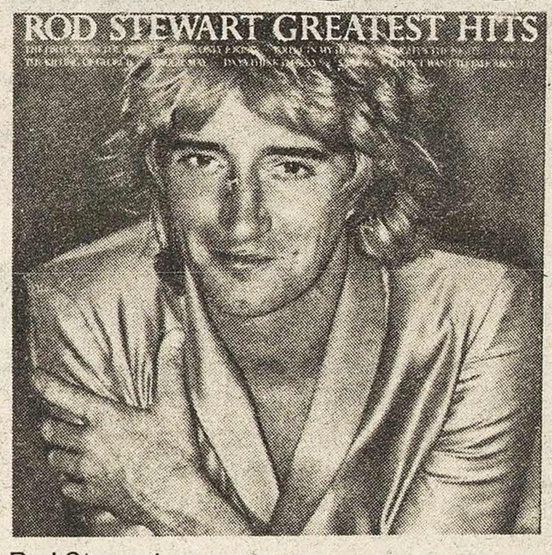

Rod Stewart 'Greatest Hits' Woolworth Price **£4.99**

The Police 'Regatta de Blanc' **£1 OFF** Man. Rec. Price Woolworth Price **£3.99**

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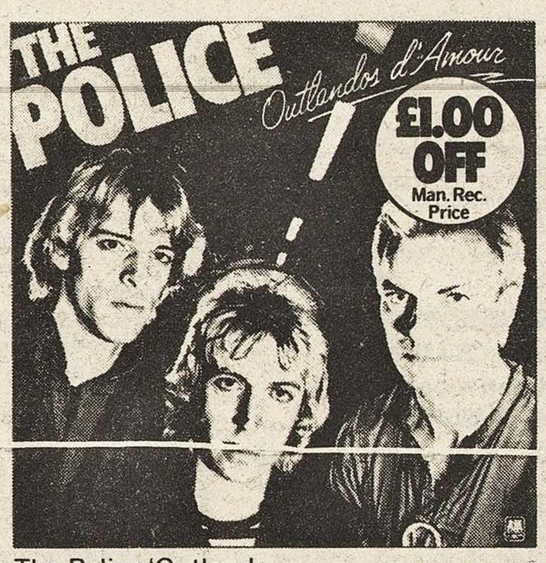
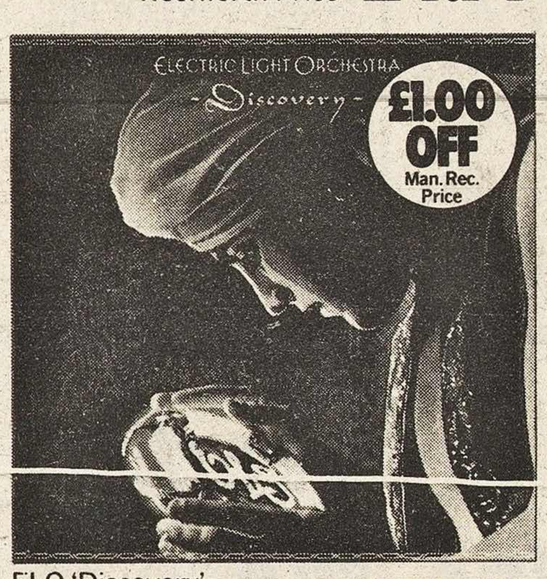
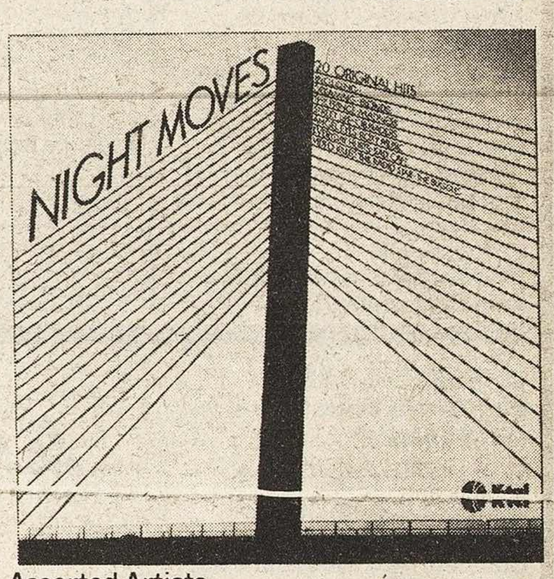


The Police 'Outlandos d'amour' **£1 OFF** Man. Rec. Price. Woolworth Price **£3.99**



ELO 'Discovery' **£1 OFF** Man. Rec. Price Woolworth Price **£4.49**



Assorted Artists 'Night Moves' Woolworth Price **£5.25**

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ELO 'Greatest Hits' **£1.20 OFF** Man. Rec. Price Woolworth Price **£4.09**

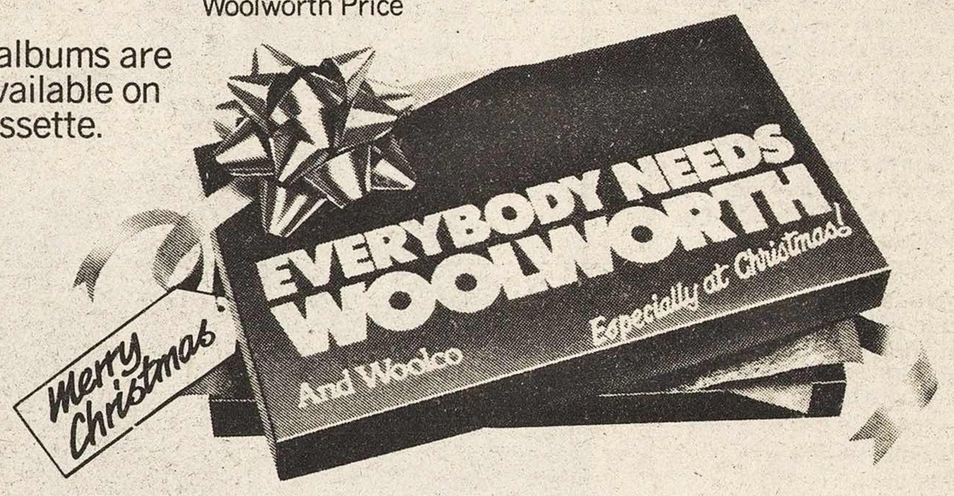
Stevie Wonder (Double LP) 'The Secret Life of Plants' **£2 OFF** Man. Rec. Price **£6.50** Woolworth Price

Adrian Brett 'Echoes of Gold' Woolworth Price **£4.99**

Just look for these super albums in the Woolworth Record Department! And, if you spend £3 or more you can enter the great 'Picture a Superstar' Competition (closes Jan. 31st 1980). First prize is a superstar holiday for two in the USA! Don't hang about – beat a path to your Woolworth Record Department. Now!

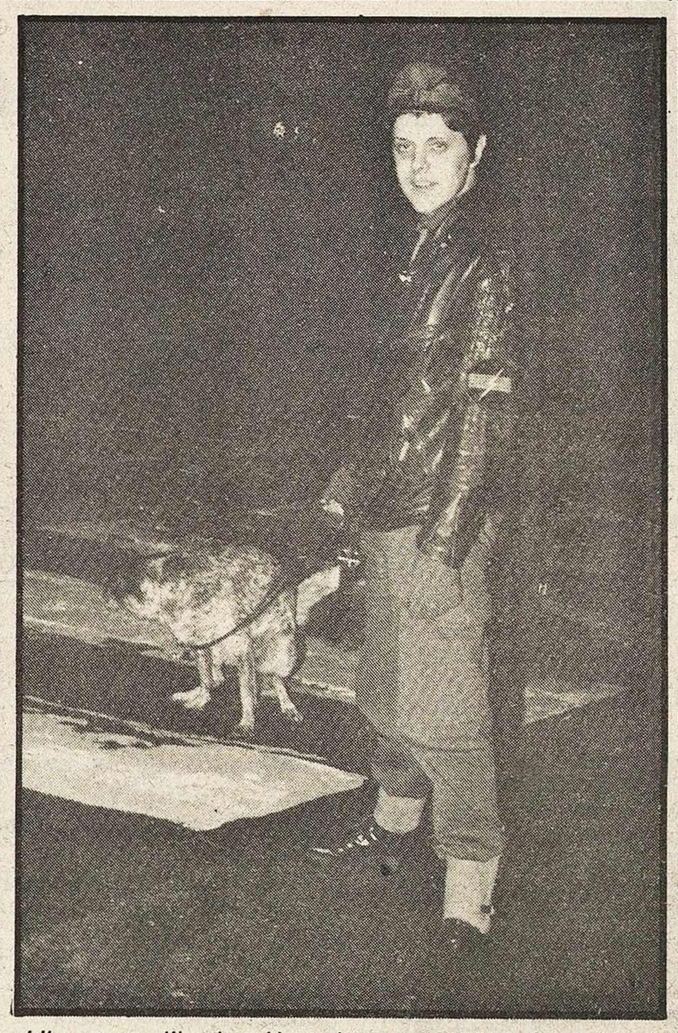
Fly PAN AM

These albums are also available on cassette.



Items subject to availability. Some items at larger stores only. Prices and availability of advertised products may be different in Northern Ireland, the Republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands.

New-look Adam vies for vacant vocalist spot in Pop Group. Pic: Philip Grey.



Like owner, like dog. Hound craps on zebra. Genesis P's on jazz-funk lovers. Pic: Sheila Rock.

Berks that lurk in the corners of your psyche

THROBBING GRISTLE
20 Jazz Funk Greats
(Industrial)
ADAM AND THE ANTS
Dirk Wears White Socks
(Do It)

ADAM And The Ants and Throbbing Gristle are shadowy extremes, lurking in dark corners, lethargically scratching through their overscrubbed private parts, grinning sweetly at anyone who glances their way. Come here little girl! It's a dreary indulgence.

The Ants are at the extreme of the Banshees-Joy Division line, Gristle of the Cabaret Voltaire-Normal, but neither really 'belong' or burst with the same naivety and spontanety, the compelling intimacy. Adam and the Gristle academics are very sharp, but far too tame. They lack the intuition and idiosyncrasy that makes for great art, resounding rock 'n' roll. They are playful analysts, but there is no passion in their work, no depth; actually, no shock, no risk and nothing really but a dubious battle with their own cunning.

TG have compiled a follow-up to their previous, equally glossy Christmas present, 'D.O.A. . .' This new bag of scraps has lyrics neatly printed on the back sleeve, surrounding a photograph of a reclining Range Rover. Words to 'Still Walking', 'Convincing People', 'Hot On The Heels Of Love', 'Persuasion', 'What A Day' and 'Six Six Sixties' are inscrutable and spare, lists rather than images, intoned with preoccupied mock-litany — on the brink of coy. Words that indifferently trace neutral desires.

The atmosphere of 'Jazz Funk Greats' is deliberately listless and loveless. Their pieces are winsome and sombre, electronic models lacking the humour and arrogance of Fripp-Eno's similar sounding treatments, the morose hilarity of The Human League, or even the persuasive pop detail of Gary Numan (in some ways Gristle's 'Greats' is the supercilious opposite to Numan's seductive blend of bewildered values and frozen noise).

It's an unstimulating, inconclusive sound, full of grubby textures and scattered effects, and will satisfy only the most self-conscious. Maybe that is some sort of success. But there is nothing to suggest that TG are cryptic critics or symbolic satirists, nothing that confirms their mystique. You can read much into the minimalist lines and landscapes to observe that TG have their eyes directed straight at this or that or a hell, but mostly I think they're just licking the lolly of conscious triviality, nonchalantly laying traps for the gullible.

One day TG will deliver the punch line and we'll all have a good giggle. Until then . . .

Adam of the Ants is a creature of style. This impertinent outsider takes his sneer/philosophy a lot more seriously than the Throb four. His mock-heroic escape into an improbable and meticulously immoral Ant-mythology is to some extent justified. Previous critics' casual dismissal of Adam, based on his superficial sensationalism of the Ants' choked erotica and falsely assumed fascists fascination, ignored the versatility of Adam's art.

His work merits dismissal because it fails to live up to his ambition, but his cleverness, his expert usage of words, his ability to hold distorted mirrors up to nagging conventions, deserves more serious attention than has so far gone his way. Abrupt dismissal adds weighty credence to his own considered defence of his work, which is gradually bringing him misguided respect and a growing following. The implication of this following (somewhere near Crass territory) is potentially more damaging than his sly, slick inventiveness could ever be.

Adam imagines himself to be a flawless marriage of Lenny Bruce, Lou Reed and Jean Genet; ridiculing and hopefully ridding through exaggeration and absurd examination all manner of dark secrets and burdensome taboos. How he does this will undoubtedly offend *Daily Express* readers, ELO listeners and those who find baggy leather trousers and eye make-up on males strange.

On the other hand, faced with Adam's diligently organised decadence, the rest of us can feel little threat in Adam's vividly structured attacks on and denials of conventional codes and rituals. Adam may toss off expertly, may have useful targets, but his work has the deadened air of contrivance rather than the sensual and scouring (re)defining and defiling of his mentors. He uses old techniques without any new urgency.

Monroe, Cleopatra, God, John F Kennedy, Buddy Holly, the Pope, all float helplessly at the foreground of his fantasies; spunk, brains on Jackie Onassis' knee, piss are greedily mixed away in the background. Love is placed inside inverted commas, a 'digital tenderness'. Religion is one hell of a let down, people are not to be trusted. Unless, of course, they share his posturing. Somewhere, sometime, Adam sees a saviour; it's probably himself, but that's nothing to be condemned.

But Adam is limited by his own self-indulgence, and his songs, though certainly ingenious, are ultimately pale and heartless. His Kennedy flashback 'Catholic Day' is more kitsch than horror. His vision of God as a big boy with a big cock and streaks in his hair is mildly amusing but reveals more Adam's insecurity and careful unpleasantness than any infallibility in religion or disturbing immorality. Though a potent actor, Adam is just ineffective as critic, philosopher, satirist or pioneer; no amount of exhibitionism or imagination can make up for that.

And the music? Imagine the Banshees without the exquisite insistence and hostility, or Joy Division if they'd plummeted downwards after 'Ideal For Living' instead of shooting skywards.

Adam is ambitiously curious, but that's not enough. You can admire the skill of it all, but he creates no tension, no disorder; he does not innovate, so he continually fails to incite or inspire.

No amount of enigmatic isolation, dour defensiveness or articulate explanation can cover up the fact that these records just aren't very good. In this case 'good' is easily defined: the distinction between tedium and passion.

Of course, Gristle and Adam are as much comic as anything else, but their work, with its oblique wise-cracking, semi-surreal absurdity and tactical masquerading, takes pains to point out that life is tragic, trivial, tentative and doesn't succeed. It consistently avoids the complexity and fumbling of life; it's always over-confident, and it seems cowardly. It can be easily flicked away, like a scab, or swept away like the dust it is — not because of any 'horror' or nastiness, but because it is patronising, deceitful, and simply too conservative for a place in rock or art or my heart.

Paul Morley

THE GLADIATORS
Sweet So Till
(Virgin Front Line)

'SWEET So Till' is the fourth release in recent years from Albert Griffiths, Clinton Fearon and Gallimore Sutherland, known collectively as The Gladiators. In virtually all respects this latest offering matches its predecessors, although it doesn't quite attain the immediacy of 'Trenchtown Mix-Up'.

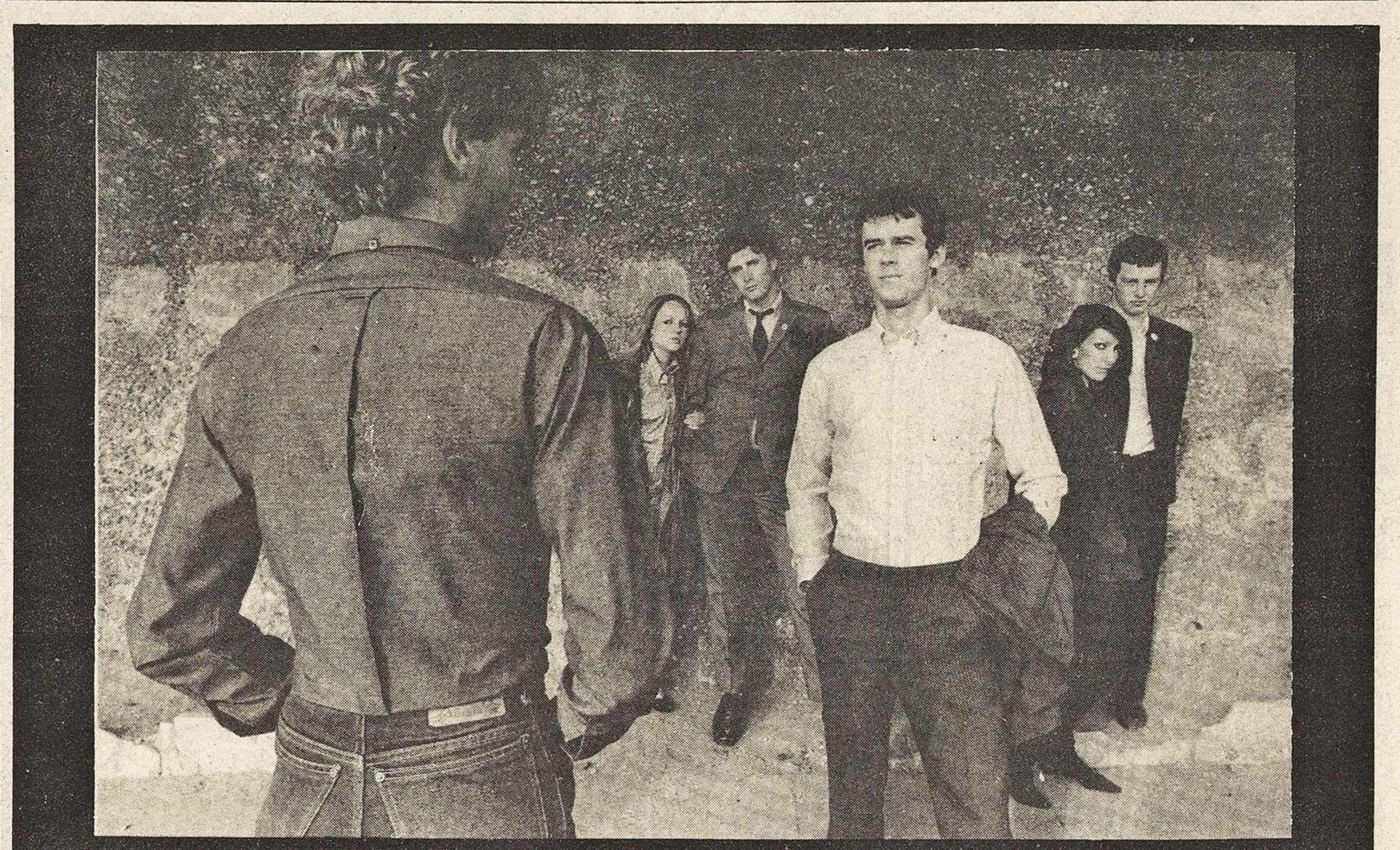
This time round, the production is in their own hands. Furthermore, the new LP features the contributions of what looks like the cream of the Carib studio session fraternity. The credits read like a Hall of Fame, and an arbitrary selection throws up such notables as Pablov Black (courtesy The Rasses) on keyboards, Earl Bagga on bass, Leroy Horsemouth Wallace on drums, Bongo Herman on you-guessed-it, and the most understatedly superlative lead guitarist this side of the Bermuda Triangle, Ernest Ranglin, a jazz supremo in his own right.

Needless to say,the scope of the arrangements dazzles, relying not so much on extravagant dub mutation (there is virtually none), but maximising the potential of a more convential(!) reggae instrumentation. Depth, subtlety, variety: these are a few of the words that gush to mind, though the instrumental melange is as idiosyncratic as ever.

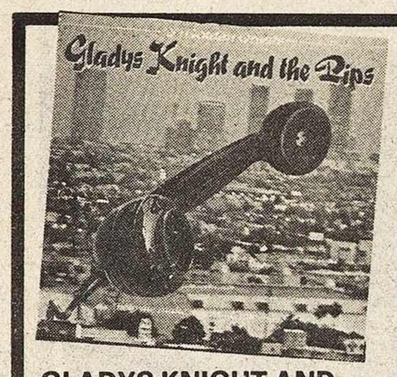
Even so, the backing musicians complement, rather than compete with the vocals, which are, as ever, melodies and inflections that defy the Law of Gravity. The songs, judging by their titles ('Let Jah Be Praised', 'Backyard Meditation', 'Red Green And Gold' etc.) appear to be esoteric parables of the Rastafarian outlook, while the title track sees the Glads wooing the sweet nymph Mary Jane with the most epicurean figures of speech.

To conclude, 'Sweet So Till' is excellence squared, then cubed. Cognoscenti of the Gladiatorial output to date should find it a welcome to addition to their collection, while those unweaned on reggae 'armonies will now have *four* of the very best to choose from.

Rick Joseph



Old Gold & Scrap Iron



GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS
20 Golden Greats
(Motown)
JACKSON 5
20 Golden Greats
(Motown)

THE past is a foreign country: you can get there on a cheap package holiday courtesy of EMI, a label whose past is somewhat more glittering than their present. Curiously, this has always been the case.

Aaaaaaaanyway — EMI have chosen to lead off their Gladys Knight repackage job with a version of Pissed Pissedofferson's 'Help Me Through The Night' that is positively noxious in its sentimentality.

Gladys Knight is one of the many thousand black Americans who sing astonishingly well. Motown wheeled her from style to style at the drop of a fad, which resulted in records as ghastly as the aforementioned 'Help Me Make It Through The Night' and the "Hey these hippies are a whole new market Luigi" wince-in of 'Freedom Train.' But when it was good . . . oh, mama! There was 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine', 'The Nitty Gritty', 'It Should Have Been Me', 'Take Me In Your Arms An' Love Me' and the uproarious 'Daddy Could Swear, I Declare' and all the others, plus the odd slice of garf here and there. A not inglorious career by any means.

The Knight compendium is accompanied by a similar marketing exercise involving the Jackson 5, whose best records ('Want You Back', 'The Love You Save', 'Never Can Say Goodbye', 'ABC', 'Ain't No Sunshine' and 'Forever Came Today') sound even better than they used to and whose worst ('Ben', 'Rockin' Robin', 'Get It Together') sound even worse. Michael Jackson has the makings of a soul singer supreme, but since the field of music in which he currently operates is not in the habit of making emotional demands on vocalists, much of his potential still remains resolutely untapped.

Plus they wore *dreadful* trousers in those days.

Charles Shaar Murray

Scotty, Elvis & Bill's famous impersonation of Crosby, Stills & Nash

ELVIS PRESLEY
Elvis, Scotty & Bill — The First Year
(Very Wonderful Golden Editions/Virgin)

THOUGH basically a spoken-word album, 'The First Year' also contains five illuminating live tracks recorded one Thursday night in March '55 at The Eagle's Hall, Houston, Texas and faithfully captures the genesis of Presley's early career.

Still a Sun recording artist, he was just a couple of weeks away from releasing his fourth single, 'Baby, Let's Play House', which is included here with both sides of his debut single, 'That's All Right (Mama)'/'Blue Moon Of Kentucky', his follow-up, 'Good Rockin' Tonight', plus a cover of a then current R&B hit, 'I Got A Woman', a song Ray Charles had released just two months earlier.

Since he began recording for Sun in July '54, the impetuous Elvis had strewn a whole plethora of half-realised vocal styles over a number of diverse recordings. 'Baby, Let's Play House', was the first occasion he reassembled all those components into one torrent of sensuality. The importance of this song is that it stands undisputed, the embodiment of the rock 'n' roll genre. Elvis rampages through a catalogue of every familiar mannerism he pioneered: from the delirious over-exaggeration of both vocal and rhythmic nuances and the stuttered *"bub-bub-bub-bub, baby, baby, baby"* mumblings right through to the sheer, good-humoured arrogance with which he gleefully celebrated hedonism.

That all this was achieved with just two guitars and a slap-bass has prompted purists to argue that, with his subsequent move to RCA and the addition of drums, Elvis lost forever the basic elements that made him, at this time, the greatest of all popular music's natural talents.

Though Elvis, Scotty Moore and Bill Black may, as these five tracks affirm, have mastered the particular rhythmic style they had conceived under Sam Phillips' guidance, the joy of these recordings is that they're still unaware of the full potency of their direction which, within a year of this gig, would revolutionise popular music.

Roy Carr

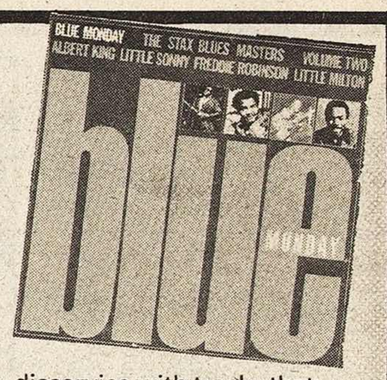
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Blue Monday (Stax Blues Masters Vol. 2) *(Stax)*

Stax records is — justifiably — legendary for its driving brass-driven soul sound: Sam & Dave, Otis Redding and Booker T were the mainmen, though Wilson Pickett's most famous records utilised that Memphis sound and countless others were influenced by it. In later years, Isaac Hayes chewed the sound into mush — an excellent songwriter, producer and session pianist was lost to the world when Hayes became Black Moses and drowned soul in the Red Sea — but until EMI issued the first volume of the Stax Blues Masters series ('Walking The Back Streets And Crying', released last year), the only members of Stax's blues contingent to be widely known were Little Milton (a late defector from Chess Records, where he cut his best-known sides) and, most prominent of all, the majestic Albert King.

Inside the stylish sleeve of 'Blue Monday' — the design will awaken instant pangs of nostalgia in anyone who collected blues albums in the early '60s — is a hodge-podge of recordings by four bluesmen: the much-feted King and Milton and the somewhat more obscure Freddie Robinson and Little Sonny. Robinson is a definite find: his sharply-written and lazily-sung 'Drive-In' was a highlight of the previous collection and his 'The Creeper' is a wonderfully self-deprecating piece of mock braggodocio.

Little Sonny is one of many second-string bluesmen whose performances are impressive but unmemorable. He does Little Walter's 'Blues With A Feeling' with commendable verve, but fails to bring anything to Eddie 'Guitar Slim' Jones' sorely overexposed 'Things I Used To Do' that is either new or stimulating. His best shot comes with 'They Want Money' with its sardonic lyrics and a use of the venerable 'Hoochie Coochie' riff that perfectly combines menace with bump 'n' grind.

The Albert King tracks are rather too obviously outtakes. Stax has issued at least one full album by King since he left the company as well as the material on the previous compilation, and here he is done something of a



disservice with tracks that show the master well below his usual form. To add insult to injury, the sleevenote proudly promises us "Albert King's fascinating re-working of his own standard 'Born Under a Bad Sign'" when all we're getting is a cursory remix of the original 1966 version. A slight improvement in the quality of the stereo separation and drum sound does *not* consitute a "fascinating re-working" Any King fans who purchased the album specifically to hear the kind of '70s double-take performed by King on recent albums on his other '60s classics like 'Crosscut Saw' or 'Oh Pretty Woman' would have a valid cause for complaint.

Which leaves Little Milton to score with the title track, plus 'Married Woman' and the scarifying 'Eight Men, Four Women' (please note, prurient ones, the song is about a jury, not a Wild Party). If the quality of the Milton contributions to the Stax Blues Masters albums is anything to go by, EMI should be encouraged to chance their arm on an entire album of late '70s Milton material.

'Blue Monday' is certainly no album for curious neophytes seeking a blues initiation, but devotees of Stax's sweet-and-sour soul-blues experiments are in for a minor treat. Still, the question remains: where in the name of Hubert Sumlin *is* "Albert King's fascinating reworking of his own standard 'Born Under A Bad Sign'?"

Charles Shaar Murray

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ATLANTIC wea

THE HEADBOYS
The Headboys *(RSO)*

IF you liked The Headboys' recent chart single 'The Shape of Things To Come' even just a little bit you'll probably like the album a lot more, because its sounds, while retaining the same basic keyboard emphasis, offers so many variations of style that your attention is caught throughout.

It ranges from straight rock played with a Who-like grandeur, commitment and overall sound, with almost anthemic numbers such as 'Shape', 'Changing With The Times', and 'Stepping Stones', to keyboard-heavy songs touching on Genesis pitch and concentration, as well as a number with a classical touch and fiddle ending ('Silver Lining') and a saxophone addition in 'Take It All Down'.

It's as if these boys couldn't quite decide in which direction to head, so they included all collective considerations and produced an album covering a wide cross-section of ideas, full of imagination.

Different facets are discovered at each play; it's a young album, bursting with enthusiasm. And evidently equal time has been spent cleaning and polishing every track, instead of, as is often the case, concentrating on the stronger numbers and merely filling in with the weaker ones.

Their subject matter has a go at everything too; love songs — corny lyrics but sensitive playing; serious songs, comedy songs of 21-year-old schoolgirls and biology lessons, and a "me and the boys" number.

The only 'experiment' which doesn't work is their attempt at today's all-too-common tomorrow's sound, the futuristic regulated bleep of 'Experiments', with its monotonous vocals and transcendental playing. *"Why don't we try experiments?"* they ask. Because they're boringly predictable and predictably boring, they almost answer themselves.

Incidentally, for it is, the cover put me off this album in the beginning: a picture of Headboys Lou Lewis (guitar and vocals), George Boyter (bass and vocals), Davy Ross (drums and vocals), and Calum Malcolm (keyboards and vocals) stretched out in face formation — eyes, nose and mouth — dressed in red and blue jumpsuits and looking like car showroom dummies. But that's just another guise, another way of looking at things, they'd probably tell you. Take a look.

Deanne Pearson

SNAKEFINGER
Chewing Hides The Sound *(Ralph/Virgin)*

I LIKE The Residents in small sachets, as I like puns with punchlines or drum machines for supper. Let's eat real soon! . . .

The Residents, *le Premier Groupe de Vulgarisation Scientifique,* they're almost as quantifiable an organizational proposition as Chic. *Tres.*

Snakefinger? I don't get the 'pun' exactly. In the past, he has contributed smeared peanut butter kosmic guitar to Resident picnics. An English hippy like Chris Cutler to whom those Residents also allowed access once. Droll them bones, man.

'Chewing Hides The Sound'? To do with boa constrictors on a peanut butter diet maybe. Or another bit of Residenty detour farce? I think I'm going off them. I can't stomach 'Chewing Hides The Sound' at all. Snakefinger has bitten off more than he can sing, eschew, pontificate or abstract. Of course The Residents help him; they're his friends.

'Chewing Hides The Sound' is 12 bits of sillybugger ambiguity, without the harmful charm of The Dead Beatles and with Snakefinger's appalling voice. Very fang in cheek, very tedious. Who *is* the Walrus?

It's long (two sides); goes nowhere slowly; isn't funny; does nothing new; you can't dance to it, snooze to it, booze to it, or write reviews to it; which one of those was mine?

Sounds often not unlike Richard Harris on 'MacArthur Park'. The twelve tracks are: 'Who Is The Culprit And Who Is The Victim' 12. There is a version of Kraftwerk's 'The Model' which is less deconstructed than sung Happy Birthday to. (Which comes as a great disappointment, considering how good The Residents are at singing it).

It's an 'in' joke that's worn out.

(How many puns can you get out of 'Alice' starting from: a lass I love?)

Ian Penman

VARIOUS
499 2139 *(Rocket)*

SAD to say, there is nothing new, nothing inspiring, nothing remotely innovative — not even reasonable playing or production on this album. A dismal failure from the results of a country-wide search by the Rocket Record Company to find the bands and the sounds of today through two advertisements in the music press: "Ring 499 2139" (how did you guess?) "if you think you've got that sound of today" — to boldly go where no record company has gone before, and search out undiscovered talent, fresh-faced and clean,

untainted by the grime and smog of London Town.

And what did they come back with? Nothing. Absolutely zilch. It's a sad state of affairs if this is all the new young bands of today — and supposedly tomorrow — have got to offer.

Most are directly imitative of past persons — Costello, Debbie Harry, Ian Page, The Jags — none are as good, or even come close. They all have that tinny in-mode (mod) guitar playing, flimsy backline and sparse overall sound. Rocket must have really dug deep to come out with such crude, primitive performers.

Most, I suspect, are supposed to be in the current mod vein, a low, slow-moving easy vehicle to jump on. All they do is weigh it down a little more, forcing it a little further into the mire.

Some tracks encompass a return to psychedelia, with Reafer's 'Green Grass Green', a Strangled bass line rocky number, with the Wolfboys' 'Feelin' Hard', and the fairy stories of Sinister's 'Alice In Wonderland', The Vye's 'King's New Clothes' and The Brick Wall Band's 'Distant Drums'. How did they grab you?

If this is Rocket's idea of the new sounds, promising commercial bands with the hit songs of tomorrow, I don't need a crystal ball to predict their future. But if this really *is* a true cross-section of up-and-coming bands in our midst at the moment — well, I'm speechless. I won't need a crystal ball to predict my future.

Deanne Pearson

IMPORTS

'The Autodrifters And The Relaxed Mechanics Meet The Fabulous Nudes And The Pelaco Brothers' (Missing Link) is evidence that the current Melbourne rock scene was built on a solid rockabilly foundation. **The Pelacos,** represented on the album by such titles as 'Rockabilly Heaven' and 'Truckdrivin' Queen', were the original mainmen, vocalist Steve Cummings and guitarist Ed Bates splitting to form **The Sports,** while saxophonist Joe Camilleri moved on to head **Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons,** both bands that have made some impact in recent months.

As for the rest — vocalist Peter Lillie became part of both **Relaxed Mechanics** and **The Autodrifters,** and the rhythm section opted to join **The Fabulous Nudes** before rejoining Lillie in The Autodrifters. Having done the whole Pete Frame bit, it's a bit of a come-down to report that nothing happens on the disc that you'd be ashamed to miss. Everybody bops happily in Foster-flavoured fun fashion and The Autodrifters donate 'Santa's Joined A Disco Band', a real howl of a seasonal item — *"Santa's joined a disco band, half like Roxy Music, half like Jimmy Shand"*, etc. — but really the better Missing Link sampler is 'Inner Sanctum', which includes an early Sports track in 'Twist Senorita', plus 'Summer '78' by Dave Warner's **From The Suburbs,** another seminal Oz-rock outfit.

Further items by The Pelacos and The Relaxed Mechanics are aboard, plus 'Hit Single' by the excellent but short-lived **Bleeding Hearts** (a song penned by Sports stalwart Martin Arminger incidentally), though the cut that's reduced me to tears all week has been 'They're Closing Down The Import Shops', an anthem dreamt up by **The Record Bandits** when Aussie-land faced a similar situation to that now beginning to hit British record retailers. *"It's sad to say, but it seems to me, that down here in the land of the free, we can't even buy an import LP . . . whatever happened to democracy?"* they warble, affecting me like a late-night run-through of *Camille.*

In the meantime, while imports are still with us, London buyers can grab Missing Link items from HMV's Oxford Street store, while those who wish to contact the label direct, are advised to drop a line c/o P.O. Box 5159AA, GPO Melbourne, Australia.

Keeping things pure Oz this week, comes a mention of 'The Marcus Hook Roll Band', which Stage One are currently shipping in. Originally released in Australia in 1974, this **Vanda and Young** goody has just re-emerged on U.S. Capitol, complete with a set of superbly enthusiastic liner notes by Ken Barnes. Packed with great power-pop cuts and, like Messrs V and Y's recent 'Flash And The Pan' jaunt, comprised pretty much from singles fare, 'The Marcus Hook Roll Band' is a headbanging delight. And, once more, the mystery of why Vanda and Young have never really made it looms as large as that of the Bermuda Triangle. My guess is that neither will ever be fully explained.

Fred Dellar

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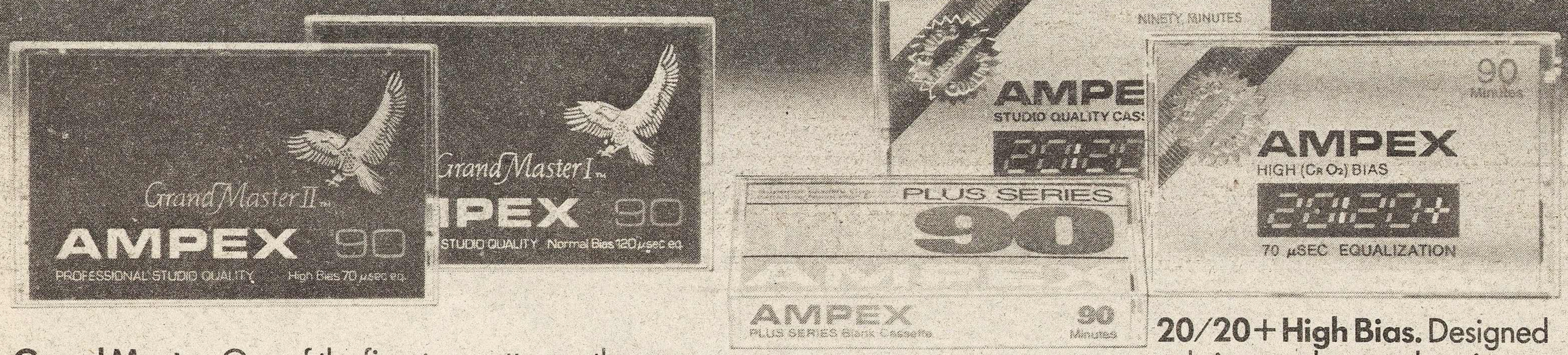

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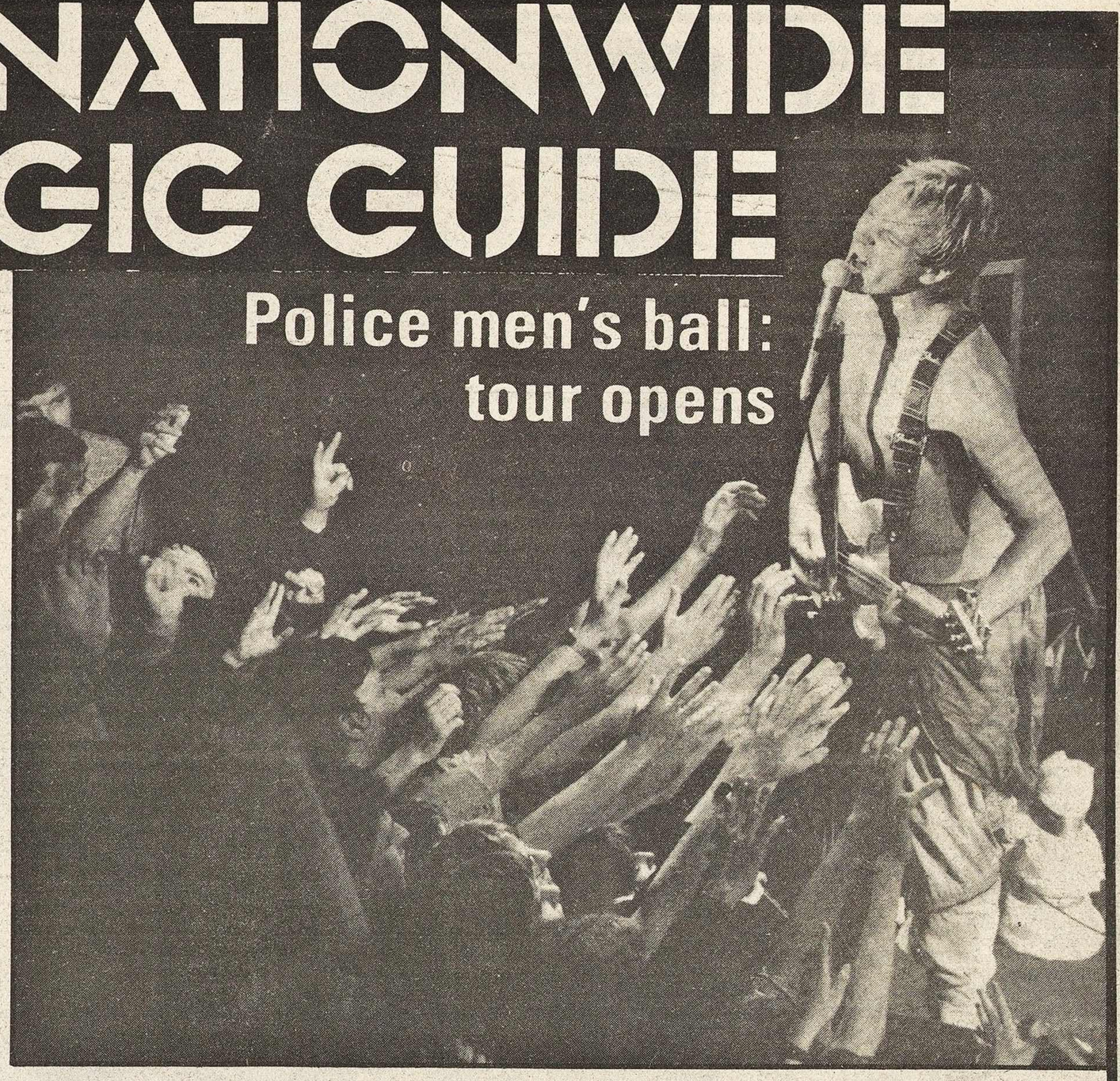
Steve Jones and Paul Cook by courtesy of Virgin Records.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Police men's ball: tour opens



THE POLICE, fresh from their triumphs in the States, will be entertaining the populace — and helping you capture that festive spirit — by way of a major pre-Christmas tour. The band's opening shows are at Leeds (Monday), Deeside near Chester (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday). They've got a lot to celebrate, so they should be in fine form. One thing's for sure — their gigs won't lack sting.

Deadline is next Wednesday: post now

FINAL CALL FOR CHRISTMAS GIGS

AS USUAL, a special double issue of *NME* will be published in the week before Christmas — and there'll be no issue at all during Christmas week itself. This means that the Gig Guide printed in the *NME* dated December 22 will list two weeks of dates. What's more, in view of the holiday rush, we need them extra early to ensure their inclusion. So if you have any gigs you wish to be included in the NME Christmas issue, please remember that the period involved is.

DECEMBER to JANUARY 2

To avoid a last-minute panic, please let's have your gigs as quickly as possible. But in any case, bear in mind that the very latest we can accept them is first post next Wednesday, December 12. So come on, get cracking — and pop 'em in the post right away to Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG. And remember that the absolute

DEADLINE IS DECEMBER 12

Because of holiday printing arrangements, we shall also need to receive gigs for the first week of the New Year prior to Christmas. We'll spell this out loud and clear next week, but here's just an initial reminder that dates for the Gig Guide covering the week January 3-9 must arrive by not later than Wednesday, December 19.

Thursday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **The Dickies**
Accrington Conservative Club: **Don Weller Spring Quartet**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **The Accelerators/The Spivs**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham Underworld: **The Original Mirrors**
Birmingham University: **Refridgerators**
Blackpool (Marton) Welcome Inn: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Stilettos**
Blackpool Tiffany's: **John Otway**
Borehamwood Civic Hall: **Richard Digance**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Salford Jets**
Braintree Weavers Club: **Modern English**
Brighton Concorde Club: **Second Nature**
Brighton Dome: **The Spinners**
Bristol Crockers: **The Interceptors**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Bury St. Edmunds RAF Honnington: **High Flames/The Velvelettes**
Buxton Gaslight Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Camberley Civic Hall: **Vin Garbutt/Annie Chester**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **Screen Gems**
Chatham White Lion: **Prodigal Son**
Colchester Essex University: **Secret Affair/Squire**
Derby Kings Hall: **The Damned/The Misfits**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Lindisfarne/Chas & Dave**
Edinburgh University: **Another Pretty Face**
Farnham Collingwood Club: **Black Gorilla**
Glasgow Countdown: **Strasse**
Helston RNAS Culdrose: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Hull University: **Art Failure**
Hull Wellington Club: **The Revillos**
Keele University: **Blank Space/Beast**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Photos**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Agony Column**
Liverpool B.I.C.C. Club: **Any Trouble/The Cheaters**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Queen**
Liverpool Moonstone: **Asylum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Prince Hammer**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Cure/The Passions/The Associates**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Little Roosters**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Holly & The Italians**
London College of Printing: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Back To Zero/Double Vision**
London Ealing College of Higher Education: **Airmail**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Urchin**
London Enfield Middlesex Polytechnic: **Little Bo Bitch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Kicks**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The EF Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Leonard Cohen**
London Hounslow Red Lion: **The Virgin Generation**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Electrotunes**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Pinpoint/The News**
London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall: **The Small Hours**
London Marquee Club: **Writz**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Spizz Energi**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Sons Of Cain**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Flatbackers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Revelation**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Barney Kessel Trio**
London Southall Hamboro' Tavern: **The Attendants/Miru**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Marvin Rainwater**
London Stoke Newington Pegaus: **The O.K. Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Carolyne Mas**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **London Zoo**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Joe Brown & The Bruvvers**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Plan B**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Elton Dean's Soft Heap**
Manchester Osborne Club: **Killermeters / Seventeen**
Manchester Polytechnics: **John Cooper-Clarke/Chris Sievey & The Freshies/The Out**
Manchester West Indian Centre: **Katarah/The Hallucination Co.**
Mansfield Oval Inn: **Strange Days**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Mike Harding**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Jam/The Vapors**
Norwich Cromwells: **Jigsaw**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **The Act**
Plymouth HMS Drake: **Guys 'n' Dolls**
Poole Chequers: **Eye Sight**
Portsmouth Locarno: **The Talking Heads**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **Wilko Johnson**
Port Talbot Sandman: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bracken/Dave Hughes**
Preston Guildhall: **Hawkwind/Doll By Doll**
Reading Target Club: **Bantu**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Simple Minds**
Sheffield University: **Dave Cousins**
Shrewsbury Music Hall: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
Southampton (Eastleigh) Crown Inn: **The Piranhas/Golinski Brothers**
Southend Scamps: **The Leepers**
South Shield Horsley Hill Community Centre: **Fauves**
Southport Scarisbrick Hotel: **Zanathus**
Swansea University: **Samson**
Tonbridge School: **Chris Barber Band**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **Flying Saucers**

Friday

Barnsley The Londoner: **The Teenbeats**
Birmingham Aston University: **Renaissance**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Mods**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **John Cooper-Clarke / Chris Sievey & The Freshies / The Out**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Guvnors**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **Black Slate**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Dogwatch / Les Elite**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **Flying Saucers**
Brighton Sherry's: **Black Gorilla**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Spinners**
Bristol University: **Samson**
Canterbury Odeon: **Secret Affair / Squire**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **The Lillettes**
Chislehurst Caves: **Scissor Fits**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry Theatre: **The Damned / The Misfits**
Creswell Miners Club: **Strange Days**
Dartford (Horns Cross) The Bull: **Prodigal Son**
Dawlish Langstone Cliff Hotel: **Chris Barber Band**
Edinburgh Napier College: **Another Pretty Face**
Glasgow Art School: **The Montels**
Glasgow Technical College (afternoon): **Strasse**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Everest The Hard Way**
Gloucester Alternative Venue: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Goole Station Hotel: **Proposition 31**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Deadringer**
Harrow College of Further Education: **Little Bo Bitch**
Hull University: **The Mo-Dettes / The Killermeters**
Keele Univeristy: **The Stilettos**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Johnny Coppin**
Lampeter St. David's University: **Warhead**
Leeds Fan Club: **The EF Band**
Leeds University Union: **Agony Column / Staticks**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Climax Blues Band**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **Sadstone / Newmatics**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Queen**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Mo-Dettes / Wah Heat**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Camden Brecknock: **Urchin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Terminal Snack Blues Band / Fallout**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Talking Heads / Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Roll-Ups**
London City Polytechnic: **Writz**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bauhaus / The Urge**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Bogey Boys / Second Nature**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **The Act**
London E.C.1 Northampton Hall of Residence: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Limited Company**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **Pasadena Roof Orchestra**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Tennis Shoes / The Holidays**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Pinpoint**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Neil Innes**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Roy Sundholm / Jack Pack**
London Marquee Club: **The Merton Parkas**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
London New Cross The Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London North-East Polytechnic: **Iron Maiden**
London Putney Half Moon: **Steve Ashley & Guests**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Putney White Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Barney Kessel Trio**
London Strand King's College: **Alex Welsh Band**
London Trent Park Middlesex Polytechnic: **Sons Of Cain**
London University College Union: **The Flys**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Toucheq**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist / Trimmer & Jenkins**
London West Ham North-East Polytechnic: **Tour de Force**
London W.9 The Chippenham: **Sanity Clause**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Esmond Selwyn's Jazz Fabrique**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Manchester The Funhouse: **Blank Space / Beast**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Tommy Hunt**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Money**
New Brighton Empress Club: **Witchfynde**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Jam / The Vapors**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Hi-Tension**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Dr. Feelgood / Philip Rambow**
Nottingham Lincoln College: **The Small Hours**
Odiham Albatross Club: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Oldham The Lancashire: **Insizor**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **Disco Students**
Oxford Polytechnic: **J.A.L.N. Band / Gina 'n' The Rocking' Rebels**
Passfield Royal Oak: **Sly Scandal**
Penzance Gulval Meadhouse: **The Mechanics**
Preston Guildhall: **Showaddywaddy**
Ramsgate Van Gogh: **Mick Muff & The Divers**
Reading Target Club: **The Moonwalkers**
Redhill The Centre: **Matchbox**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Scene / Direct Hits**
Rugby Emmaline's: **Gonzalez**
Seahouses Viking Ballroom: **Souled Out**
Sheffield Crazy Daisy Club: **Beggar**
Southampton University: **Wilko Johnson / Lip Moves**
Southend Top Alex: **Bastille**
Stafford North Staffs. Polytechnic: **Simple Minds**
Stoke Crewe & Alsager College: **The Revillos**
Sunderland Boilermakers Club: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Hawkwind / Doll By Doll**
Weymouth College: **Adam West & His Gotham City Rockers**
Winchester School of Art: **Brimstone**
Worcester College: **The Stereotypes**

Saturday

Birmingham Bogarts: **Wicked Sister**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Odeon: **Leonard Cohen**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham University: **Dangerous Girls/The Quads**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Snigger**
Bournemouth Village Bowl: **The Tramps**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Spinners**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Brighton Alhambra: **Wrist Action/Poison Girls**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Little Bo Bitch**
Brighton Sherry's: **Black Gorilla**
Brighton Sussex University: **Roaring Jelly**
Bristol Granary: **Iron Maiden**
Bristol Turntable Club: **Icarus**
Cardiff Grassroots: **Warhead**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Castleford Labour And Trades Club: **Agony Column**
Chatham Tam O'Shanter: **Prodigal Son**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Witchfynde**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **Eye Sight**
Coventry Dog And Trumpet: **Orphan**
Crewe (Madeley) North Staffs Polytechnic: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Purple Hearts**
Cuckfield Kings Head: **The Exclusives**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Showaddywaddy**
Dunstable Civic Hall: **Renaissance**
Edinburgh George Square Theatre: **Another Pretty Face**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Samson**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Jam/The Vapors**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **John Otway/The V.I.P.'s**
Gosport John Peel: **Kay Russia**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Al Hudson**
Hitchin College: **The Mekons**
Hornchurch The Bull: **The Next Band**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Writz**
Hungerford Plume Hotel: **Scissor Fits**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Eddie And The Hot Rods**
Lancaster University: **The Dickies**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The Vye**
Leeds University: **Lindisfarne/Chas And Dave**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Hi-Tension**
Leigh Library, Derby Room: **Elton Dean's Soft Heap**
Lincoln Wragley Rd. Club: **Strange Days**
Little Sutton Bulls Head: **Seventeen**
Liverpool Eric's: **Joy Division/Section 25**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jackie Lynton's Hi-D Band**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Talking Heads/Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Stilettos**
London Chelsea College: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Small Hours**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Donkeys/The Trend**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Red Beans And Rice**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Isle Of Dogs Waterman's Arms: **Shader**
London Islington Hope And Anchor: **Limousine**
London Marquee Club: **The Merton Parkas**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Spring Offensive**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Sons Of Cain**
London N.19 Caxton House: **The Rest**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Noel Murphy/Crannog**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Secret Affair/Squire/Dolly Mixture**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Alistair Anderson**
London Roehampton doubling Froebel Institute and Digby Stuart College: **The Act**
London School of Economics: **The Piranhas**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Mack White Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Twickenham Winning Post: **The Virgin Generation**
London University Union: **Demolition Decorators**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Toucheq**
London Victoria The Venue: **No Dice/The Valentines**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tour de Force/The Flatbackers**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Peter And The Test Tube Babies**
Long Crendon Church House: **Bob Adams/Hemlock**
Maldon Jubilee Hall: **Matchbox**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Manchester Midland Hotel: **Flying Saucers**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Photos**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

Second bit of the GIG GUIDE

Manchester Russell Club: **Revelation**
Manchester The Funhouse: **Slaughter And The Dogs**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Tommy Hunt**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Scene/Direct Hits**
Newcastle Casablanca Club: **Fauves**
Nottingham Boat Club: **White Spirit**
Nottingham Outlaw Bar: **The Mortals**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Simple Minds**
Nottingham University: **Dr Feelgood-/Philip Rambow**
Oldham Tower Club: **Def Leppard**
Oxford College of Further Education: **Urchin**
Oxford Pembroke College: **Random Hold**
Penryn School: **Chris Barber Band**
Peterborough Technical College: **The Rackets/The Crowd/Harlequin**
Preston Guildhall: **Fivepenny Piece**
Reading Bulmershe College: **Black Slate**
Reading Technical College: **Between Pictures/Romantix**
Sheffield Crazy Daisy Club: **Beggar**
Southampton University: **Blank Space/Beast**
Southend Spanish Armada: **Yakety Yak**
St Albans City Hall: **Hawkwind/Doll By Doll**
St Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Climax Blues Band**
St Austell Polgooth Inn: **The Fans**
Stirchley The Studios: **Gordon Giltrap**
Stockport Travellers Club: **Zanathus**
Stockton The Teessider: **Carl Green And The Scene**
Stroud Subscription Rooms: **Capital Letters/Exhibition**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **The EF Band**
Walsall Pelsall Community Centre: **Noel Murphy/Steve Womack/Chris Rust**
Whitehill Royal Oak: **Chinatown**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Woking Centre Halls: **Scotch**
Wolverhampton Poltechnics: **John Cooper-Clarke/Chris Sievey And The Freshies/The Out**
Wombwell Reform Club: **The Diks**
York College of Ripon and St John: **Lew Lewis Reformer**

Sunday

Bakewell Monsal Head: **Witchfynde**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Lesiure Centre: **Exit**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Dickies**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Scissor Fits**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Rhino**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Queen**
Bristol Locarno: **Secret Affair/Squire**
Bristol St. Mathias College: **The X-Certs/The Review**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff New Theatre: **The Spinners**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Hawkwind/Doll by Doll**
Chelmsford City F.C.: **Rockhouse**
Croydon Greyhound: **Matchbox**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Fivepenny Piece**
Derby Playhouse Theatre: **Gordon Giltrap**
Doncaster Granby Club: **Zorro**
Dundee Caird Hall: **The Jam/The Vapors**
Dundee Royal Centre Hotel: **Elton Dean's Soft Heap**
Godalming Scratchers: **Kay Russia**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Prodigal Son**
Halifax Civic Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Huddersfield The Coach Horse: **Dolly Mixture**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Deadringer**
Ilford Tiffany's: **Al Hudson**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Purple Hearts**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Warehouse (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Leicester Bailey's: **The Trammps**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Misdemeanors**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Warm Jets**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **White Rabbit**
London Finchley Torrington: **The Blues Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Hammerfolk**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Killing Joke**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The O.K. Band**
London Leicester Square Empire Ballroom: **Joe Jackson**
London Marquee Club: **Iron Maiden**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Lennie Felix**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Selecter/The Beat/UB 40**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Acker Bilk Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Leonard Cohen**
Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre: **Midnite Follies Orhcestra/Sweet Substitute**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **The EF Band**
Newbury Old Waggon & Horses: **Andy Caven**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Boulevard Hotel: **Roaring Jelly**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Mortals**
Oxford New Theatre: **Lindisfarne/Chas & Dave**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Montels**
Poole Arts Centre: **Renaissance**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Brenda Wootton / Crannog**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Dr. Feelgood-/Philip Rambow**

Pictured immediately above are MADNESS, whose December tour will be talking them to a dozen madhouses around the country, starting in Brighton on Wednesday . . . Top left is our old friend Barrie Masters, who's back in action again with EDDIE & THE HOT RODS when they open a short pre-Christmas mini-tour at two London venues (Thursday and Friday), Kingston (Saturday) and Norwich (Wednesday) . . . And top right brings Annie Haslam of RENAISSANCE into focus, coinciding with their UK tour which this week takes in Birmingham (Friday), Dunstable (Saturday), Poole (Sunday), Exeter (Monday) and Swansea (Wednesday).

Rochdale R.A.O.B. Club: **Beans & The Toasties**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **The Wurzels**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Winchester Art College: **Black Space/Beast**
Wollaston Nags Head: **The Russians**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **The Damned/The Misfits**
Worthing Norfolk Hotel: **Second Nature**

Monday

Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **The Purple Hearts**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **Matchbox**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Nutz**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Marvelettes**
Blackpool Jenkinson's: **The Passage**
Blackburn Romeo & Juliet's: **The Trammps**
Boston Folk Club: **Jack Hudson**
Bournemouth Village Bowl: **Secret Affair / Squire**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Showaddywaddy**
Brighton The Centre: **Queen**
Brighton Sussex University: **Blank Space / Beast**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Jam / The Vapors**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **John Cooper-Clarke/Chris Sievey & The Freshies/The Out**
Exeter Routes: **Iron Maiden**
Exeter University: **Renaissance / Writz**
Frome Merlin Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Leonard Cohen**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Positive Noise**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Lancaster University: **Dr Feelgood / Philip Rainbow**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Flying Saucers**
Leeds (Garforth) Mercury Motor Inn: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Leeds Mexboro' Arms: **Best Friends**
Leeds Queen's Hall: **The Police**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Years**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Lindisfarne / Chas & Dave**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Music Machine: **Def Leppard**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Chevrons / The Deaf Aids**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **APB's**
London E.8 Rio Cinema: **The Carpettes / The Statistics**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Jump**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Rubber Johnny**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Ian Henry Duo**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Blue Moon: **All-Star Gala Night**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Royal Festival Hall: **The Spinners**
London Shepherds Bush The Trafalgar: **The Act**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Shirts**
London Wembley Arena: **Wings**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Spiral**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Damned / The Misfits**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Cheaters**
Morecambe Palace Threatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Norwich St Andrew's Hall: **Spizz Energi / Essential Logic / Modern English**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **Chinatown**
Redcar Old Kent Road Club: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Southport Floral Hall: **The Dickies**
Stoke Kings Hall: **Al Hudson**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Hawkwind / Doll By Doll**
Uckfield The Centre: **The Stilettos**
Witney Ducklington Bell Inn: **Hemlock**
York Theatre Royal: **Mike Harding**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **John Cooper-Clarke/Chris Sievey & The Freshies/The Out**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Fair Exchange**
Blackpool Dixieland Showbar: **The Mods**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Dave Cousins & Brian Willoughby/Hot Stuff**
Brighton The Centre: **Queen**
Brighton Dome: **Showaddywaddy**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Motorhead**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Damned/The Misfits**
Chalfont St. Giles Bucks College: **Electrotunes**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **The Police**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Lindisfarne/Chas & Dave**
Derby Romeo & Juliet: **The Trammps**
Dublin Stadium: **Dire Straits**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Leonard Cohen**
Glasgow Community Central Hall: **Elton Dean's Soft Heap**
Leeds Queen's Exhibition Hall: **The Jam/The Vapors**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Pasadena Roof Orchestra**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
London Barking North-East Polytechnic: **J.A.L.N. Band/The Stilettos**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Blast Furnace's Revenge**
London Camden Music Machine: **Landscape**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **U2**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Car Crash/Arfur & The Adverbs**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Viva / Holly & The Italians**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Limmos**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Flatbackers / London Zoo**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Dolly Mixture**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Blank Space/Beast**
London Marquee Club: **The Mekons**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Wild Bill Davison/Fred Hunt Allstars**
London University College: **The Act**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gallagher & Lyle**
London W.1 Maunkberry': **Angst (for three days)**
Manchester Ashton Birch Hotel: **Years**
Morecambe Palace Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Norwich Cromwells: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band/Feet First**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Piranhas**
Nuneaton 77 Townhouse: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Oxford New Theatre: **Joe Jackson**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **Pant**
Peterborough The Cresset: **The Name**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **John Otway/The V.I.P.'s**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Iron Maiden**
Reading University: **Dr. Feelgood/Philip Rambow**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Purple Hearts**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Whitehaven White House Hotel: **Al Hudson**
Worcester Tramps Club: **Matchbox**
York Theatre Royal: **Mike Harding**

Wednesday

Belfast Ulster Hall: **UFO**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Jameson Raid**
Birmingham Odeon: **Wings**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet: **The Trammps**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Jam/The Vapors**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Richard Digance**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Omen**
Brighouse Clifton Arms: **Proposition 31**
Brighton Top Rank: **Madness**
Bristol Granary: **The Stilettos**
Bury St. Edmunds Theatre Royal: **Chris Barber Band**
Cambridge ASC Club: **Zorro**
Canterbury Art College: **Blank Space/Beast**
Cheltenham North Glos. Technical College: **John Otway/Merger**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Colchester Essex University: **Dr. Feelgood/Philip Rambow**
Dublin Stadium: **Dire Straits**
Edinburgh Calton Studios: **Elton Dean's Soft Heap**
Epsom School of Art: **The Mo-Dettes**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Tim Pinton's All Stars**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Police**
Glasgow Technical College: **John Cooper-Clarke/Chris Sievey & The Freshies/The Out**
Hereford Rotters Club: **Warchild**
Hull Romeo & Juliet: **Souled Out**
Keele University: **Simple Minds/Hawkwind**
Leeds University: **Butterflies/69 Tears**
Leeds Warehouse: **Al Hudson**
Leicester Scamps: **The Syndicate**
Leicester University: **The Dickies**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Lindisfarne/Chas & Dave**
Loftus West Road Club: **The Accelerators**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bim Sherman**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Act/Billy Karloff Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lonesome No More/The Chevrons**
London E.3 Earl of Aberdeen: **Mike Westbrook Brass Band**
London E.8 Rio Cinema: **Carol Grimes & Sweet F.A./Soulyard**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Valentines**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Spider**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Jill Darby**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Flatbackers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Holly & The Italians**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **Girl**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Paul Goodman**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Wild Bill Davison/Fred Hunt Allstars**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gallagher & Lyle**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Matchbox**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Splodgenessabounds/The Plugs**
Manchester Didsbury College: **The Cheaters**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Lincoln Hall: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Spring Offensive**
Oxford New Theatre: **Motorhead**
Perth The Yorkhouse: **The Montels**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Sly Scandal**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Spinners**
Reading Target Club: **Toulouse**
Sheffield Dial House: **The Dicks**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Wilko Johnson**
Shrewsbury Music Hall: **Secret Affair/Squire**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Clinic**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swansea University: **Renaissance**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
Weymouth Polytechnic: **The Piranhas**
Weymouth South Dorset College: **The Crooks**
Whitley Bay Mingles Club: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
York Oval Ball: **The Purple Hearts**
York Theatre Royal: **Jasper Carrott**

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (10): Spectrum — **The Who** (two days); Hurrah — **Iggy Pop**; Max's Kansas City — **The Minx/The Roms**; Bottom Line — **Hall & Oates** (two days); St Charles Auditorium — **Johnny Griffin**; Black Beans Club — **Hotmosphere** (two days); Gulliver's — **Flip Peters**; Sweet Basil — **Rene McLean**; Loeb Centre — **New High Flyers.**

TUESDAY (11): Max's Kansas City — **Power Tools/The Octaroons**; High Roller Disco — **Ethel Smith**; Majestic — **Bette Midler** (Six days); Village Vanguard — **Sonny Fortune** (seven days); Stars — **Jorge Santanna**; My Father's Place — **The Beat**; Reno Sweeney's — **Cybil Shepherd** (six days); Fat Tuesday's — **Ron Carter** (five days); Sweet Basil — **Bridgewater Bros** (five days); Trax — **Neon**; Westbank Cafe — **John Pettz.**

WEDNESDAY (12): Hurrah — **The Speedies/Ronnie And The Jitters**; Max's Kansas City — **Neon Leon/The Boyfriends**; Other End — **Stan Getz** (four days); Heavens — **Shotgun Thrust**; Lone Star Cafe — **Flying Burrito Bros** (two days); My Father's Place — **Midnight Traveller**; Cafe Cappucino — **Reo Clements**; Gulliver's — **Sudan Baronian.**

THURSDAY (13): Palladium — **The Sinceros/The Beat/Bruce Woolley**; Max's Kansas City — **The Mumps/Justin Trouble**; Hurrah — **The Zantees/Rob Stoner**; Syncopation — **Chico Hamilton** (four days); Rock Pile — **Rocky Horror Tribute**; Freddy's — **Charles LaMonte.**

FRIDAY (14): Max's Kansas City — **Buzz And The Flyers/Senders**; Symphony Place — **Marian McPartland**; Bottom Line — **Lonnie Liston Smith** (two days); Hurrah — **Bruce Woolley.**

SATURDAY (15): Hurrah — **Bloodless Pharaohs/Neighbours And Friends**; Newhaven Coliseum — **The Who**; McMillan Theatre — **Max Roach And Cecil Taylor**; Seton Hall — **The Act.**

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Praying Mantis & DJ Neal Ray

Monday 10th December £2
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Saturday December 8th £1
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Sunday December 9th £1
TEENBEATS + Missing Persons

Monday December 10th £2
JOE JACKSON SOLD OUT

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Friday December 7th £1
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Saturday December 8th £1
LIMOUSINE

Sunday December 9th 75p
KILLING JOKE

Monday December 10th 75p
RUBBER JOHNNY

Tuesday December 11th 75p
DOLLY MIXTURE

Wednesday December 12th 75p
HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS

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TENPOLE TUDOR

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THE DAMNED
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Saturday December 15th at 7.30.

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THE BEAT
U.B.40
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
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COOLNOTES
+ Body Snatchers

Saturday December 8th £2.20
STILLETOES
+ Andrew Phillips Band

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+ Hardware
+ Support

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LANDSCAPE
+ Trimmer & Jenkins

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From France
THOSE FOUR
+ One Hand Clapping

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SLADE
Pay At Door £2.50

Thursday December 20th
XTC
+ Random Hold
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EMPIRE BALLROOM, LEICESTER SQUARE
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London Theatre bookings Tel 439 3371
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R 'n' B Night
LITTLE ROOSTERS
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★ ROLL-UPS ★
ex Zaine Griff, ex Grand Hotel, ex Elkie Brooks Band, ex Len Hart, ex Giggles.

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WARM JETS
+ The Agents

Sunday December 9th 50p
MISDEMEANORS
+ One On One

Monday December 10th 50p
THE FACE
+ The Clerks

Tuesday December 11th 50p
U2s
+ Idiot Dancers

Wednesday December 12th 50p
WASTED YOUTH
+ In Camera

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Saturday December 8th 50p
ON THE AIR
+ Enerly Park

Sunday December 9th £1
NUTZ
+ Loony Q

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THE DIRECTIONS
+ The Jump

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7	UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA	NORWICH
8	UNIVERSITY	NOTTINGHAM
9	COATHAM BOWL	REDCAR
10	UNIVERSITY	LANCASTER
12	UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX	COLCHESTER
15	PAVILION	WEST RUNTON
16	CIVIC HALL	DUNSTABLE
19	HAMMERSMITH ODEON	LONDON
20	PADDOCKS	CANVEY ISLAND
21	CORN EXCHANGE	CAMBRIDGE
22	WINTER GARDENS	MALVERN

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WED. DEC. 12th. £1·50. "Natural songwriting offset by fierce yet sensuous vocals" said N.M.E

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6 L. Cohen
6 The Cure
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8 Secret Affair
9 Joe Jackson
9 Selecter
13/14/15 Cliff Richard
16 Ralph Mctell
16 Motorhead
17/18 Steve Hillage
17 AC/DC
19 Dr. Feelgood
20 X.T.C.
20/24 Leo Sayer
21 Teardrop Explodes
22 The Damned
22 John Otway
23 Budgie
28 Purple Hearts
30 Madness

JANUARY
23/24 Barclay James Harvest
25/26 Marvin Gaye

FEBRUARY
1 Wishbone Ash
3/4 U.F.O
8 Robin Trower
14 Uriah Heep
17 Jerry Lee Lewis

MARCH
14/15 Judas Priest

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HALF PRICE LONDON BITTER & BEN TRUMAN EXPORT DRAUGHT
From 8pm (while stocks last)

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GARY GLITTER
+ Support
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Tickets from S.U. + Parrot Records
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THE VIP's
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at 8.30 pm

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ROGER McGOUGH's
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a fully dramatised version of Roger McGough's epic love poem with the author as narrator, actors and musicians
with Roger McGough, Gregory Floy, Alyson Spiro, Andy Roberts
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monday-friday, sunday 8pm.
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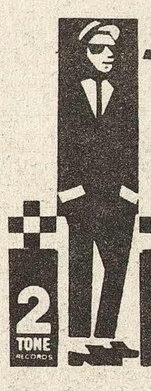
WED. 19th DEC. 8.00pm, Tickets £3.50 from b/o 0273 202881



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+ SPLIT RIVITT + THE CITIZENS
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Holloway Road Theatre
£1.25 in advance, £1.50 on door
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Saturday 8th December
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Sunday 9th December
SKINFLICKS
Tuesday 11th December
THE FALL

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MADNESS
+ SUPPORT
SATURDAY 15th DECEMBER 8pm
TICKETS £2·00 in advance, £2·50 on door
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Admission: £1.50 NUS/Unwaged £2 Others
Nearest Tube Goodge Street, Oxford Circus

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present
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music machine
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with
HARDWARE
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SLADE'S

NEW SINGLE
IS A MUST
FOR EVERY PARTY

'OKEY
COKEY

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Randy Newman

Dominion

RANDY Newman was wandering around backstage at the Dominion gazing disconsolately down. "Why doesn't anyone like my ELO song?" he kept asking no one in particular and no in particular answered.

Randy Newman in concert was fraught with that kind of question, the space between the man's acute irony and his inability to convey the appropriate emotion grew wider as the night progressed. At first, with Newman alone at the piano, everything was dandy, the atmosphere and acoustics were right and the singer-songwriter picked his work-shirted way across a division of material that only hits you when you wake up in some other room.

Newman's emotional spooking became an intricate device for trekking through the past darkly; the casual nonsense of 'Simon Smith', a song for imaginative children, was pursued by a murder unfolded — 'In Germany Before The War' — a terrifying but still peaceful account of a psychopath after the event; maybe it's just a crime of passion.

The mind responsible wasn't giving that one away, instead his feather touch on the keys filled in the gaps, a melody was floating up some stairs and across a meadow.

The satires, 'Sigmund Freud's Impersonation Of Albert Einstein In America' and Randy Newman's version of 'Take It Easy' — 'The Girls In My Life (Part One)' — turned perspectives inside out, railing against the state *and* baring the soul too much.

As a writer Newman thrives on self-deprecation and human unkindness. 'Marie' is a chilling account of justified rejection, while 'Rider In The Rain', accompanied by the Randy Newman army ("You shoulda heard the Germans sing this one") did it for the romatic image of the settler. Newman knows his man and so does his audience.

During this solo section it was possible to appreciate the songs and the execution.

With Newman's left foot flailing erratically he set about divulging the notions of the vindictive God, original sin and America's primitive religions. The faults he sees in a country are levelled at individuals too, and all the time his fragmented melodies exist in counterpoint to the nastiness. Brecht and Weill chords slap up against bar room rolls giving the impression of a practised amateur with a timely message.

Newman ended this phase with 'Political Science', the band trouped on and the atmosphere slipped off.

Sometimes it seemed that the band and their leader had only just been introduced — arrangements were untidily comfortable, disappointingly rock and roll. The rhythm section was collapsible, the guitarist and the synthesizer player evoked few of Newman's best characteristics.

'Birmingham' survived partially intact, but a song like 'They Just Got Married' begs for the arrangement that only time and a band like Steely Dan could have afforded it. The madder Randy got the more sane the band became, and for a number as acutely sad as 'Louisiana 1927' the formula never even left the shelf.

'Kingfish' and an uptempo toe tappin' 'Short People' are two facets of Newman's

Talking Heads

Leicester

THE audience is unnervingly quiet and informed, too reverential and intense. It's as if they've come to intellectually inspect the group as if strolling by pictures in a gallery, stopping occasionally to stand back and criticise. Something about the evening says "art" rather than "rock'n'roll", and enjoyment seems almost a secondary consideration.

That's not to say that 'Fear Of Music' didn't justify all this awesome interest and acclaim, but then making an album is a careful, delicate, private process and onstage where everything's instant and painfully public, different criteria apply.

Talking Heads stand together like four friends sharing the pleasures of their own private world. Only it's been ripped open, its contents spread out, judged and pronounced extraordinary and under the thin mesh of white lights, they look trapped, vulnerable and exposed.

Initially they're too frozen to give the tremendous amount that is expected of them.

Talking Heads don't brashly beg for your attention; they are reticent and reserved, they diffidently unlock the door of their domain then step back inside and leave it to you to invite yourself in.

Chris Frantz, Tina Weymouth and Jerry Harrison

Cavendish Top Ten Cassette Decks

Ten best-value Cassette Decks at tremendous savings – just compare these prices. We have over 1,000 Home Entertainment items on display – come and test them on our comparators or phone Hot line 01-247 9791 for details.

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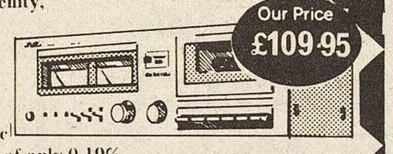
Magnificent quality at a tremendous price - a Dolby Stereo Cassette deck with a W & F of only 0.05%. Plus 3-step bias/eg. selectors, long-life Ferrite Guard Head, full-auto stop, quick review/cue.
Our Price £149.95

Amstrad EX700
Front loading hi-fi Stereo Dolby Cassette deck with line in/out controls, record level meters. Auto-stop, bias/equal facility.
Our Price £74.95



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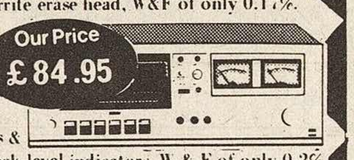

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Plus free cassette care kit worth £5.95.
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Sansui D-90
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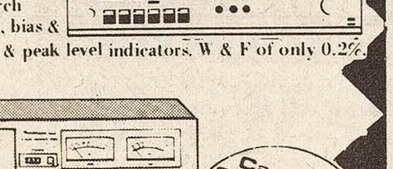

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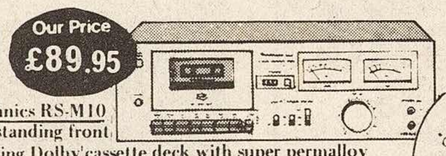

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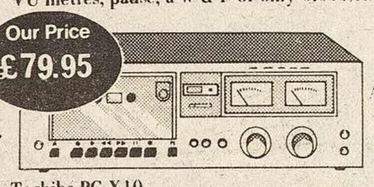

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LIVE!

The Criminal Newman

style: the one a historically illuminating affront to nostalgia with the songwriter as storyteller for a fascinating past, the other a mildly amusing parody of bigotry, an insubstantial piece in his pattern book of similar songs. Schumacher would have approved.

Being no expert on Randy Newman, I'm not sure whether his newer material really is as duff as some folks make out. I do know that his understanding of America's social problems and diseases (viz 'Rednecks') are far more powerful than the tepid parodies of the '70s traits he seeks to lampoon.

'The Story Of A Rock And Roll Band' is a fine spoof and 'It's Money That I Love' comes straight from the wallet (*"They say that money can't buy love in this world/But it'll get you a half-pound of cocaine and a 16 year old girl"*) but 'Pants' just *isn't* funny in the same way that Frank Zappa *is* a monumental pain in the arse.

But when the band treat a song like limp heavy metal you wonder where parody ends and reality begins.

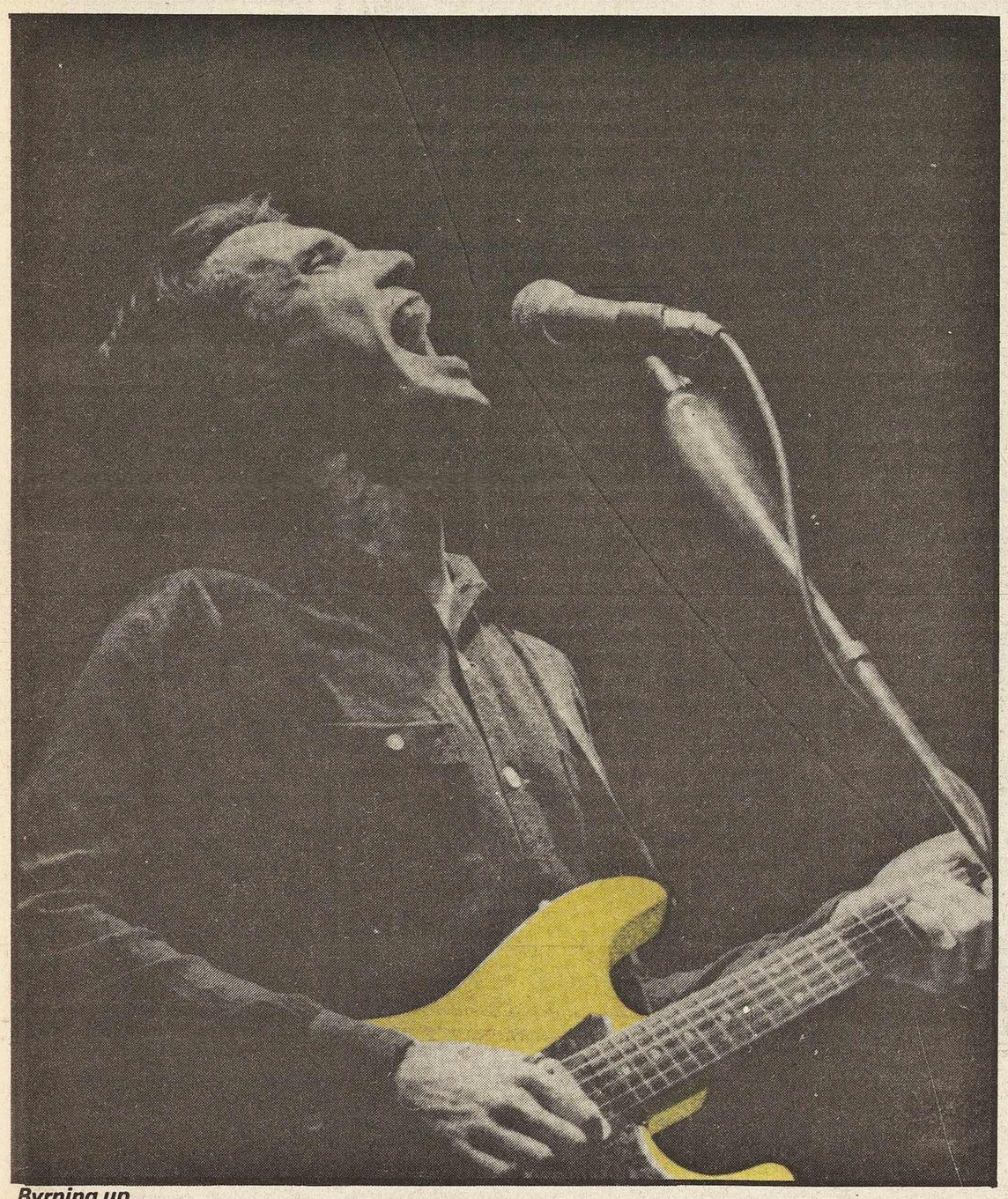
It was nice to welcome some metaphysical relief in the encores when Newman returned alone. Then you could hear the ghosts of some New York vaudeville stage and watch the curtain rise on the early part of the century, which is Newman's most suitable case for treatment.

There was melodrama in 'Lonely At The Top' and music hall sentiment for 'Davey The Fat Boy'. Newman put his big money on the last number 'I Think It's Going To Rain Today', but by then it was too late.

A curiously unsatisfactory evening of entertainment — Eugene Debs wouldn't have stuck around for the electrical storm — it really never broke.

Max Bell

In Another The Criminal



Byrning up

have pretty, fresh, small-featured faces that dissolve into anonymity somewhere past the twelfth row and they don't move much, although Tina crouches and shudders slowly as she's playing bass.

But watching David Byrne you feel at times crassly voyeuristic: the perfect obsessive is pinned up, squirming in front of you and you can't tear away your guilty, avid eyes. He flails stiffly; there's a terrifying, underlying rigidity in his charged, damaged movements; his voice has that perpetual tipped-over edge to it and the sudden naked screams and shouts, the quiet gibberings suggest that he's speaking in the tongues of all his hidden tormentors.

It's the unsensual baring of a modern man's mind that is incessantly exploring the cramped confines of its own neuroses: alienated, enquiring and purely paranoiac.

That's one side of Talking Heads — the aura, the intelligence, the sound of the subconcious speaking. There is another.

But this is the first night of the tour and to start with it shows. The sound lacks the immediate spontaneous combustion of a good live set. 'Cities', 'Paper' and 'Mind' are played early; 'Electric Guitar' has that parody of the same which crawls off derisively at the end of each cadence; Tina Weymouth nervously sings backing vocals on 'Air'; for 'Heaven' the sound is hotter and smoother, less pristine, Byrnes' voice lost blissfully in a brief respite from his own anxiety.

But they've only managed an adequate run-through of each number and the audience is still passively scrutinising the stage.

Then a taut, stretched shout of unbearable tension, the gutteral grunts of bass and the hoarse, gruff gasping vocals starts 'Animals', spreading the first stirrings through the hall as the audience starts to lumber into uneasy motion.

By 'Love Goes To Building On Fire' the constraints on the group have gone: their tight, fenced-in faces have relaxed; they look like they're enjoying themselves and Byrnes is lurching around the stage as if heavily drugged, a solitary lock of hair waving weakly over his forehead.

Chris Frantz' percussion slashes through the speakers and starts an altered, extended 'Psyco Killer' which wells up and spills out with a force and fluidity that I would have thought impossible at the beginning of the set. And as they encore with 'Life During Wartime' and 'Take me To The River', it's the whole sound that hits you.

All the rhythmic strands have run together; the hall is seething and sweating. The lyrics are still skating on the thin ice of sanity but they're now subliminal, they trickle in at the ears while your feet are moving to the warm stimulation of the beat.

Talking Heads have effected the transformation without exhibitionism and achieved a strength of sound that the fragile sensitivity of their presence initally belied.

They make music for the body as well as the brain.

Lynn Hanna

Wings

Liverpool

ONCE upon a very long time ago . . . forget it. Nothing.

Only one stone's throw away from the '80s and we're still asking a man to walk in the shadow of what he was, or was imagined to be, in what's nearly the decade before last. For ten years McCartney's seen his new work held up to an artificial light, viewed and valued, low or high, on every kind of terms except its own.

Sometimes it seems as if he's being dismissed entirely for the trivial sin of proving less than entirely perfect, perfect in the way that fond myth and memory want to hold him in perpetuity. Just as it sometimes seems as though there are those who'll elevate the man's plainest lapses no matter what, as if by sheer force of habit.

Between blinkered criticism and blind-eyed worship there's an underpopulated territory without much in the way of signposts. No wonder McCartney, the most response-conscious of artists, zig-zags so erratically, displays inconsistency and confused identity. As much as he's drawn towards the open arms, he's still distracted by those turned backs.

He wants to please everyone some of the time, but some people demand to be pleased all the time.

A hard pancake, as Flann O'Brien would say.

If any phase or permutation of Wings ever promised to break the pattern, to place the past in its overdue perspective, un-selfconsciously to impose itself inside the present, then I'd take the band that's now taking shape to be the one. And it's good to watch it happen.

To the old group's nucleus — Paul, Linda, Denny Laine — have been added two young English musicians, drummer Steve Holly and guitarist Laurence Juber, with extensive use of a fourman horn section — Howie Casey, Tony Dorsey, Steve Howard and Thaddeus Richard.

Tonight's showing, amongst the new line-up's very first, wasn't altogether assured or smooth or super-competent; it was something better than that, a basic rock'n'roll band coming together.

At first it was hard not to feel as though something wasn't right. From a slightly wooden opening of 'Got To Get You Into My Life', through 'Getting Closer' and 'Every Night', it just didn't sound like megastar super-stadium stuff somehow. But by 'Again And Again And Again', then 'I've Had Enough' and 'No Words', it became obvious that it wasn't supposed to.

Wings aren't about complacency, or about taking anything for granted or milking the easy applause. Instead they project as a solid, grass-roots English band of the old school, playing for fun — who just happen to be blessed with one of the better voices and a lot of the better songs which money could buy.

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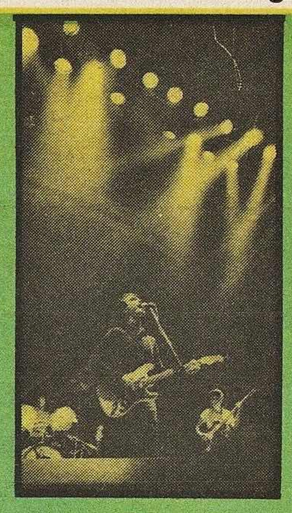

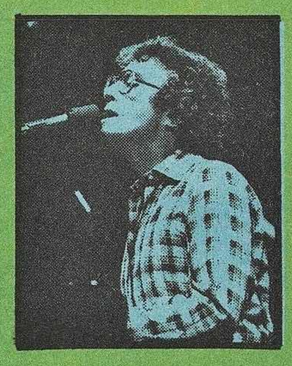

Talking Heads pix: Al Johnson
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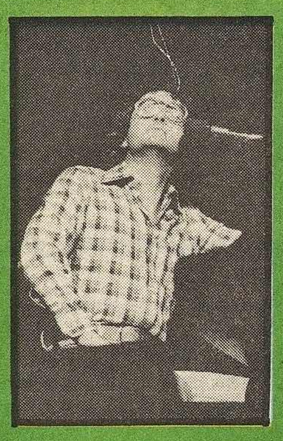

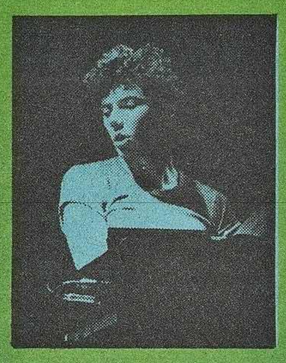

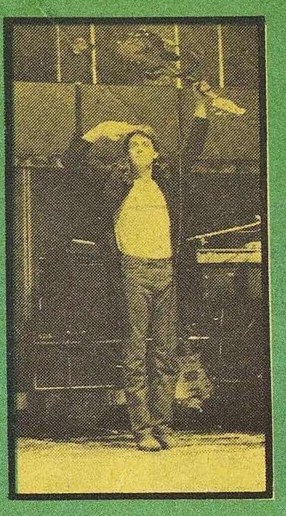

Gimme the low-life Gimme the smut

Cooper Clarke: Mr TV Personality? Pic Zbysiu Rodak.

John Cooper Clarke
Sheffield

JOHN Cooper Clarke, you realise, is probably the most popular poet in Britain today — certainly, one of the very few to actually make a living from poetry, and the only one to pack halls night after night for readings.

The reasons are obvious: he's as accessibly populist as Betjeman, and he's funny. Whilst Betjeman extols the delights of bourgeois gentility for a social stratum which has all but ceased to exist, Cooper Clarke wallows in wry low-life observation, declaiming his scribblings with a bluff bonhomie reminiscent of the mid-'60s Liverpool poets, but without their reliance on sickly sentiment.

Another time, another sensibility, and Cooper-Clarke's anything but maudlin. Salt of the earth, and all that.

Fine. For a while.

The thing that was painfully clear by the end of this performance was that, despite his talents as a wordsmith, he's not so much a poet as a comedian — a state of affairs he's well aware of — and, as such, is in the wrong medium.

TV is plainly the place for one as unnaturally photogenic as Cooper Clarke (as evidenced by his appearance on the abysmal *Something Else)*, preferably a regular spot on a chat show like *Friday Night, Saturday Morning*. But, in a medium which delights in near-the-knuckle smutty innuendo, would his, ah, *forthrightness* (halfway up the arm, so to speak) be permissible? I wonder.

And the unfortunate truth is that, whether he likes it or not, his popularity rests largely on his blueness: the laughs accrued by lines like *"It's bad enough with anuvver race, but fook me, a monster from outer space!"* are undoubtedly due, in large part, to the neatly-accented swearword; the fact that it's a satire on xenophobic attitudes slips by largely unnoticed. Or am I being too pessimistic? I think not.

Like all comedy, his verse wears thin quickly. Who laughs at the same joke twice, and who played 'Disguise In Love' more than half-a-dozen times? Despite the musical settings, once you knew the punch lines the record was superfluous, like chewing-gum with the taste chewed out.

Without the music, as at this performance, it's all chuckles-in-advance and "Ha ha, this one's a good 'un!" from those who've heard them before and want to appear knowledgeable to their mates (who then feel obliged to laugh rather than being inspired to).

To be fair, not all the stuff was old. The well-known pieces were punctuated periodically with extracts from the forthcoming 'Seven Years In An Open-Neck Shirt' a ludicrous chunk of freewheeling prose masquerading as an absurdist autobiography, all bizarre associative tangents and twists for the sheer hell of it, rattled off like a teleprinter by a thin string of unleashed energy who, if he's not got veins of white powder, has surely got a serious nervous disorder.

Cooper Clarke was preceded by Chris Sievey And The Freshies, bland exponents of the kind of "new pop" that went down the drain along with The Valves, Zones, etc, whose one stab at individuality was in the leaden ensemble of their final number, which reminded me of Fruupp. (Remember Fruupp? No? Lucky you.)

Wrapping things up were a bunch of old geezers who seemed to want to be Trapeze. (Remember Trapeze? No? Even luckier you.) They were called The Out, which I and a large contingent of the audience took to be a prompt after their first few songs.

Andy Gill

Robert Palmer
Hammersmith Odeon

THAT the Odeon was full for two nights running leads me to think that Robert Palmer's followers form some kind of secret society. I don't know anyone who could reliably name half a dozen tracks that the mellow fellow has recorded in the last few years; his albums come out, disappear and then turn up in the bargain shops.

Yet there he was playing to standing room only, being bathed in applause at the opening of each song as if he was Barry Manilow. The crowd was either uniformally American (the man is a mini-star over there), or else they were all owners of bargain stores out to discover who this guy is who ticks over a neat trade for them. In any case, Bob did little to drag his rather flat personality off the vinyl and in to his live show.

There were a few problems with the bottom sound during the opener 'Best Of Both Worlds' — one of the songs I do know — but the pattern was set immediately. The evening became a series of gutless get downs. Clavinets and rhythm guitar traded across hi-hat and popgun snare, every now and then the songs would break down to just one instrument for a few seconds until — with a run around the drum kit — back would burst the riff with renewed power.

Palmer, still chasing Cliff's timeless teen title, was the only one of the six on stage actually to move though this consisted of just taking a couple of steps from the mike and jumping on the spot with his legs bowed.

This lack of animation was the killing point for me; I mean, if your funk lacks spunk the least you can do is try to bluff some grit into it. But a band with a bass player who didn't so much as wag the old arse, whose rhythm guitarist didn't so much as keep time with his boot and whose frontman wore what appeared to be a woollen scarf isn't particularly inviting the thrashing of Mr Rank's fixtures and fittings.

I wouldn't write off Robert Palmer, I quite enjoy the odd slice in his voice, though a tad pale, does bend agreeably — even if his attempts at scat that night were a bit like a man with a heavy stammer ordering an Italian meal.

I figure that Palmer's people have decided a live album is due and, what the hell, in order for that you've gotta do a couple of shows. So whack, whack, have you got that one down, John? Otherwise it was a case of his society gathering for two nights, playing some of their founder's recordings and the chap himself putting in a personal appearance.

If only they could have got the three things together we could have let some sweat.

Danny Baker

From previous page

It would be nice to think they could preserve that feel when they do reach the stadiums, outside of little venues like this, the Royal Court Theatre, where McCartney can feed off the immediacy of the crowd and match every home-town heckler's wisecrack quip for quip. It would be nicer if they never played anywhere bigger than this, and played more often and gave some substance to his romantic notions of playing simple gigs that are no big deal. He's got the band for it, and he thrives on the contact.

All decked out in a bizarre mismatch of T-shirt'n'tails (so like Paul's grafting of rock culture on to the longer-standing traditions of old-time entertainment), they went on through Linda's 'Cook Of The House', echoey and effectively primitive, and 'Old Siam Sir' to a sort of classics interlude — the bassman moving to piano — of 'Maybe I'm Amazed', 'Fool On The Hill' and 'Let It Be', then continuing with the instrumental 'Hot As Sun', 'Spin It On ' and Eddie Cochran's '20 Flight Rock'.

Denny Laine did his bit on 'Go Now', 'Arrow Through Me' plugged the current album for the last time, and the seasonal 'Wonderful Christmastime' was terrible. But McCartney's audience is a wide one; you've got to be prepared to share him a bit.

'Coming Up' was a new one; 'Goodnight Tonight' was the last one, except for the encores: Paul on solo acoustic singing 'Yesterday' and then with a real live piper for 'Mull Of Kintyre', all swaying Kop scarves and singalong style, and finally a very good 'Band On The Run'.

It might be impossible to like everything Wings do, and maybe at somewhere like Wembley I'd have liked a lot less. But tonight was warm and informal — no BIG deal, just a little bit magic.

Paul Du Noyer

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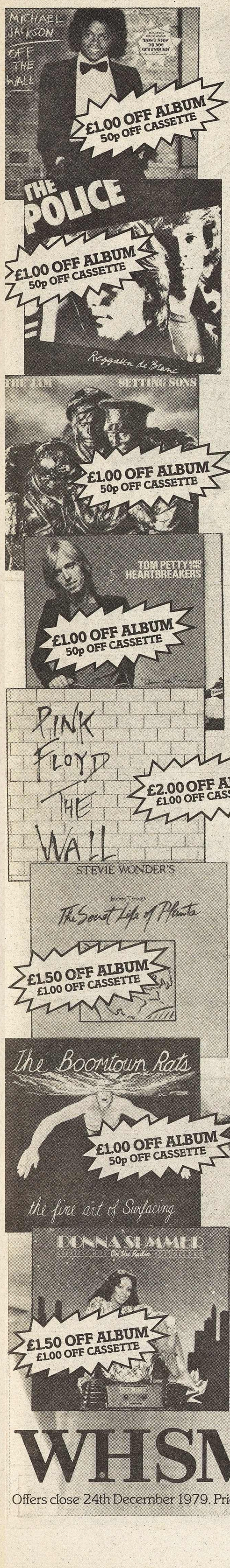

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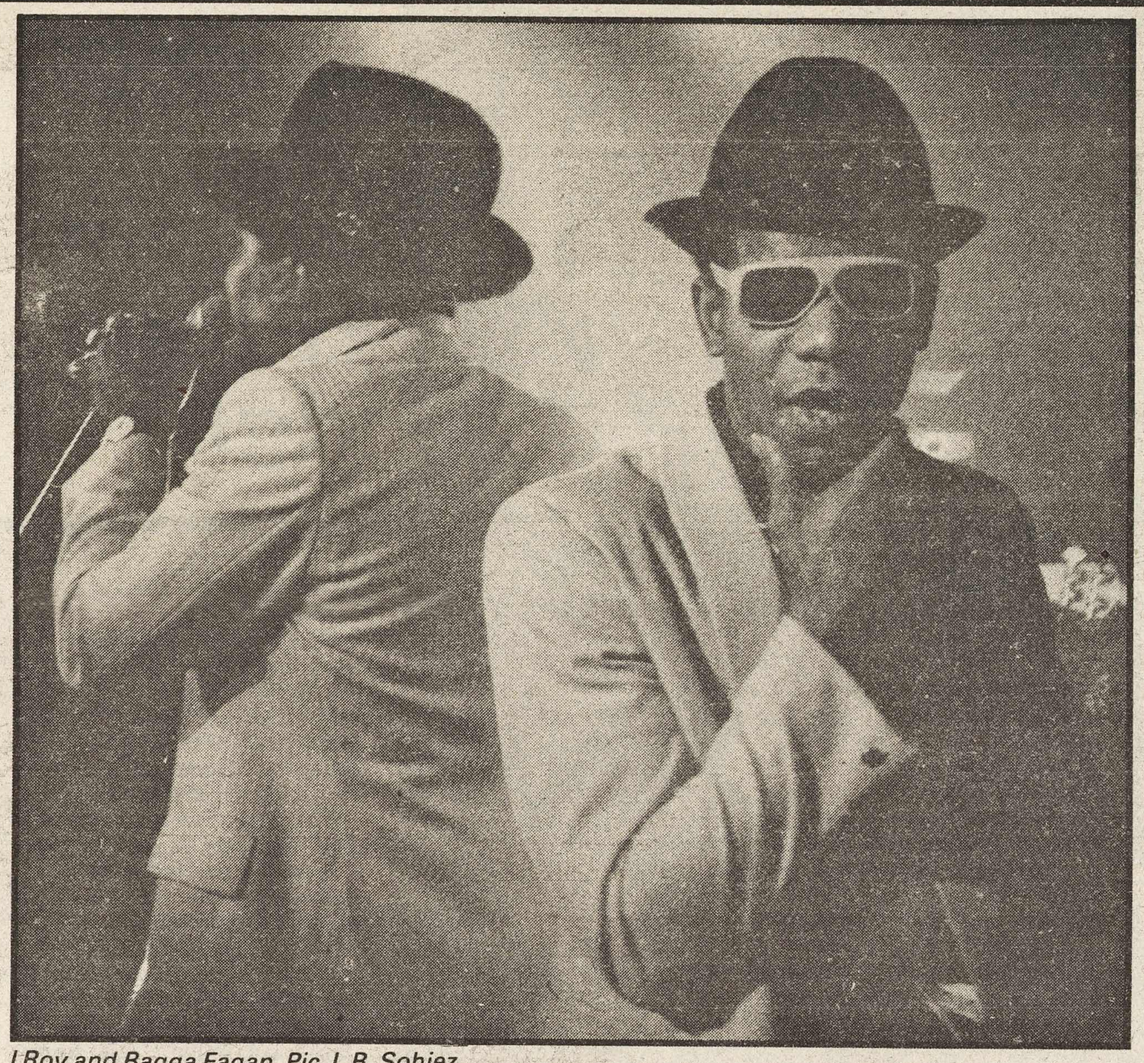
Bagga Bagga Hey



I Roy and Bagga Fagan. Pic J. B. Sohiez.

Matumbi
Janet Kay
I Roy

Music Machine

I DUNNO what it is about the reggae gigs at the Music Machine, but nearly all of them seemed to be marred by their shambolic organisation, and this gig was no exception.

A "soul" band called Tasty were still rampaging through some funky stuff at 10pm, and the hour gap before I Roy's backing band arrived was strictly a downer. The crowd was below capacity and the atmosphere was cold and miserable.

Masagan's opening shots did little to lift them out of the backing band category and it was clear that everyone was awaiting the man himself — I Roy. Six feet tall and resplendent in white suit and black stetson, he strode onstage and wasted no time in dropping his DJ jive talk on the crowd before going into 'African Continent'.

It was in '73 when I first became familiar with I Roy as a toaster and a lot of LPs have been released since the brilliant 'Presenting I Roy' album; in comparison, his current material is laid back, but he's still unsurpassable as a talker with a real gift of the gab.

As he worked his way through a selection from his current album 'The General', his delivery was word for word although he couldn't resist a little improvisation by throwing in a few lines from Errol Scorcher's 'Roach In The Corner'

"This ya rockers mek yuh walk an talk" was a line I couldn't have agreed with more, and in sharp contrast to the freneticism of the new generation of DJs like Eastwood and Trinity, he just stood erect and delivered the goods, each number linked by his characteristic patter.

I Roy's short and sharp appearance was well received, but time was passing and it was clear that the show had been badly mis-timed.

Janet Kay's set was a model of reggae cooperation with Tony, Donald and Angus from Aswad uniting with Blackbeard Matumbi and two girls from Brown Sugar.

This was only Janet's second appearance on stage, but she showed no signs of nervousness. Her voice was compelling and held its own against the tight compulsive rhythms which embodied some sharp changes, delicate keyboards and some bold bass lines from Blackbeard who sat grinning on a stool, framed by a huge gong.

She covered both sides of her current Disco 45 and went straight from 'Closer To You' into 'Silly Games'. When she hit those high notes she smiled as if she had cleared the final hurdle of a race. There was little doubt that she is talented and original and just beginning to really develop.

At last Matumbi arrived onstage and after a short instrumental which seemed like a chance to sound check, on came Bagga and Glaister. Dressed in a red jacket, red plastic-rimmed shades and stingy brim hat, Baggon looked well rude.

I've never seen Matumbi do a bad show and their pragmatic approach — which is clearly an attempt to come to terms with the diverse expectations of their audience — is one which fascinates me.

"Come with I man, seen," says Bagga as they move into 'Come With Me'. 'Judy McQueen' follows and, as Bagga says, it's strictly music from one point of view. It really bubbles on 'Good Book', but unfortunately the vocalists are not happy with the sound and the clouds of dry-ice and the bubble machine don't help, coming across as cheap gimmicks.

"Them man deh jus' grieve me. . ." they announce and proceed to lay down one wicked piece of instra-dub with ska styled horn riffs, a crucial side of Matumbi we rarely hear on record. Last up is a lively version of 'Point Of View' which climaxes with I Roy toasting, up to his neck in dry-ice.

By now it's gone 2am and even if the management had allowed the show to continue, there is no way Matumbi would come back onstage.

Considering it was their first major London show for some time, it was sadly a disaster and the odds were definitely stacked against them.

I'm just looking forward to their next London show which will most likely be when they return from Africa.

The Lurkers

Marquee

I NEVER did find the ritual of anointing musicians with green gilberts, dislocating the nose of some innocent bystander while attempting to levitate and, due to poor marksmanship, transforming the toilets into a paddy field, particularly conducive to having a good time.

Regretfully, there are those for whom time has stood still, who still derive spiritual fulfilment from actively participating in such dubious social activities. And it seems this uncontrollable desire to re-enact such redundant tribal rights is now the prerogative of those who were too young to show their colours during the original "anarchical" punk skirmish.

Contrary to what they are led to believe, these shock-troops are not the spearhead of any wild youth movement, but plain old fashioned reactionaries involved in the very worst characteristics of revivalism: a rag-trade punk parody for which bands like The Lurkers, whether they approve or not, are employed to supply the required ramshackled soundtrack of feed-back buzzsaw guitars, biscuit-tin drumming and ranting incomprehensible vocals.

Following a rather heavy sputum shower, sporadic punch-ups and an off-target pint of beer, the lead Lurker may have half-heartedly threatened, "We ain't playing anything for you spitting bastards," but like those who he harangued, still continued to go through the motions of a performance.

What was enacted both on stage and amongst the spectators had nothing remotely connected with rock and roll — past, present or future.

Perhaps, at this late stage in the game, both The Lurkers and their followers are trapped into a time warp from which there is no escape but self-destruction. It seems that there are no options open to them other than finally becoming as dehumanised as those people responsible for keeping them employed.

At one time, rock and roll was a way of climbing out the social sewer; for The Lurkers it would appear to be a round ticket.

Roy Carr

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Doing the wrong things right

Joe Jackson

Birmingham

JOE Jackson's band look sharper than he does: Graham Maby and Gary Sandford wear black and white clothes and have short black and blond hair respectively. Between them stands a tall man with a gaunt, gangly frame, a pinstripe suit and a big, rubbery, youthful, unformed face framed in hair that's prematurely receding.

But then Joe Jackson isn't hip, he isn't cool, he doesn't wear the right clothes or sing about the "right" things, and provided he's got a decent audience I doubt if he gives a damn whether he's in or out of vogue.

He's in the tough tradition of the trouper: standing at the front of the stage he has an easy, uncondescending rapport with the crowd and he seems to treat his talent as a trade. He doesn't sell himself short but he shrugs off the implications that his music sheds on the rest of his personality (he scoffs at the notion of being a bit of a star before singing 'Sunday Papers'), and his performance is the result of an old equation that relies on a simple idea of pleasure: he has a skill and he's using it to entertain others.

Where his music differs from most of the puerile nonsense that covers the same topics in the same sort of way is that in his case integrity is necessarily and involuntarily involved.

There's a gleam in his eye that suggests he gets ferverishly excited about being on stage and he's like an awkward adolescent clowning about and hurling from one intense, engrossing emotion to another. He jitters about as if he's longing to dance but doesn't quite know how: he starts, stops, spins, slams his fist into his palm or rushes over to briefly play the piano.

One minute he's reading out of one of those salacious stories from the *Sun* and holding aloft Page 3 with derisive glee; the next he has turned to face them transformed into the wry romantic who's been betrayed so often that disappointment isn't a surprise. He becomes the touchy, pushy opportunist with the tender, hopeful heart.

And some of his songs have a persuasive emotional purity that makes the bilious billing and cooing that gets labelled as love songs look pretty sick.

The sound of his band is bass-heavy, Graham Maby often taking the tune; it's strong enough to be entirely effective but it retains a sort of rough-edged spontaneity.

They start with 'Look Sharp'; the twisted tale of 'Geraldine And John' incorporates that extraordinary instrument the melodica; 'Pretty Boy' is a lightly bouncing new number that seems to jealously lampoon its subject; during 'Friday' he runs round pretending to interview the rest of the band; 'One More Time' and 'Is She Really Going Out With Him' are the outpourings of the unlikely lover who's trying to retain some sort of dignity while reconciling himself to the crushing realities of a situation in which he still can't quite bring himself to believe.

He creeps up to the microphone, hands clasped, to sing 'It's Different For Girls'; it's fragile, breathy, rapt and — even better — it neatly reverses the normal redundant roles.

A frantic, self-assertive 'I'm The Man' finishes the set and he encores with something that's announced as a "standard", and a fast, forceful 'Got The Time'. Then he goes over the top, chucks a stool at the drumkit, douses the audience with the remains of the bottle of beer that he's been swigging all evening and finally trudges off sweating and drained.

He's edgy, relaxed, pleased, pained, sheepish, brash, gauche and self-assured.

It might be simpler if you saw him for yourself.

Lynn Hanna

Who ain't cool?

Metro

Dingwalls

IT'S nice here in Dingwalls. Food's fab, loads of booze and the serving wenches are a real bunch of crackers! The owner, Lord Ligg, has just put up closed-circuit video screens all over the place, so on Friday night we watched this band called Metro without taking our noses out of the chilli bowls. The girl from EMI says they're real stars in Germany, so after pudding, I rolled up me trousers and battled my way to the stage through a sea of dolly-birds.

They're that kind of band because they've got this devilishly handsome singer called Peter Godwin, whose voice comes straight out of the ice-box. He prances around like Pinocchio an' he's a right ol' Prince Charming to boot.

Great songs too — well-scrubbed, chunky lovers-rock with some rilly impressive layered guitar sounds from Sean and Colin, both rigged up to a flanger and guitar-synth apiece. A bloke from the *NME* said they reminded him of Talking Heads, but I think that's a bit far-fetched, even though some of their material sounds similar.

I like this band. They're very melodic, you can eat to their beat and still have change for the charabanc home.

Rick Joseph

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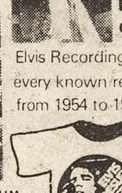

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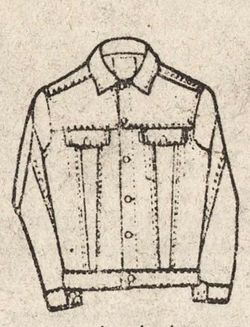

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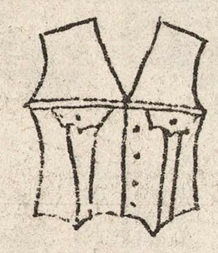

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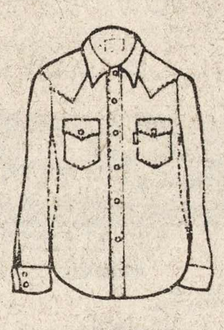

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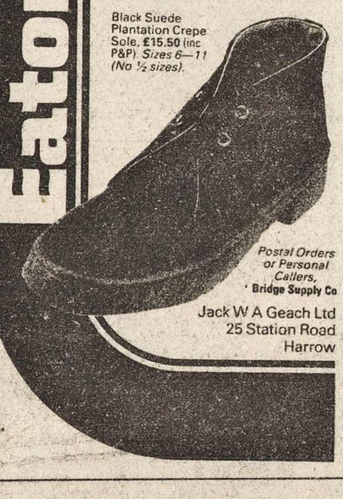

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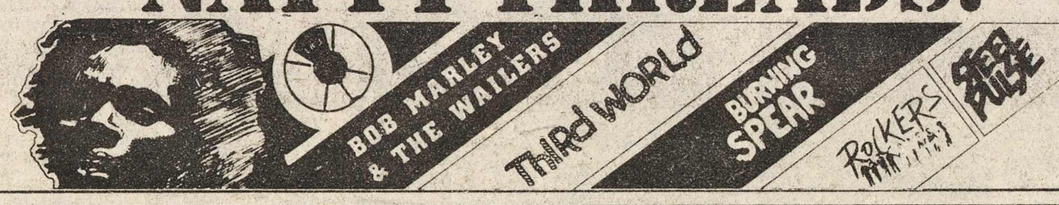

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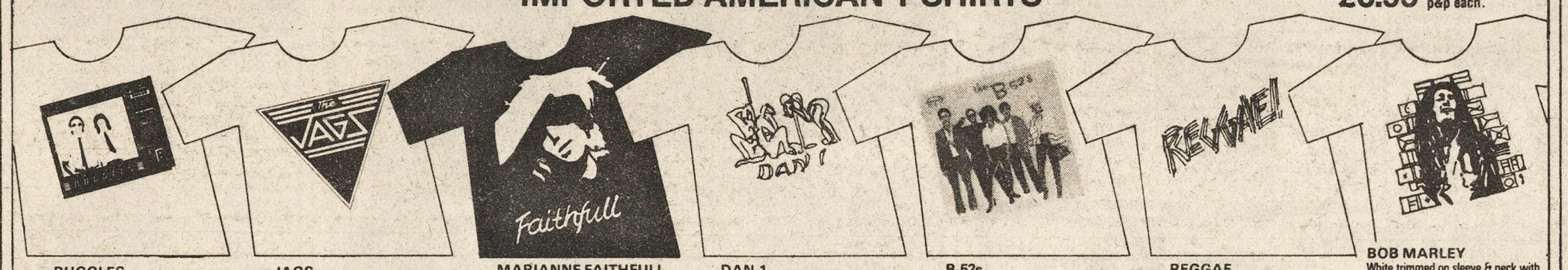

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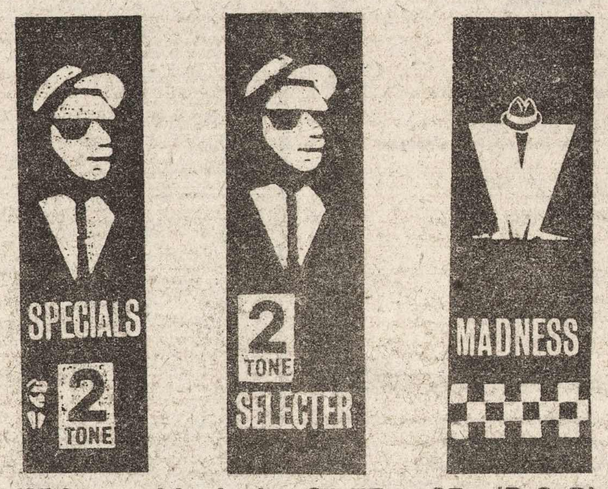

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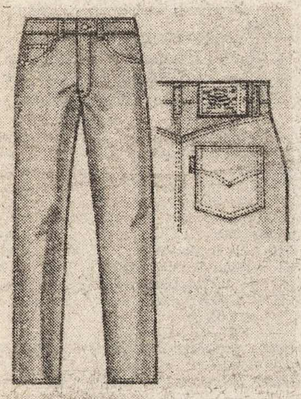

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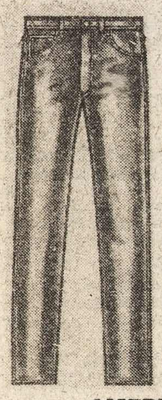

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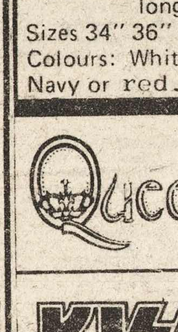

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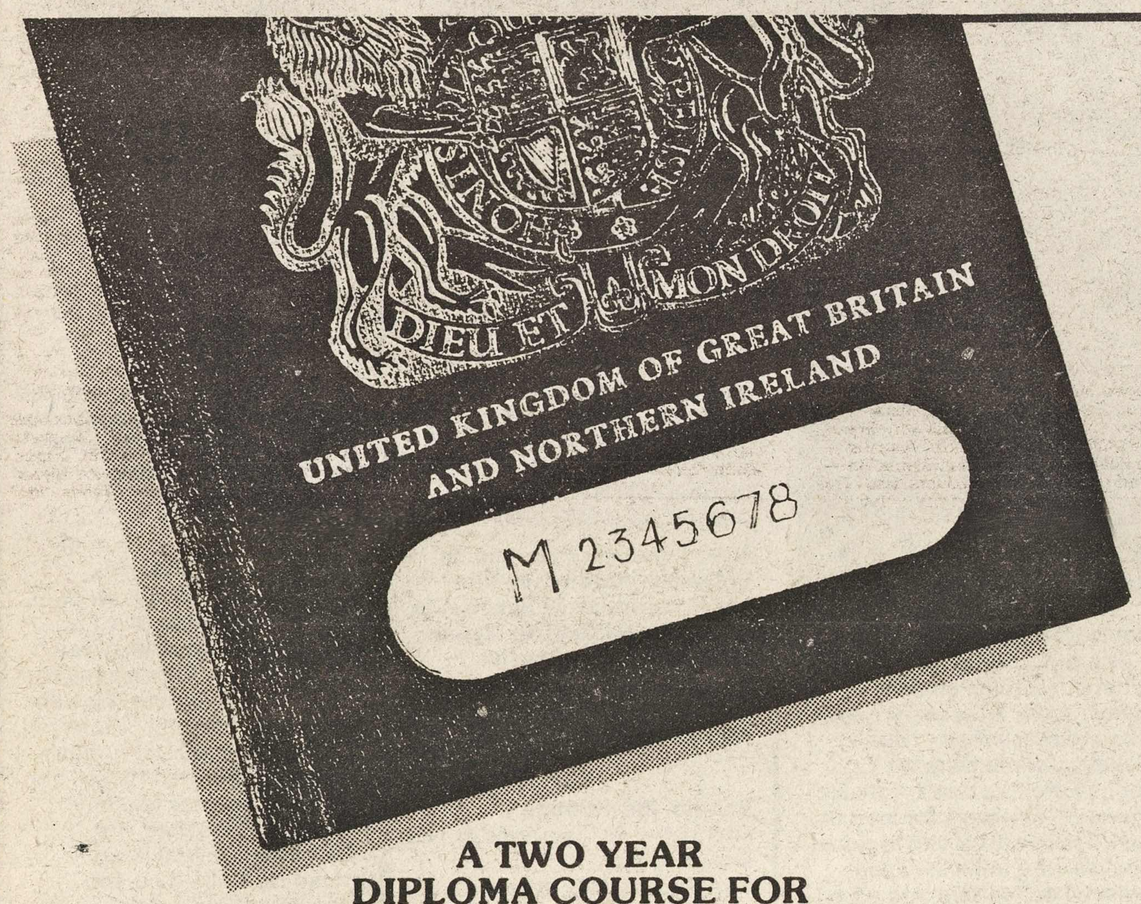

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Richard and Linda Thompson

Venue

THE Thompsons are notoriously erratic performers so I guess it's good luck that on the three times I've seen them during the past 12 months they've never been less than solidly enjoyable.

This gig didn't have the special edge that inspired their splendid Drury Lane gig last November, but then the Venue isn't conductive to their kind of finely-wrought intensity, and a good-humoured, relaxed stroll through their extensive catalogue seemed quite appropriate in the circumstances.

Only twice did they rise above this general level of cosiness: first, on 'Pavanne', a silly song about terrorism, but here transformed by Linda's impassioned vocals and Richard's sesitive acoustic support into a tense, dream-like narrative that had the audience hooked and hushed; then on the reworked 'Night Comes In', a shimmering, sliding foray into Richard's impressionistic guitar technique.

His love of jazz was evident as he explored ideas and sounds, employed surprising changes, advanced and retreated with an uncanny ear for dynamics and finally slowed the song into a beautiful spacey and quiet resolution.

For the rest, it was all pleasantness and pleasantries — a new, less anguished version of 'For Shame Of Doing Wrong'; a poignant 'Strange Affair'; a blistering disco bustle through 'Don't Let A Thief Steal Into Your Heart'. Alas, there were also five songs from the new album which, apart from the brilliantly sardonic tango of the title track, are best forgotten.

The band, though, were in fine fettle — Simon Nicol encouraging and supportive on second guitar, the warmly resonant bass of Pat Donaldson and Michael Spencer's robust drumming. There's a spectacular light-show — strobes even on 'Civilisation', a drily humorous touch — and, as usual, the set's spliced with a judicious selection of non-originals: tonight a Sandy Denny ballad, a jugband number, a delightful encore of The Springfields' 'Island Of Dreams' and finally Ricard rocking out with sly affection on 'No Particular Place To Go.'

Given the Thompsons' bitterly pessimistic prognosis of modern society, you could say it was an evening of doomy fun. The one sad omission was any sign of a halt to Richard's decline as a songwriter, most obvious in the glib condemnations and lonely-heart cliches of the 'Sunny Vista' album.

It's a minor consolation that live the Thompsons still retain a few of the qualities that have disappeared entirely from their records.

Graham Lock

Maria Muldaur

Venue

'Falling In Love Again', that's what my new album's called and I'd just like you all to know about it, 'cos life's just great when you're in love. Course I've had my hard times, a lovin' an' a losin', a little bit of whorin' an' a whole lotta heartbreak, an' I'm jus' gonna tell youse all about it, so jus' settle back in yo' seats and get yourself in the mood with all that fine food and wine — 'cos it's time for those old, old stories from the woman who has lived 'em all.

PERSONAL experience, that's what puts the conviction, the feeling, the life into music isn't it? Confessions from the soul that stir anyone's emotions, and make you feel a part of that song — hey, that's me she's singing about.

So goes the story. But either Maria Muldaur has steeped her memories to excess in wine and whisky, sleazy clubs and dirty old men, or she's a tellin' lies. Because there ain't no life in her songs tonight, no conviction in her words and no feeling in the telling.

It's a practise perfect show, not told from the heart but off-by-heart, with token pelvic gyrations and full frontal thrusts in tight-trousered, clinging skimpy-topped predictability. Old men surround her on and off stage and none of them rises until the chart single 'Midnight At The Oasis' is played near the end of the set.

Oh, Maria can sing alright. She's got "a good voice", but so have a million other people, and she falls short of the top-grade jazz and blues singer she fancies herself as. After all, it takes more than an adequate rendition of Billy Holliday's 'Lover Man Where Can You Be' to be that.

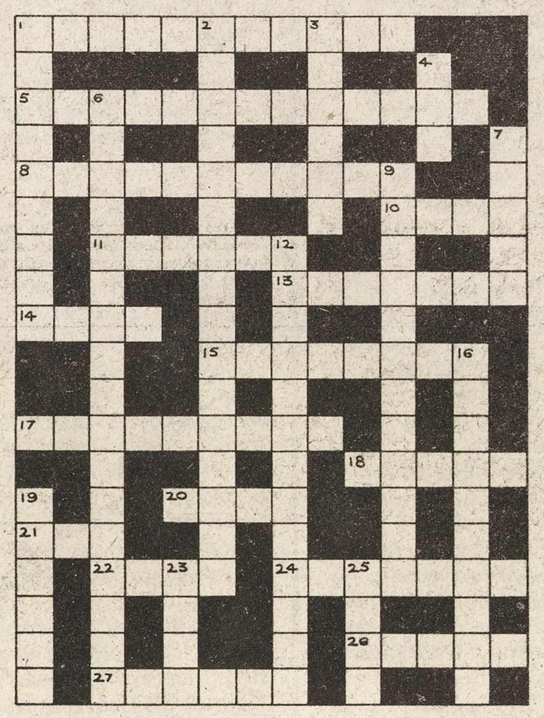
To give the audience that really low-down bluesy feel, the lady recounts more of that authentic life history of broken marriages, torrid affairs, shrinks, Gurus and *Cosmopolitan* magazine; her paranoia reflected in her song titles — 'Where Can You Be', 'When Are You Going', 'When Are You Coming Back', culminating in 'That's The Way Love Is' and 'One And One Only'. There are mods to Dan Hicks, Bonnie Raitt, even Dolly Parton. Being American do they have these problems too?

The musicians are professional technicians, possessing all the components to make up a spectacular sound show — tenor, alto and soprano saxophones, clarinet, flute, fiddle and harmonica, besides the basic guitar, bass, drums line-up. But the sound is nothing more than proficient, practised and acceptable, although Maria proudly tells us that her sax player Jim Rotherman can do almost *anything* with his mouth.

What we have is not only jaded style and jaded content, but jaded humour too.

Deanne Pearson

NME X-PRESSWORD



ACROSS

1 Singer/actress who plays Monkey in 'Quadrophenia' (5, 6)
5 Recent reggae chartmaker (6, 7)
8 Virginia's relative in Pink Floyd!? (5, 6)
10 '60s R&B combo whose hits included 'Gloria' and 'Here Comes The Night'
11 See 7
13 & 25 Costello 45 of recent memory
14 Top chaps institution subjected to Weller wit
15 Has-beens reshuffle to support punk's Ice Lady!
17 I and I transforms a marble yob, Haile Anagramatically! (3, 6)
18 First name of 'Ring My Bell' female
20 Mop Tops second movie
21 An old fart? Well, almost . . .
22 See 19
24 Dapper Stone
26 Revived by the Flying Lizards
27 Roxy clones, hit the top in 1975 with 'Glass Of Champagne'

DOWN

1 This may not be uptown Jamaica but the beat it is a treat! (3. 6)
2 Mad John's other half on 'Really Free (4, 5, 7)
3 Arthur of 'Sweet Soul Music', your Mod starter for ten!
4 You wanna Tube? It'll cost ya . . .
6 American blue-eyed soul team, their classic was 'You've Lost The Lovin' Feelin' ' (9, 8)
7 & 11 Dingbat US singer/songwriter
9 Stoned viewer (anag. 2 words)
12 Ronettes lead singer, slept with her producer (6, 7)
16 Hand in your parkas if you can't get this one: they cut the original 'Guns Of Navarone'
19 & 22 US blues band who made the top ten in 1968 with 'On The Road Again'
23 Ms Stewart of 'Knock On Wood'
25 See 13

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 'Setting Sons'; 7 I Spy; 9 Meat Loaf; 10 Foghat; 11 Tom Robinson; 13 'Brass In Pocket'; 17 Nelson; 18 Utopia; 19 Ronnie Wood; 21 Demis (Roussos); 22 (Denny) Laine; 24 (Don) Everly; 25 Jetty; 27 (Tony) Iommi; 28 Allan Clarke; 30 'Que Sera Mi Vida'.

DOWN: 2 The Tourists, 3 Stiff, 4 'Say When'; 5 'Let Your Heart Dance'; 6 Don (Everly); 8 'Hot Shot'; 12 Brian Wilson; 14 Paul Weller; 15 'Crocodile Rock'; 16 Eric (Idle); 20 'No More Tears'; 23 'My Girl'; 26 Cilla (Black); 29 Lou (Reed).

GASBAG

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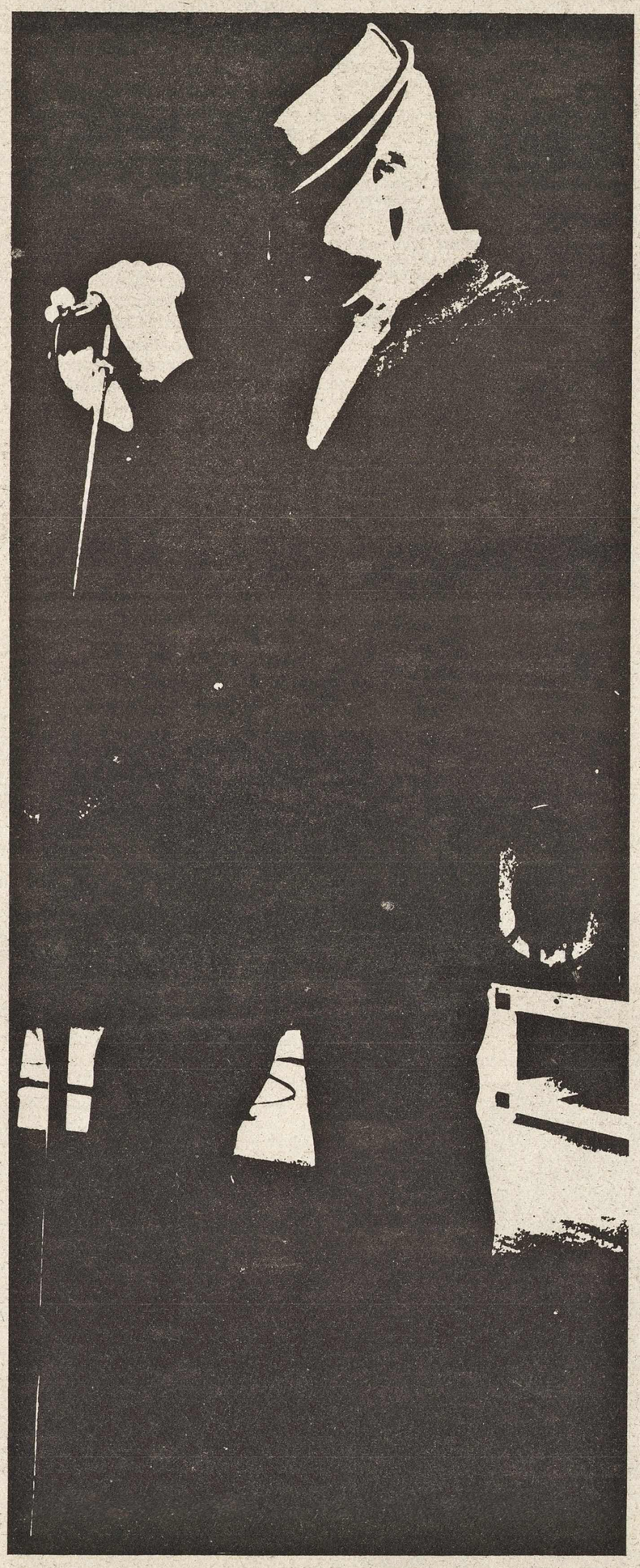

ALL students are smart-arsed posers. Bob Dylan is absolute shite, and I think the *NME* is superb. There are three good reasons as to why this letter should be printed (or at least three things you like to see in your letters to this hallowed and feared *Gasbag* of yours). So print the bugger (please?)
James T. Krik (A Revillos Fan), Clifton, Nottingham.
Damn good letter, this. Unfortunately, it's downhill all the way from here on in . . . — CSM

I wish you would stop constantly printing your views on the NF and BM and other Nazi orientated organisations. I am what could loosely be classified as a Nazi but do not believe in genocide or the such like. I thought punk had something to do with freedom to do as you want, so why can't we do this without music papers constantly trying to indoctrinate us with their views. I personally think the ANL and RAR and all these are just as bad as it's usually them who starts the fights. Please print this as I'm sure it must mirror other people's views.
Dean, Fife, Scotland.
That it does, Dean — completely backward. It's dreadfully humanitarian of you not to "believe in genocide or the such like," but even if punk has "something to do with freedom to do as you want," Nazism certainly doesn't. Those who cannot understand history are condemned to repeat it. Don't watch that! — CSM.

Every time new talent emerges the left is quick to pounce on it and threaten it into slagging the National Front. Now, not even non-politcal bands like Madness are spared. Madness, who have never made a political comment and probably never will, are being victimised by lefty journalists and Rock Against Racism because they happen to have a large NF following. At least Madness respect their fans and don't slag them off like Sham and the Upstarts have done. Violence at gigs is very rarely due to politics *(oh no? — CSM)* but left-wing rags like *Sounds* and *NME* are always eager to blame the NF even when there have been no NF members present. The best example of this was when Wolverhampton YNF were blamed for smashing up an Angelic Upstarts gig when they weren't even there. Don't do that.
JOHN WOOD, Wolverhampton YNF.
It ain't the *NME* who made Madness' politics — or lack of same — into an issue. It's the vicious, bully-boy behaviour of fascist creeps like you and your mates who made it an issue, and for the benefit of Madness fans who aren't racists, we considered it necessary to find out what the band's attitude is. Or do you and yours consider Madness to be your exclusive property? — CMS.

Why is it all these fascist morons follow bands who play black music?
ABEL MUZOREWA, Sheerness-on-Sea.
From racists you expect logic, awreddy? — CSM

In a recent Madness article you classified National Front Representatives as the Tufty Club Brigade. This witty piece of writing may have jeopardised the rest of my life. I have been proudly wearing a 'Tufty Club' badge on my duffle coat, far before the National Front were even conceived, and I am as passive as a lollipop lady.
JULIE, Harrow. P.S. Most of the time your paper's okay.
Switch to a Hulk badge and the Harrow greens dem a rally roun'. — CSM

Please don't print this letter or you will blow my cover.
Brian the Mole, Westminster
We fort you was the son of God! — CSM

Dylan will not forgive you. His fans will not forgive you. But God will.
Brother Gregory, Palestine.
Phew! — CSM

Dear *NME*, please forward this letter to:
Max Bell,
Angel Court,
Trinity College,
University of Life.
Thanx.
ANON, Cambridge.
O weep ye groves of academe! — CSM (9 months doing journalism at Harlow Tech).

I've read some real bull in your rag (less than in others I admit), but Nick Kent's review of Scritti Politti at London University left me dumbfounded. I don't think I've ever seen such a series of incorrect statements (except perhaps those "Join the Professionals" commercials) anywhere. I obviously can't explain his not enjoying their music because that's a matter of taste, but to say they were "condescending, lethargic, untogether" and "contradictory" is simply wrong. They played some of the tightest improvised music I've heard since 'Starless And Bible Black' — and it *was* improvised (the guitarist later told us that he had to make it seem more so just to convince cynics like Kent).

Perhaps if Kent had looked slightly further than the end of his nose (ie the screamings and leapings of The Pop Group — who *were* brilliant) he might have noticed the slightly subtler but awesome power that emits from this band. But even these blunders are microscopic compared to his calling them "contradictory to their socialist ideals," and certainly more "condescending" had they refused point-blank to play requests made by the audience. Scritti Politti are also the only band to my knowledge who have successfully managed to undermine the mega-platinum rat race music business and get their own record out on their own label (and there's a new one out now, folks!). I don't know who your "idealistic young scribe" is, but he's got it well sussed if he recognises that bands like Scritti are the centre of the whole 'new wave' thing, and not hypocritical bands like The Clash who charge over to America to sing about how bored they are there.
DAN WILLIAMS, Bristol.
Don't understate your case, Dan. Scritti are the centre of the entire universe, and even that's damning them with faint praise. — CSM.

You sit there strumming guitars and making music which is all very well, and you think you are big deals and you seek fame. But there are men who build electric power systems, and they fall from pylons and they die and they become paralyzed and they lose arms and legs. They do this to bring electricity to you. And the people they die for don't even know their names. They are my heroes, not you. The kind of people they are: you come first, they come last. I just thought I'd show you what our fathers are like. Heavy, huh? How can we ever hope to reach them. I don't believe people work for money. People don't work for money. They work for love or lust. There are certain types of knaves who think they can twist what I've said into a trap. Personally I don't think I'm a fool.
MARIO STOLPH, Nigel, South Africa.
Fancy there being a South African town called Nigel, Mario. Does Nevil Shute know about this? Anyway, let's also hear it for nurses, firemen and everybody else who no-one ever thinks about unless they go on strike. — CSM.

Travelling in Europe has its good and bad bits. The fact that you can buy two bottles of wine for the price of one *NME* just about sums it up. When I'm bored of getting pissed I occasionally fork out the equivalent of 55 to 70p in francs/marks/drachmas for a two week old *NME*. It's not this that I want to complain about but an unprecendented provocation to the West by the East German authorites. On a recent visit to Berlin I decided to visit the eastern sector for a day just to see what life 'over the wall' was like. In the morning I coughed up 2.80 dm for an *NME* and, on the tube to the border station, read about last month's releases, the gigs I was missing etc. Going through the customs I was asked to empty out the plastic bag I was carrying. While not caring about my decadent western sandwiches or even my camera, they took exception to my *NME*. After flicking through it, a guard told me that I must either go back with it to West Berlin or have it confiscated. I pointed out that the only colour of the paper was red and that it was even more scathing in its attacks on Maggie T than *Pravda*, but in the end I had to let them take it away and incinerate it. Thoroughly pissed off, I did not enjoy my day wandering round East Berlin, watching people in out-dated clothes drive their '50s style box shaped cars round the grey concrete streets. Anyhow to get back to the point of the confiscation of my *NME* — this gross deprivation of human rights should be seriously considered by NATO as an affront to the freedom of Europe. An immediate general mobilisation should be called to avenge this inhumane act and free the eastern European countries so that they too can laugh at Paul Morley's reviews.
PADDY O'POGO, Punk on the move — Paris / Hamburg / Berlin / Athens / Dublin.
Now I'm really confused. In Wolverhampton they think we're commies, in East Berlin we're imperialists. In actual fact, we're bourgeoise liberatarian hedonists, except for those of us who aren't, which brings us to ...— CSM.

Behold, the ultimate Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark Anagram:
Vimmy, you silly little turd, you have spilt the fucking gripe water. Good 'un eh? No, it's OK. Don't thank me, I'm Welsh.
BORRIS THE MORRIS, West Bridgeford, Nottingham.
Er . . . aren't you stretching the rules a little? — CSM.

So, theory has it that if you put a monkey in front of a typewriter and give it an infinite amount of time, it'll eventually type out the complete works of Shakespeare. Well, the *NME* do one better. Every morning they get a monkey and put it in front of a typewriter; in the evening they take the jumble of letters it's produced, writes 'Ian Penman' at the end, and call it an album review.
CHARLIE CHAINSAW, London W14.
This letter is a thinly disguised plug for the new Mekons album. — CSM

I am at the point of terminal frustrations (arghgh!) I feel like stabbing myself with a bread knife. Why? I'll tell you why. I am a Pink Floyd fan (among other things) and have waited 2½ years for a new record . . . and what happens — *NME* give it the ultimate accolade — a review by Ian Penman. What is so note worthy about this? I can't understand a bloody word of it. Well not literally, it's the way he puts the words together into what are usually called sentences — but in this case I can't bring myself to call them as such because they mean nothing.

To quote the *Encyclopaedia Brittanica* on Wittgenstein " . . . he was led to the conclusion that the logical structure which language shares with reality can't itself be stated but must show itself through the limits of discourse. When an attempt is made to transgress these limits, the result is nonsense, a breakdown of language. Much traditional philosophy is the attempt to say the unsayable."

So Penman, why don't you stop meandering through your metaphysical absurdities and come down to earth. And as Wittgenstein says " . . . where of one cannot speak, there of one must be silent."
AN ORFLY CLEVVER JACOB, Nurdsville City, Arizona (West of Swansea). P.S. On the other hand he might have accidentally slipped into the fourth dimension and is under the impression he is writing scripts for *Playschool.*
Lissen, pal. If Penman wanted people to understand what he wrote, he'd write differently. He ain't thick, y'know. — CSM

As linguists, you are totally incompetent. About six months ago, I had to write in, corecting the title of a Jam article which grammatically was obscene. Concerning the Dr. Feelgood article last week, I see a sad attempt at forming German compound nouns — I refer to 'Scheitzestrasse" and wonder whether you have misspelt "Scheitze" for "Scheisse" — the latter meaning 'shit'. If so, the translated title would read "Up shit-street" — that just about sums up your situation. Oh *NME*, shame on you.
PAUL DOUGHTY, address suppressed.
Merci bien, senor. In days to come better we shall do, nicht wahr? — CSM (E in A-level French, 1968)

May I just say how great *Shoestring* is before the backlash starts? *Shoestring* is gr.. . . , shit, too late, it's started. Typical.
COUNT DRACULA, Ruritania.
***Shoestring* was crap even before you wrote, Count. Sor-reeee! — CSM**

I'd like to wish the *NME* and friends all over the country a very Happy Brianmas.
DAVID TWITCHELL, Braintree, Essex.
Shouldn't that be "Briantree"? — CSM

Charles Shaar Murray does the decent thing

T-ZERS

BIDS FAREWELL TO THE SIXTIES

AS ONE of the world's foremost rock-producing nations *T-Zers* feels it's high time we followed the lead of that other supplier of essential commodities and plunged headlong into the Middle Ages. From now on only the most morally backwards of rock artists will be allowed to appear in public without their veils, and that's not all. We have **The Dickies** tour dates in our possession. Unless America comes to its musical senses and sends all of its AOR (Adult Oriented Rock) artists into deep space, we will kidnap The Dickies, make them stand trial for being moles, and then put them on the first plane back!

While the State Department's chewing that over let's return once more to the antics of those concerned, intelligent, liberal retards **The Doomed,** sorry, Dimmed, sorry, Dumped, sorry *Damned.* Yes that's it, The Damned. It seems The Damned ran predictably amuck at London's Rainbow last Friday. **Captain Sensible** took off his clothes at the climax of the evening's festivities, and **Rat Scabies** joined in with his world-famous impersonation of the late **Keith Moon.** The audience greeted this display of genuine bona-fide rock emotion by ripping out a few seats and sending them hurling stage-ward, though inevitably some fell short of their targets and landed on various unlucky bastards' heads. Sensible reciprocated by flinging his equipment — amplifiers and such — back at them. This is the sort of cheap sensationalist escapade the rock world thrives on, and after all, what's a few cracked skulls to a group like The Damned? They had enough on their mind as it was, for the previous week at Leicester's De Montfort Hall some wag decided to mis-appropriate a brown suitcase containing a reel tape of their last two or three months worth of demos! The tape is obviously quite useless to anyone but The Damned themselves, and if the wag involved would like to return it to Chiswick records he will be let off lightly. Chiswick would be extremely grateful, as they estimate it will take the Dimmed, sorry, Du– *(Get on with it. — Ed.)* Damned at least six months to catch up again . . .

The Specials and **The Selecter** rounded off their 2-Tone tour with a jam-packed bumper fun event at London's Lyceum followed by a swinging party nearby. The lads were not exactly over-joyed, however, by the restrictions put on them by bill-footing Chrysalis Records as to the number of excitable chums they could invite to balance out the staid, drunken and often immobile media-type persons. Among the thronging luminaries were **John Cooper Clarke** (shaking a very rubber leg or two), **Bob Geldof** (there to celebrate the fact that The Specials album is out-stripping the **Rats'** charts-wise and more than mildly vexed at the "continual insults" hurled his sensitive way by churlish pressfolk), **Phil Rambow, Phil Daniels, Chrissie Hynde, Joe Strummer** and **Nick Logan** *(Who? — Ed.)* . . .

At New York's Trax club to see **James White And The Blacks** the other night was a bearded **Mick Jagger,** who might have gone unnoticed were it not for a clean-shaven **Jerry Hall** on his arm . . .

And staying with the Beautiful People, it appears that glamorous free-floating girlfriend-to-the-stars **Bebe Buell** has bet that **The Boomtown Rats'** 'I Don't Like Mondays' will be a hit in the US, and she's putting her assets where her mouth is too, promising to walk naked along Fifth Avenue if it flops . . .

Exegesis groupie **Mike Oldfield** will certainly need all the strength that his bold new personality can muster. He's broke. "Almost a pauper," was the unusually succinct summary from Virgin pressmeister **Alistair Clark.** Extroversion doesn't come cheap, and last Spring's giant tour of Europe with a million-piece orchestra has almost emptied the Oldfield coffers. What's needed is a platinum album or three. Pity Mike's new album, ironically titled 'Platinum', won't be a contender . . .

Wayne County claims to have had 'it' cut off, and now has 'it' pickled in a jar. 'She' played CBGB's last weekend under the new name of 'Jayne' County . . .

Hold the presses: **The Lovin' Spoonful** reformed for a one-off gig specially for the benefit of the makers of **Paul Simon's** first movie, concerning a 35-year-old who refuses to hang up his rock'n'roll shoes — obviously an autobiographical role for Mr Simon. **Tiny Tim** and **Sam and Dave** feature in support roles. (Who said a man his height needs all the support he can get?) But The Lovin' Spoonful! At this rate we'll soon see **Humble Pie** back in action. *What?* They *are* reforming, and they're bringing a new album out next year. After the ill-timed **Small Faces** come-back it had to happen . . .

China Wing Kantner, 9, cruelly-named offspring of **Grace Slick** and **Paul Kantner** is going the way of former Jeffersonians **Jack Cassady** and **Jorma Kaukonen** and playing bass and singing in a 'Frisco punk band called **Teeth.** She's also co-written a song with her dad called 'Things To Come' for the latest **Starship** platter . . .

Meanwhile back at the vinyl emporium of hippie mogul **Richard Branson** plans are afoot to release a **Sex Pistols** greatest hits collection entitled, appropriately enough, 'Flogging A Dead Horse'. *T-Zers* was under the impression that 'Never Mind The Bollocks' *was* the Pistols' greatest hits, but Virgin probably couldn't resist the opportunity to make an obscure pun on an old slang word for heroin ('horse'). As a result of their humorous use of a famous credit card to promote the last piece of Pistols product, 'Rock Around The Clock', American Express have now cancelled Virgin's account with them, forcing senior staff to resort to less glamorous Luncheon Vouchers . . .

And still on the subject of flogging dead horses, a six minute film called *He May Be Dead But He's Elvis* is a big smash on the US late-nite circuit. The plot goes thus: The big cheeseburger's rotting corpse is exhumed for a final tour and single, playing voodoo-style to houses of screaming necrophiliacs. At the end of the tour the corpse is diced up and sold to fans as souvenirs. The whole thing is tastefully filmed in black and white . . .

Newsflash: It's official! This week comes confirmation that self-styled most handsome man in South East London **Danny Baker** is to marry Ms **Kelly Pike** of *Record Mirror.* They met at a prison disco (where else?) and Kelly is believed to have already been informed of the impending betrothal. What is the old queen Baker trying to prove? . . .

T-zers is happy to report that **Jello Biafra,** lead singer with San Francisco's **Dead Kennedys,** came fourth in a field of ten when he ran for mayor of that fair city, prompting E-Street Band saxophonist **Clarence Clemmons** to announce that he intends to campaign for the position of mayor of Seabright, New Jersey in 1984. Other Stateside electoral bids involve world's ugliest guitarist **Joe Walsh,** currently making campaign speeches during **The Eagles** US tour on behalf of his 'Have A Party' party, and **Bob Seger,** who joins in the running for vice-prez. In the real world, however, **Linda Ronstadt** recently threw a benefit party for California Governor and presidential hopeful **Jerry Brown** with tickets to see the songbird cooing for her 'special friend' costing a mere £500 a time. Tickets to see **Ted Kennedy** at the same sort of function but minus Ms Ronstadt cost a mere £100. Linda Ronstadt has announced that she doesn't intend to run for president this year . . .

Hot on the heels of Harrogate council in Yorkshire, a Southend council watch-dog committee has also decided to shield their God-fearing citizens' eyes from the vile, blasphemous and rather amusing *Life Of Brian* movie. You may be wondering how they come to be called a watch-dog committee when they haven't actually seen the film. Suggestions on a postcard to etc etc. . . .

Numan the Human, already hard at work on his new album 'Telekon', is looking for a director to make a film based on his 'Replicas' elpee that will tell of the beneficial effects of letting machines into your life *(This must be some sort of a joke — Ed.).* The far-reaching implications of Numan's popularity are beginning to be felt. On his European tour **Robert Palmer** has reportedly abandoned his disco clone mode in favour of a more scientific image, performing 'Me, I Disconnect With You', and 'Cars' as well as 'Kid', which is in fact by **The Pretenders** . . .

Still no word from the Pentagon, so *T-Zers* signs off instead by sending its best wishes plus a shower of gob to noted homosexualist **Kris** "What's that supposed to mean" **Needs,** whose dreadful magazine *Zig-Zag* has been given a cash injection by some foolhardy philanthropist or the other and may even be back on the news-stands even as you read this . . .

'THE MILLER'S TAIL' or 'HEY NUDE'. . .Read this caption in a smug US accent: ***Rock'n'roller*** *Rat Scabies* ***imagines*** *how life was during the '60s. This candid shot taken on his last visit* ***sometime in New York City*** *shows Rat and partner OK Yoni as* ***two virgins*** *obsessed with* ***walls, and bridges*** *the gap between old and new wave.* ***Oh no;*** *such desperate caption writing has stumped* T-Zers *because someone has just remembered* ***Shaved Fish*** *— an impossible pun. Well, we'll be* ***damned*** *if that don't* ***beat all****. . .And now back to the studio. Pic: Paul Cox*

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Production Editor
Stuart Johnston
Associate Editors
Charles Shaar Murray
Monty Smith
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr

Staff
Tony Stewart
(Live! Editor)
Angus MacKinnon
Paul Rambali
Max Bell
Danny Baker
Paul Morley

Photography
Pennie Smith

Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Steve Clarke
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Chris Salewicz
Bob Edmands
Lester Bangs
John May
Penny Reel
Adrian Thrills
Ian Penman
Andy Gill
Mark Ellen
Paul Du Noyer
Deanne Pearson

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry

Research
Fiona Foulgar

New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2529
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.

Ad Director
Percy Dickins
(01) 261 6080
Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Classified Ads
(01) 261 6122
Live Ads
(01) 261 6153
Ad Production
Brian Gorman
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
(01) 261 6207

Publisher: Eric Jackson
Editorial Consultant Andy Gray

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MAIL ORDER TOP TEN

1	(1)	Madness 'Two Tone'	20p
2	(2)	Police 'A&M'	20p
3	(4)	Selecter	20p
4	(3)	Specials 'AKA'	20p
5	(—)	Numan (Blue)	20p
6	(—)	Jam 'Tubestation'	20p
7	(7)	Jam 'All Mod Cons'	20p
8	(—)	Numan (Colour)	20p
9	(—)	Tubeway 'Stripe'	20p
10	(8)	Target	20p

New Releases— 20p: The Jam Union Jack, Setting Sons, Eton Rifles, The Police (blue), Piranhas Space Invaders, Peking Duck (Yugoslavia), Flowers, Merton Parkas, Door and the Window, Idiot Dancers, Dread at the Control i.t. (12 diff), Revillos, Pere Ubu, Buzzcocks (green/blue), Feelies, The Lines, The Prats, Animals & Men, Speedball, I'm Menstruating, Brian Saves, Dragnet (The Fall) Mix Up (Cab Voltaire), 25p Cuddly Toys.

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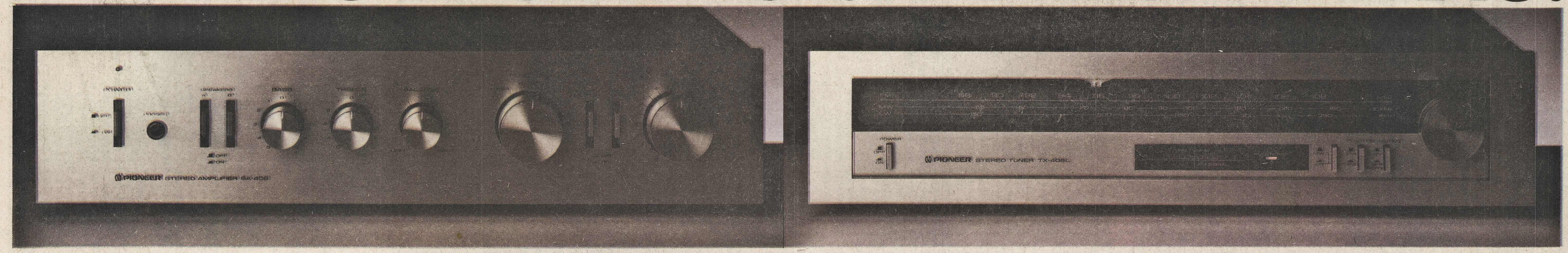
HI-FI FOR SERIOUS BEGINNERS.



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SA-408 SPECIFICATIONS

POWER AMPLIFIER SECTION	
Continuous Power Output (both channels driven)	
30Hz to 20,000Hz:	20W + 20W (T.H.D. 0.1%, 8 ohms)
1,000Hz:	21W + 21W (T.H.D. 0.1%, 8 ohms)
Total Harmonic Distortion:	No more than 0.1%
(30 to 20,000Hz, from AUX)	(continuous rated power output, 8 ohms)
	No more than 0.05%
	(10 watts per channel power output, 8 ohms)
	No more than 0.05%
	(1 watt per channel power output, 8 ohms)
Intermodulation Distortion:	No more than 0.2%
(50Hz:7,000Hz = 4:1, from AUX)	(continuous rated power output, 8 ohms)
	No more than 0.08%
	(10 watts per channel power output, 8 ohms)
	No more than 0.02%
	(1 watt per channel power output, 8 ohms)
Output	
Speaker:	A, B, A + B
Headphones:	Low impedance
Damping Factor:	30 (20 to 20,000Hz, 8 ohms)
PREAMPLIFIER SECTION	
Input sensitivity/Impedance	
PHONO:	2.5mV/50K ohms
TUNER:	150mV/50K ohms
AUX:	150mV/50K ohms
TAPE PLAY:	150mV/50K ohms
TAPE PLAY (DIN connector):	150mV/50K ohms
PHONO Overload Level (T.H.D. 0.1%, 1kHz)	150mV
PHONO:	
Output Level/Impedance	
TAPE REC:	150mV/50K ohms
TAPE REC (DIN connector):	30mV/80K ohms
Frequency Response	
PHONO (RIAA Equalization):	30 to 15,000Hz ±0.5dB
TUNER, AUX, TAPE PLAY:	20 to 40,000Hz ±2.0dB
Tone Control	
BASS:	±9.5dB (100Hz)
TREBLE:	±9.5dB (10kHz)
Loudness Contour:	+8dB (100Hz), +0dB (10,000Hz)
(Volume control set at −40dB position)	
Hum and Noise (short-circuited, A network)	
PHONO:	72dB
TUNER, AUX, TAPE PLAY:	97dB
Hum and Noise (DIN: continuous rated power output/50mV)	
PHONO:	67dB/61dB
TUNER, AUX, TAPE PLAY:	83dB/63dB
SEMICONDUCTORS	IC: 1, Transistors: 15, Diodes: 10
MISCELLANEOUS	
Power Requirements:	220/240V 50Hz
Power Consumption:	190W (MAX), 60W (UL)
Dimensions:	Without package: 420(W) x 98(H) x 265(D) mm 16 9/16(W) x 3 7/8(H) x 10 7/16(D) inches
Weight:	Without package: 5kg/11 lb.

TX-408L SPECIFICATIONS

FM SECTION	
Usable Sensitivity:	Mono: 11.2dBf (2.0uV)
50dB Quieting Sensitivity:	Mono: 18dBf (4.4uV) Stereo: 39.2dBf (50uV)
Sensitivity (DIN):	Mono: 1.5uV, Stereo: 50uV
Signal-to-Noise Ratio (at 85dBf):	Mono: 77dB, Stereo: 72dB
(DIN):	Mono: 71dB, Stereo: 60dB
Distortion (at 65dBf):	
100Hz:	Mono: 0.1%, Stereo: 0.2%
1kHz:	Mono: 0.1%, Stereo: 0.2%
6kHz:	Mono: 0.15%, Stereo: 0.3%
Frequency Response:	30 to 15,000Hz + 0.5dB, −1.0dB
Capture Ratio:	1.0dB
Alternate Channel Selectivity:	60dB
Spurious Response Ratio:	70dB
Image Response Ratio:	55dB
IF Response Ratio:	75dB
AM Suppression Ratio:	55dB
Muting Threshold:	19.2dBf (5uV)
Stereo Separation:	40dB (1kHz), 30dB (30Hz – 10,000Hz)
Aerial Input:	300 ohms balanced 75 ohms unbalanced
AM SECTION:	
MW (Medium Wave) Section	
Sensitivity:	300uV/m (IHF, ferrite aerial) 30uV (IHF, external aerial)
Selectivity:	25dB
Signal-to-Noise Ratio:	50dB
Image Response Ratio:	40dB
IF Response Ratio:	70dB
LW (Long Wave) Section	
Frequency Range:	150kHz to 350kHz
Sensitivity:	450uV/m (S/N 20dB) (IHF, ferrite aerial) 45uV (S/N 20dB) (IHF, ext. aerial)
Selectivity:	25dB
Signal-to-Noise Ratio:	50dB
Image Response Ratio:	40dB
IF Response Ratio:	70dB
SEMICONDUCTORS	
FET:	1
ICs:	3
Transistors:	6
Diodes:	5
MISCELLANEOUS	
Power Requirements:	220/240V (switchable) 50-60Hz
Power Consumption:	8 watts (UL)
Dimensions:	Without package: 420(W) x 98(H) x 254(D) mm 16 9/16(W) x 3 7/8(H) x 10(D) inches
Weight:	Without package: 3.1kg/6 lb. 13 oz.

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